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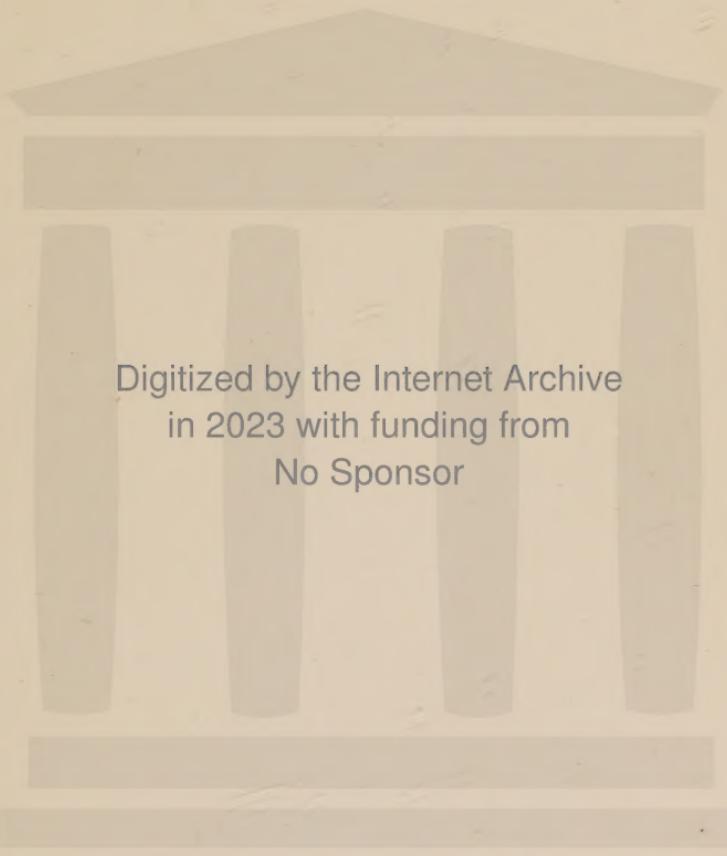
HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER  
MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE  
CAMBRIDGE 1886-1918

THE HARROW LIFE  
OF HENRY MONTAGU  
BUTLER, D.D.

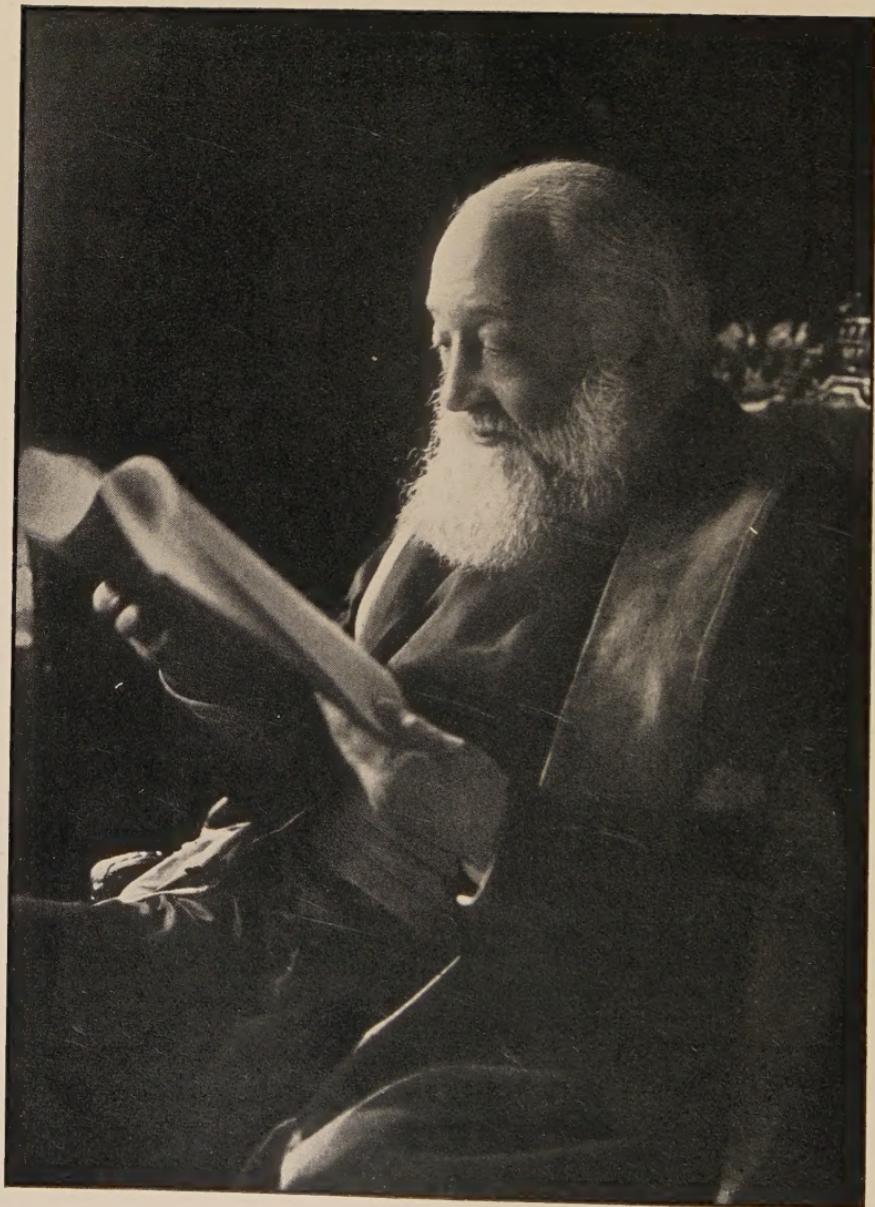
Head Master of Harrow School,  
1860-1885, Master of Trinity  
College, Cambridge, 1886-1918.  
By EDWARD GRAHAM, late  
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THE MASTER OF TRINITY

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# HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER : MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE 1886-1918

A MEMOIR BY HIS SON

J. R. M. BUTLER

WITH SOME POEMS AND THREE ADDRESSES

ΟΤΤΟΙ ΣΤΝΕΧΘΕΙΝ ΑΛΛΑ ΣΤΜΦΙΛΕΙΝ ΕΦΤΝ

*WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS*

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.  
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NEW YORK, TORONTO  
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1925

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A. F. B.

G. K. M. B.

N. M. B.



## PREFACE

FIVE years ago Mr. Edward Graham told the story of his old headmaster's Harrow life down to his resignation in 1885. He has won the gratitude and admiration of my father's family and friends by the skill with which he accomplished this labour of love. But Mr. Graham felt that an Oxford man would be at a disadvantage in writing a memoir of the Head of a Cambridge college, and the completion of the work has fallen to me.

Some apology may be needed for devoting a book of 250 pages to the last thirty years of a long life, the more so when those years were quiet and uneventful. It was clearly not possible to continue on the lines of Mr. Graham's volume. My father's time at Harrow was a period of great activity, in which the initiative and leadership were largely his own ; there was incident enough to make a narrative which was at once the biography of the headmaster and of the school. At Trinity there was no such incident and there could be no such initiative. So I have sought not to tell a story but to draw a picture, hoping it may help his descendants to realise what were the main features of a character of unusual beauty, whose influence spread far beyond the precincts of Cambridge and was attested by the remarkable statements which conclude this book. They are, perhaps, its justification.

I am indebted to His Majesty the King and to many others for permission to quote from letters or to reproduce photographs ; to Mrs. Edward Conybeare and to my

cousin, Sir Geoffrey Butler, for contributing personal recollections of two memorable days ; to the late Mr. W. W. Rouse Ball, Fellow and formerly Senior Tutor of this college, for most kindly reading my first chapters and giving me the benefit of his unsurpassed knowledge of its history ; to other friends for the help of their memories ; to Messrs. Longman for much kindness and forbearance ; to my brothers and sisters for reading the book in type and making valuable criticisms and suggestions ; and, above all, to my mother, without whose constant help at every stage this memoir could never have been written. If it has one pre-eminent fault, it is, I feel, its failure to suggest a fraction of the part she played in my father's life.

I have added a selection of poems, mostly with a special biographical interest, showing a characteristic variety of language and mood. Some of these my father had prepared for publication. I have to thank Messrs. Bowes and Bowes for permission to reprint one or two which appeared in 'Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life.' I have reprinted at the end three war-time addresses, all preached on occasions of some historic interest.

J. R. M. B.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,  
*July 2, 1925.*

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER was born on July 2, 1833, at Gayton Rectory, Northamptonshire. He was the youngest son of Dr. George Butler, Senior Wrangler in 1794, Headmaster of Harrow from 1805 to 1829, and from 1840 till his death in 1853 Dean of Peterborough. His mother was a daughter of John Gray of Wembley Park. Of his three brothers, George, the eldest, was Principal of Liverpool College and Canon of Winchester ; he died in 1890. Spencer, the second, who lived till 1915, was a well-known conveyancing barrister. Arthur, the third, was the first headmaster of Haileybury and later became Vice-Provost of Oriel ; he died in 1909. His sister Louisa, who died in 1897, was the wife of Francis Galton. His sister Emily died unmarried in 1909 ; his younger sister Gertrude in 1924.

Montagu Butler entered Dr. Vaughan's House at Harrow on November 5, 1846. He left as Head of the School and a member of the Cricket Eleven in 1851. As a Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, he won the Battie University Scholarship in 1853 and graduated as Senior Classic in 1855. In the same year he served as President of the Union and was elected Fellow of his College. After acting for some months as Private Secretary to Mr. William Cowper, President of the Board of Health, and as Secretary to the Royal Commission on the question of a site for the National Gallery, he set out on a tour of eleven months in the East. During his

travels abroad he decided to abandon all thoughts of a political career, and he returned to Trinity as a Lecturer in 1858 to prepare for Holy Orders. He was ordained in 1859, and in the same year, at the age of twenty-six, succeeded Dr. Vaughan as Headmaster of Harrow ; this post he held for another twenty-six years till 1885, when he was appointed Dean of Gloucester.

In 1861 he married Miss Georgina Isabella Elliot, elder daughter of Mr. F. E. Elliot, formerly Chief Magistrate at Madras. His wife died in 1883, leaving five children, Agnes Isabel, Edward Montagu, Edith Violet, Arthur Hugh Montagu, and Gertrude Maud.

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# HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER MASTER OF TRINITY

## CHAPTER I

### THE OFFER OF THE MASTERSHIP

ON the morning of December 3, 1886, a crowd gathered outside the Great Gate of Trinity College, Cambridge, to witness an academic ceremony. Dr. Henry Montagu Butler, the new Master, was to present his royal patent of appointment and be admitted to his office. The gates, in accordance with custom, remained closed until the assembled Fellows marched across the Court and ordered them to be thrown open. Dr. Butler was then conducted to the Chapel, where his installation took place and a *Te Deum* was sung. That evening his health was proposed in Combination Room by the Vice-Master, Coutts Trotter. The Master replied in what one of the Fellows present called ‘a very pretty, feeling, appropriate speech, which must, too, have been in structure impromptu. . . .’ He asked us to excuse the exaggerated praise of an old schoolfellow, “for we were nursed upon the self-same hill,” then took occasion from something T. had said to give an interesting anecdote of Whewell; then spoke nicely of Thompson, his old tutor, and of his own inferiority to his predecessors.’<sup>1</sup> He had, he said, no claim

<sup>1</sup> *Henry Sidgwick, a Memoir*, p. 462.

to the massive erudition of the one or the penetrating intellect of the other ; but such as his own lighter gifts were, they would be offered unreservedly to the service of the College.

The new Master was in his fifty-fourth year. It was thirty-five years since he had come up to Trinity from Harrow as a freshman ; thirty-one years since he had won his fellowship as Senior Classic ; twenty-seven years since he had left the staff to return to Harrow as Headmaster. There he had remained till his acceptance of the Deanery of Gloucester in 1885 ; there he had married, there his children had been born, and there his interests and love had centred. But nothing had ever weakened his loyalty to Trinity, of which he had recently written to a friend : ‘One’s deep and romantic affection for the place, hardly dormant, revives with full power. *Agnosco veteris vestigia flammae.*’

The appointment, though in the gift of the Crown, was not made on party lines. Dr. Butler was known as a Liberal, and had the Mastership fallen vacant a few months earlier it would doubtless have been offered him by Mr. Gladstone, who shortly after appointing him to Gloucester had let him know that he did not regard the Deanery as his final sphere of activity. In the autumn of 1886 the Conservatives were in office, but it did not require the advocacy of Archbishop Benson and Lord George Hamilton to commend Dr. Butler to the Prime Minister. His qualifications, said Lord Salisbury, were so incomparably the highest that he had no difficulty in making a choice.

The letter containing the offer reached him at Davos Platz. The death of his wife in 1883 and the recent marriage of his eldest daughter had made it desirable that he should devote such time as he could spare from duties at Gloucester to his invalid daughter Edith, and she had

been ordered to winter in Switzerland. Among those of his family and friends who had been let into the secret of the offer, there was no doubt that he ought to accept. His eldest son Ted, then an undergraduate at Trinity, wrote of the strong feeling among his own contemporaries, and reminded him that this was the post beyond all others which his wife had always coveted for him. Several of the Fellows wrote too, and the Archbishop and other Church dignitaries were mobilised. But these letters were superfluous ; on the day after he received Lord Salisbury's offer he wrote accepting it.

It may seem strange that he was so ready to leave Gloucester after only fifteen months of work. He had been led to accept a post which had never satisfied his friends, partly by the increasing strain of his twenty-six laborious years at Harrow, partly by a disinclination to remain there after the death of his wife and the departure of his son to Trinity, partly by an appeal to his sense of duty to the Church from 'his old pupil and valued counsellor,' Dr. Randall Davidson, then Dean of Windsor. But for several reasons the Gloucester episode was not a happy one. To a vigorous man still in his prime the atmosphere of cathedral precincts must have seemed strange and somewhat uncongenial after the fullness and intensity of a headmaster's life. The company of aged canons over whom he presided contrasted sharply with that of the Harrow masters and boys, and though he made several real friendships at Gloucester and in the county the interests of most of his neighbours were alien from his own. The house was cold and damp, and the financial position so unsatisfactory as necessarily to cripple the activities of any Dean not possessed of considerable private means. All these drawbacks emphasised the heavy change in his family life. After visiting his married daughter's new home at Harrow, he wrote : 'I do

not seem to care much to have a third earthly "home." I have had two. Gloucester has never felt, and now can never feel, a "home." Eleven years later he wrote to his son-in-law, Edmund Howson, 'The summer of 1886 was no doubt a trying one, one of the  $\delta\sigma\pi\alpha\iota$  of my poor life, but what a  $\Theta\tilde{\eta}\rho$  I should have been if I had put any obstacle, even of a few months, in the way of dear Agnes' happiness.' Nevertheless, though he never found in Gloucester a home or an inspiration, he threw himself with energy into the work. The beauty of the cathedral charmed him from the first, and he set himself to widen its influence in the city. His most permanent work was the initiation, with the help of the Precentor and Organist, of popular musical services intended to appeal more particularly to the poor.<sup>1</sup>

Our object [he wrote] is not so much to advance the cultivation of this great and noble art—for which important end other means are elsewhere provided—as to bring under the notice of those who are least instructed in music the simplest, most pathetic, and most majestic passages from *Oratorios, Anthems, Chorales, and Hymns*.

He took a keen interest in the movement for Church Reform, in which a manifesto signed by several of his friends at Cambridge played an important part. He urged on his own Chapter a reform in the exercise of their patronage, and spoke twice in Convocation in 1886, in favour once of the total abolition of the sale of advowsons, and once of the creation of parochial councils with statutory powers on which the laity should be represented. He had moreover accepted, at Archbishop Benson's special request, the chairmanship of the executive committee of the Church of England Purity Society ; and on this and other

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 129.

subjects he was doing a good deal of preaching and speaking. His short period as Dean was no time of leisure. To his children, it should perhaps be recorded, Gloucester was most memorable as the scene of the death and burial of a dear black retriever, Jet, about whose name there gathered in after years an almost infinite haze of legend.

But now the very influences which had urged him to Gloucester for the good of the Church were urging him for the same reason to Cambridge.

Out of the flood of letters, exhorting and congratulating, which streamed to Davos, one or two should be quoted here.

From Archbishop Benson, October 26, 1886:

I write to you only under the strongest sense of duty, and beg you to forgive me if my words should seem to you in any sense an interference. But I could never forgive myself if I omitted to urge upon you in the strongest way the grave and solemn duty which you now owe to the University, the College, and the Church.

I will not say more than one word as to your admirable qualifications for the post. You must leave that to those who offer it, and those who intensely concur in that offer.

But the College claims it. She has always in her best sons for years past looked to you. You will have difficult problems there. Some have been kept back out of respect to our old Master, and because it was felt that the delay could not be a long one. But you will have tact, wisdom, and experience to keep the ship's head straight.

You owe the acceptance of the Mastership to the University, where the new order has taken votes from the weaker Masters only to treble the influence of those who deserve influence.

You owe it to the Church—the Christian religion. The wisest and most thoughtful men there feel and

say that a clergyman at their head is essential to their work. Probably the chief battle has been fought and won for Christ in both Universities, but the still harder task is to scatter the rear of darkness there, to make the place not negative, but witness as of old to the unity of God's worlds of Thought.

There is simply no one else to do this threefold work, and if there were ten men who could you would still be the man to do it best.

Pardon my positiveness. I have held in my pen, and not suffered it to say all that it might truly say, but with my whole heart and speaking in the many names of those who would wish me to speak I trust that no consideration will allow you to even doubt about your duty of accepting the Mastership of Trinity.

From the Dean of Windsor, the present Archbishop of Canterbury :

For weeks past I have heard on every side but one opinion from all sorts and conditions of capable and thinking men. It is felt that your acceptance of the Mastership is of the very highest public importance, not to the University only but to the Church at large; I am not at liberty to quote names, but men from whom (if I may say so) I should least have expected it—men differing widely from you in matters ecclesiastical and political—have spoken and written with such earnest assurance and hope about the results that might follow from your tenure of the office, that I should be culpable if I did not, on grounds wholly public and impersonal, do what in me lieth to promote the result for which we have all been longing.

From Mr. Arthur Sidgwick :

May I write one line of heartfelt satisfaction at your acceptance of the Mastership of our old College ? I will not say that I had not some passing hopes for my brother,<sup>1</sup> who has certainly done good service : but

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Henry Sidgwick.

apart from other considerations which made it difficult for Lord Salisbury to nominate him, it was from the first unlikely that the old 'clerical' custom should be abandoned. Putting him aside, there is no one whose appointment could have given me (to speak for myself only as I live in the enemy's camp) a tenth of the delight which I have felt in seeing your name in the announcement. From the day when as a Freshman in October 1859 I was honoured by being one of a party in your rooms (an occasion which you may remember, as Everett then a raw Yankee recognised vociferously the great Raphael print as the 'Transfig'), I have felt—one may on an exceptional occasion like this venture to say such a thing—though only at a distance, and chiefly so to say at second hand, a larger portion of your spirit and influence than you are likely to be aware of. For example it did not go for nothing in my education, that when I was the freshman and you were the distinguished young Fellow, you were spoken of not merely as the glory of Trinity but particularly as the man 'who was never known to say an unkind word of anybody'—and since that day from my many friends at Harrow—(still at a distance and at second hand mostly, but for occasional seeings and hearings of your sermons)—I have heard much for which I have been thankful, and which has not been without its influence—things which it would be hard and perhaps impossible to particularise, but which, when one thinks of them, bring home strangely to one the sort of good which a man may do, and the sort of help he may give, without even being aware of it.

To Archbishop Benson he replied thus on October 30:

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—Your affectionate letter came with soothing and cheering effect at a very solemn moment of my life. As a matter of fact, I had sent off my acceptance the night before, but your kind words helped the humble hope that I had not done wrong. Of course I know that I am as far as possible

removed from an ideal Master of Trinity. The consciousness of ignorance and sciolism in the midst of perhaps the most intellectual Society in England cannot fail to depress at times as well as humble ; but we live not for ourselves, and the less we think of ourselves the better. I must hope and try to believe that doors will be opened for serving in various ways—each in itself perhaps very humble—not only our glorious and beloved College, but the University as a whole.

I am sure the Fellows will be generous enough to give me a kindly welcome, even those who could have preferred another appointment. They will soon see that I wish to serve and learn, not to dictate, and that it will be a joy to me to show honour in every way to gifts to which I have myself no pretension.

How to get simply and directly at the Undergraduates, it remains to be seen. How my dear Wife, or Agnes, would have helped me there ! But there *must* be ways of leading many, at least the young, men to look on the Lodge as something of a home, where counsel and sympathy will not be wanting.

Dear Edith is, I trust, slowly mending. Her state is *very grave indeed*, but the Doctor here is very hopeful. The cure, if it comes at all, cannot come quickly.

And now I know your prayers will follow me, for the sake of the dear College. *Almost* my first recollection of it is the delivery of the Declamation on George Herbert.<sup>1</sup>

Very affectionately yours,  
H. MONTAGU BUTLER.

To Canon B. F. Westcott, afterwards Bishop of Durham, he wrote :

You may be sure that your kind words about the Mastership went to my heart. You know, as I do, how markedly I lack many of the deeper gifts which ought to be found in the holder of such a post, and yet

<sup>1</sup> The College prize for an English Oration was won by E. W. Benson in 1851.

you believe that there is some good work for even my lighter gifts to do. God grant that it may be so ! I remember you once writing to me, when I accepted the office of Examining Chaplain to Archbishop Tait, that there was room in such an office for sympathy as well as learning, and so I trust it may be here also. But my reverence for the deep and exact learning which I do not possess myself will, I trust, never diminish.

On November 7, before leaving Davos, he wrote in his diary :

It is hard to put one's thoughts together on all that has happened to me in the last ten days. One sees how many first-rate and high-minded men are convinced that the post has vast—almost unparalleled—opportunities. The appointment seems to have been approved generally, and I am glad to see that there is no disposition to credit me with any great intellectual acquirements. Men who know that I do not possess these yet seem to think that I can do much good. How far they are influenced by what they conceive to be the present state of the College, I hardly know. Of this state I of course know next to nothing, and have no prejudices.

Let me try to paint in part an Ideal Master of Trinity, bearing in mind the exceeding greatness of the College, the splendour of its prestige, the large number, variety, and social position of its members.

1. He ought to be a great man intellectually, representing *conspicuously* some field of learning, or some kind of genius, either Classics or Mathematics, Moral Philosophy, Theology, Poetry, Art, some branch of Physical Science. He ought to rank among the national leaders of thought.

2. He ought to be an able Ruler, holding all the Fellows together, winning their confidence, commanding their respect and (in time) their affection. For this, he ought to appreciate honestly *all* branches of knowledge, to be just, obviously honest, not sarcastic,

sympathetic, ready to confess errors in judgment or faults of temper.

3. He ought to be a good *Chairman*; genial, firm, partial, not too slow—allowing the *young* to have their say.

4. He should impress the highest possible standard in making all *appointments*, Tutors and Assistant Tutors, Praelectors, etc., and *Incumbents*.

5. He should represent the *dignity* of the College by hospitality to distinguished men and others, by *speaking* on fitting occasions.

6. The Lodge should be very accessible to Fellows, Chaplains, Organist (of *course*), Scholars, Sizars, Exhibitioners, young men who are leaders in anything; *University* Scholars, Prizemen, etc., in Theology, Literature, etc., men in delicate health. He should *call* upon these.

7. The *Chapel* should be made a great spiritual power, by Sermons, Hymns, etc., as well as anthems, etc. Eminent men, such as Dean Church, Bishop Boyd Carpenter, as well as old members of the College, should preach often.

8. Throw himself into all good moral and spiritual causes. (i.) *Trinity Mission*. Make much of this. (ii.) C.E.P.S. and C.E.T.S.<sup>1</sup> (iii.) Missionary enterprises. (iv.) Music for the Poor in Chapel. (v.) *University Extension*.

9. Be active in *University*, as to new branches of learning, women's education. Great St. Mary's, etc.; most respectful to other Colleges.

10. Make large use of College Hall, or failing this of room in Lodge, for lectures, meetings.

11. Athletics. Show reasonable sympathy with these. Perhaps occasional dinner.

12. The *Union* and the like. Keep up sympathy with leading officers.<sup>2</sup>

13. Keep up correspondence with *Trinity* men

<sup>1</sup> Church of England Purity and Temperance Societies.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Butler had been President of the *Union* in 1855.

## THE OFFER OF THE MASTERSHIP 11

active for good in all parts of the world, whether intellectual, political or spiritual.

14. Should he *lecture* in College? I am not sure;  $\kappa\alpha\iota\pi\varrho\delta\varsigma\tau\alpha\tilde{\nu}\tau\alpha\tau\iota\varsigma\iota\kappa\alpha\nu\varsigma$ ;<sup>1</sup> Of course as to 1. I am *nowhere*. May God help me to do *something* in some of the other directions, as I come to grasp facts and know men.

On November 22 he started for England; on the 30th he said his farewells at Gloucester; on December 3, after his installation in Chapel, he took possession of Trinity Lodge. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Howson, and his younger son Hugh, then at school at Elstree but destined for Harrow, had come to Cambridge for the ceremony. The day was the twentieth birthday of his elder son Ted, who had entered Trinity as an Exhibitioner in October 1885, and was continuing at Cambridge his brilliant athletic career. For the next year and more Ted's residence in College, and often for reasons of health in the Lodge, did much to relieve the loneliness of his father's life. The relationship between the two was pleasantly unique, and Ted had seen fit to write thus to the new Master when still at Davos:

I think that it will be only right for me to give you a few timely hints.

(α) You must remember that though I owe my respect to you as my Master, you as a Freshman owe respect to me as a Junior Soph (or, as John Leaf disrespectfully calls me, Junior Soft); the question therefore is whether we shall ever meet up here, because you must not call on me nor I on you first. This question has been a very puzzling one; I must ask advice of Coutts Trotter.

(β) If this is settled and we do get introduced, I find out that if you put your head as far as you can out of the oriel window in the Henry VIII room and I get

<sup>1</sup> II. Cor. ii. 16.

into the same attitude out of my small room, we can just see enough of each other to carry on a conversation at the top of our voices.

(γ) You must tell Edith at once of the ceremony of introduction to the College ; I believe that all old Harrovians are keenly looking forward to seeing Hoppett<sup>1</sup> shut the Great Gate twice in your face.

<sup>1</sup> The majestic Head Porter.

## CHAPTER II

### THE COLLEGE IN 1886

IN moving from Gloucester to Trinity, Dr. Butler passed into a more lively and more congenial, but not an easy atmosphere. The Headmaster of Harrow was an autocrat, the Master of Trinity, despite Bentley's *coup d'état*, by statute and tradition at most a constitutional monarch. At Harrow the assistant masters were the Head's nominees, and it was for him to set the tone of their society ; at Trinity he was but first among sixty Fellows independent in status and outlook, whose life by no means centred in the Lodge.

For forty-five years two remarkable men had reigned in succession at Trinity. William Whewell, the omniscient, the august, the inaccessible, had been Master during Butler's early Cambridge life, and had received from him a loyalty that was not universal. He was succeeded in 1866 by William Hepworth Thompson, who was also Regius Professor of Greek. One who knew Thompson well declared that 'in reality he was one of the kindest hearted of men ; he was unaffectedly modest, judging no man so severely as he judged himself ; he was appreciative of merit of all kinds. It is true that anything dishonest, mean, or slovenly roused in him indignation and scorn, but he was compassionate, generous, large-minded. I have known no one to whom I would sooner have gone in time of

trouble.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, to the world at large his majestic appearance and biting wit made him a terrifying personality.

When Dr. Butler was appointed to Gloucester in 1885, Thompson wrote to his former pupil:

I have waited for the confirmation of the report in *The Times* that you had been offered the Deanery of Gloucester, and I infer now that you have accepted the offer. You must have begun to wish for repose after your long and arduous reign at Harrow ; a school which you will have the satisfaction of handing to your successor in at least as good a state as you received it from your predecessor. We are only sorry that you will not have to visit Cambridge for your divinity degree, which was taken by your decano-episcopal 'decessor' yesterday. I hope you will find yourself in smooth water on the banks of the Severn, with an amiable chapter and an amicable, if not too syntactical bishop.<sup>2</sup> If I were you I think I should try to realise my freedom by a course of false concords and false quantities. These, however, you may keep as a reserve force in case your bishop should give trouble, as bishops are wont to do in dealing with deans.

To succeed Thompson was at once a handicap and an advantage to one who valued beyond most things the establishment of warm relations with his neighbours : a handicap because of the mantle of aloofness Thompson had thrown over the Mastership, and an advantage because any increase of cordiality was likely to stand out in high relief. That many Cambridge men rejoiced at the prospect of a change is evident. 'I used to think,' wrote one, 'of the Mastership of Trinity as a possibility of which the most had never yet been made even by the

<sup>1</sup> Henry Jackson, preaching at Trinity Commemoration, 1913. See Graham, *The Harrow Life of Henry Montagu Butler* (henceforward quoted as *Graham*), p. 48.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Ellicott, known as a commentator on the Greek Testament.

distinguished men who from time to time had held it.' 'Eminent as have been your predecessors,' said another, 'they have not, at any rate for some time past, represented the great post in its public, University, and social aspects.' 'In old days,' wrote a third, 'I never dared walk past the door of the Lodge, so great was my awe of its dignity and of that of the occupant.' Another believed there would be 'a brightness and warmth added to the life of Trinity that has long seemed to be wanting.' And a Harrovian undergraduate wrote : 'It will be so important for the new Master to get to know the men well and to make them feel that the higher Dons are not altogether above us, which is rapidly becoming the feeling now with such men as — and —, and you know yourself that nobody would take a greater interest in all the pursuits of the undergraduates than yourself.'

In the twenty-seven years which had elapsed since Montagu Butler resigned his fellowship, very drastic changes had taken place in the constitution and complexion of the College. Even the Statutes of 1860-61, in the framing of which he had himself taken an active part, left the administration in the hands of the Master, who must be in the Orders of the Church of England, and the eight Senior Fellows, all of whom must be unmarried. All Fellows had to be members of the Church of England, and unless they held certain offices were bound to take Orders within seven years from their M.A. degree. Fellowships were tenable for life, but with a few exceptions were vacated on marriage or institution to a benefice of a defined value; in compensation, however, the Fellow who contemplated marriage might count on receiving the offer of a College living.

During the seventies the whole system was recast, as a result of Trinity initiative, and the prolonged labour of the Society bore fruit in the Statutes of 1882, which

with various amendments remained in force during the whole of Dr. Butler's Mastership. By these Statutes, the day-to-day government of the College was transferred from the Seniors to a Council of thirteen, of whom the majority were elected by the whole body of Fellows. The ultimate authority, under Parliament and the Privy Council, lay with these last. The Master and Fellows need no longer be in Orders or even members of the Church of England. Fellowships were now as a rule limited in duration to six years, except in the case of those holding certain University or College posts, and their tenure was not affected by marriage. And in the constitution of the University, too, and in its educational processes, changes no less revolutionary had taken place.

But apart from innovations in the academic system, with which as a former Fellow and a headmaster he was naturally familiar, Dr. Butler realised that there were difficulties to be overcome with regard to the Society itself. He was a Master by the nomination of the Crown, not, like nearly all other Heads of Colleges, by the choice of the Fellows. The chorus of outside rejoicing at his appointment did not represent the unanimous feeling of the Society. The work of his life had lain outside the University, and moreover he was a clergyman, whereas it was known that many of the Fellows would have preferred a layman. The names most canvassed had been those of Lord Rayleigh and Henry Sidgwick. Various letters illustrate the feelings of different sections within the Society.

From R. B. Litchfield :

One thing, at any rate, you will find here is—*me judice*—a delightful society, stimulating, humane, and active. An immense amount of splendid work is being

done by men of the generations younger than yours and mine—such men as Jackson, Sidgwick, Stanton, and many more, unknown as they may be out of Cambridge. Trinity is still, as of old, the great centre of it all, and any man might be proud to be at the head of such a body.

From H. R. Luard, Senior Fellow :

I think I can assure you of a hearty welcome, and of the certainty that you will find all the members of the governing body of the College ready to give you their best co-operation in carrying on the work it has to do. You must be prepared to find the place very much changed in all respects from what it was when you left it—in some respects for the better—in many for the worse. The losses we have had by death of late among the fellows have been very heavy—and have made the whole body younger in age than it has ever been in its long history. At present myself and one other are the only fellows of senior standing to yourself, and about my own time almost everyone has been swept away. But I think we have rarely had a better set of tutors, and what religion is left in the college is certainly of a higher type than that there was in old times.

The facts of Thompson's long illness and infirmities have prevented him from taking the part in the University that ought to fall to the Master of Trinity—and this has been to some extent the same in the College—so that I think you must expect uphill work at first, more than if you had succeeded a man like Whewell, who passed away in the full vigour of his powers. And if you will not think me pedantic, here is a passage from Cicero<sup>1</sup> which is worth remembering : ‘*Est tibi gravis adversaria constituta et parata, incredibilis quaedam expectatio ; quam tu una re facillime vinces, si hoc statueris, quarum laudum gloriam adamaris, quibus artibus eae laudes comparantur, in iis esse laborandum.*’

<sup>1</sup> *Pro Milone*, c. 88.

From J. W. Clark :

I think I must be almost your oldest friend here, and I should therefore wish my congratulations, as they are certainly heartfelt, to reach you among the earliest. You have an arduous task before you, to restore our College to that position in the University which she held in Whewell's time, and has been steadily losing ever since. The want of a centre has made her fellows indifferent to the College as a corporation ; and as for the entertainment of strangers, or even members of our own body, that duty has been given up for so long that only people with long memories like myself can even remember that it used to be performed. However, I have no doubt that your excellent tact and untiring energy will enable you to triumph over all these difficulties.

From the Rev. R. St. J. Parry :

Ted has just told me that you have been asked to accept the Mastership of our College : and that he thinks you will not regard it as impertinent in me if I write to say how intensely anxious I and many others here have been and are that this offer should be made to you and that you should accept it. I suppose that no one away from here could understand the longing which we have that the head under whom we are to work for this next period of the life of our College should be one who would bring to the work the true understanding of its character and possibilities. We need more than ever one who acknowledges and professes the Christian ideal, who will direct and lead us in our efforts to preserve that ideal and to more and more approach it in our work here under its new conditions. I may say confidently that we who feel this feel at the same time that you would bring to us just the strength and leadership which we need. . . . I think that there is no one here who would not be prepared to welcome you here, though of course, among so many, there are many who would have preferred the appointment of a

layman. But to these no one in Orders would I think be more acceptable than yourself.

One more opinion of great weight may be cited. There was no one whose judgment Montagu Butler valued more than that of F. J. A. Hort, Hulsean Professor of Divinity, a friend and fellow-Apostle, five years senior to himself and the inspirer of many early enthusiasms. Hort wrote on November 2 :

After this long tension it seems only too good to be true. Ever since Lightfoot forsook us, it has been my strongest wish for Cambridge that you should be dear Thompson's successor, though it was hard to forecast what *οι* (ἀει) ἐν τέλει might think, or even what you might yourself answer, though I did know that no man living cared more for Trinity than you did. . . . Take it all in all, I doubt whether there is any post in the world which gives such leverage for far-reaching and fruitful work of the most vital kind as the Mastership of Trinity. In the soberest seriousness one may, I believe, paraphrase truly the old joke about Whewell's estimate.<sup>1</sup> If one thing more than another may be singled out as that on which the future of mankind for centuries to come depends, it is strenuous maintenance of the identity or the coincidence of the 'sacred' and the 'secular' phases in thought, word and act, and unwearied resistance to the terribly powerful pressure of idolatrous religion and godless belief and life which is ever tending to wrench the two supposed spheres asunder. Now, if there is a country where the struggle can be successfully maintained for Christendom, it is England. If there is a place where it can be successfully maintained for

<sup>1</sup> 'There are many bishops, but only one Master of Trinity.'

*Cf.* the lines by Sir Francis Doyle :

' If you through the regions of space should have travelled,  
And of nebular films the remotest unravelled,  
You'll find as you tread on the bounds of infinity  
That God's greatest work is the Master of Trinity.'

England, it is Cambridge. And if there is a College where it can be successfully maintained for Cambridge it is Trinity. But it is no light or quickly ending task. There are great masses of stubborn inertness, and alas, I fear there has arisen a by no means contemptible anti-Christian aggressiveness. Happily the Christian elements in the upper part of the College are almost wholly a wise and large-minded type, and animated by a true and pure zeal. But of course the wariest walking is needed on every side, and considerable reticence and what one may call regenerate cynicism are required for dealing with so 'kittle' a community. . . .

But I rejoice for the University even more than for the College, though I hate even to seem to distinguish their interests. We need every day more and more the help which we ought to receive from Heads of Houses as the chief officers of the University, and alas, we get help from very few. What one may call *senatorial* functions are becoming the most important of all, and alas, we have very few senators! Susceptibilities are no doubt great, but they can be dealt with. Neither in this nor in the College sphere is success assured to every man of great powers and high purpose. But, thank God, you have had a rare training for the work, and experience in timely self-suppression.

One other aspect of the matter let me mention, though it is really part of what I was saying before. A very serious and growing danger is the inclination to assume that education is not true clerical work. Not only is the pressure strong, as no one knows better than yourself, for 'secularising' education, but—what is not less fatal—Church authorities, and still more Church mobs, are on the way towards refusal to recognise the scholastic and academic clergy as forming an integral part of the clergy. If they succeed, the effects on both Church and nation must be most disastrous. I need not point out what advantages you have in coming to the rescue. Believe me, in accepting this responsi-

bility, you have bound yourself, without introducing a single extraneous element in *serving the College and University*, to serve the Church more than it is possible for anyone to do in any other way.

Such considerations would obviously not appeal to all sections, and there were fears that the new Master would prove too clerical. It is interesting to read the entry made in his journal by Henry Sidgwick when the announcement became public.<sup>1</sup>

So Butler is our new Master ! I am not surprised, but cannot yet tell whether I like it or not, old feelings of personal affection and admiration for the brilliant young scholar who was a young B.A. when I came up—a pleasant revival of the proudest, if not the happiest year of my life (1859) when we were both lecturers together—these jar and clash with depression and dissatisfaction at the snub given to academic work. I have no doubt, however, that he will do the work of the Mastership—according to the new administrative idea of it—very well.

A few days later Sidgwick received a letter from Davos, dated October 31.

At this great change in my destinies—so utterly unexpected by me—my heart turns to old Trinity friends, and not least to *you*. If I could be at once at Cambridge, I should ask for a quiet talk or walk, as of old, to learn your views as to my opportunities of good work for the College or the University. As it is, I feel a sort of satisfaction in saying how keenly alive I am to my own thousand intellectual deficiencies for this magnificent post. If I was ignorant of these, or insensible to their gravity, I should have no hope of being of use to anyone ; but it may be that there is an opening just now even for such light gifts as mine ; and if so, I know I may always count on your sympathy

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir*, p. 460.

and counsel in my endeavours to see my way clear and do my duty.

One of my instincts will naturally be to try to see a good deal of the *younger* men in an informal way, and that, with a clear recollection of the old formula that 'all communications to the Master must pass through the Tutor.'<sup>1</sup>

You, I think, are one of those men who would rather see activity with a fair dash of blunders than inertness, but *many* blunders are to be deprecated, and I shall ask you, for old friendship's sake, to tell me quite plainly when you think I am running into any, and I do hope we may each be able to help the other in doing something for the public good.

To this Sidgwick replied :

Since I heard of your appointment I have been wishing to write to you, but hesitating ;—for I did not like to write without perfect frankness, and therefore had to tell you that I have been wanting some one else to be appointed. However your kind letter has made it easier for me to tell you this ; since I feel that you will believe that—notwithstanding the vain desires I have mentioned—I look forward with very sincere pleasure to your coming among us again after so long an absence. Indeed the thought of it has carried my imagination back vividly to that delightful period of my life in which we were colleagues—for a term's space, if I remember rightly.

I think that if I were made Master of Trinity I should take down from the shelf my 'Bagehot's English Constitution,' and read to myself the eloquent passage<sup>2</sup> in which he explains why the powers of a constitutional—as contrasted with an absolute—

<sup>1</sup> Referring to the reply supposed to have been made by a Master of Trinity to an undergraduate who had offered him the shelter of his umbrella in a shower. The remark has been attributed to Whewell, but Mr. Rouse Ball thought it more characteristic of Mansel, and said that Dr. Butler agreed with him.

<sup>2</sup> Chapter II.

monarch are 'what a wise man would most seek to exercise and least fear to possess.' For the Master of Trinity in the present day is rather like a constitutional monarch—or rather like what a constitutional monarch would be if (as Seeley thinks might easily have happened) our Hanoverian kings had established the custom of presiding at their own Cabinet Councils. He is in a position which, from its old prestige, gives him great opportunities of influence, but little power to overbear the wills of others. My dear Butler, I cannot imagine your failing to turn these opportunities to excellent account, and I feel sure that after a very few weeks you will know much more than I do of persons and things in Trinity, from an administrative point of view ; since I have been only a looker on in my College for nearly fifteen years. Still, if you like, we will have a walk, as in old times, when you come here ; and I will give you my vague ideas such as they are.

This letter drew the following acknowledgment :

.... I can see so many good reasons for your having desired another appointment that it causes me no manner of surprise or regret. The great post was none of my seeking ; I was far too conscious of infirmities. Now, however, that things are as they are, I know that, even without the kind assurance contained in your letter, you will generously give me your help in working for the common good. I will certainly look up that passage in 'Bagehot.' He seems to be of the same mind with a yet older writer on a yet more complicated constitution. 'Thou camest to serve, not to rule.' So says old Thomas à Kempis, Chap. XVII, and if ever I am blind enough to forget the golden maxim, it *is* blindness, not intent. But one needs constant reminders of such precious στοιχεῖα, and I shall indeed be ashamed of myself if ever I am not grateful for a reminder from so old a friend as you. . . .

On the new Master's little speech in the Combination Room on the evening of his installation, Sidgwick made this generous comment : ' I have no doubt Butler will do all this public representation business excellently : and though at first some will think his effusiveness insincere, they will in time come to think otherwise, if they have any discernment of truth and loyalty.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir*, p. 462.

## CHAPTER III

### FIRST MONTHS OF THE MASTERSHIP—MARRIAGE

TRINITY LODGE, or rather that part of it which forms the west side of the Great Court north of the Hall, is among the older of the existing College buildings. Its southern portion, which in 1886 included the entrance hall, the stone kitchen, the small drawing-room, and the Master's study and bedroom, was begun early in the reign of Mary Tudor ; the northern portion, including the dining-room, the great drawing-room and the four principal bedrooms, was built by the great Master, Thomas Nevile, at the end of the century. The beautiful shallow staircase is due to the initiative and vicarious munificence of Bentley ; the oriels, pulled down in Bentley's mastership, were replaced in Whewell's. The rooms were few, but large and finely proportioned, the dining-room and drawing-room above it covering the whole breadth of the Lodge from the Court to the Master's garden, which stretched westwards to an ivied wall overlooking the river Cam. With its wide spaces and panelled walls and ornamental ceilings, its fine portraits and less lovely casts, its underground passage and its peephole into the College Hall, the house was at once stately and quaint and full of character. No less unique was the small garden, bounded to north and south by high walls running from the Lodge to the river, and planted with friendly but incongruous trees. Its chief delights were its

secluded lawn, rising at one corner into a circular mound of antique design crowned with pinks and roses, and its river view toward St. John's.

Though brightened by the presence of Ted and his friends and crowded with work and hospitality, the first months of Dr. Butler's mastership were necessarily overcast with gloom. Edith was not progressing as well as had been hoped, and bulletins were awaited with anxiety. Her father spent the Christmas and Easter vacations with her at Davos, and when at length on May 18 the telegram, 'no hope,' arrived, he travelled out to bring her back to die, as she desired, at Cambridge. The end came on June 20, the first day of the Queen's Jubilee celebrations about the country and in the College.

A letter to Canon Westcott, dated May 9, 1887, bears witness to the principles by which he desired to guide his life at this sorrowful time, and the faithfulness with which he followed them.

When I accepted my very peculiar post, it seemed to me clear that hospitality on a large scale, rightly understood, was one of my plain duties. It seemed to me that the Lodge, as time went on, ought to bring together the leading members of the University, the Fellows and Scholars, friends from a distance, leaders in good causes, whether here or away. I knew what a tax this must make upon my own time, and how sadly hampered and crippled I should be in my solitary estate; but I was clear that, considering the character of the house and the College, the duty ought to be performed.

I determined that parties at the Lodge should be very numerous, very various, but by no means on an ostentatious scale as regards the table. I may say that I have contracted with the College cook at a moderate rate, and that (except through an oversight) nothing *recherché* or especially luxurious will ever be seen at





*H. Herkomer, A.R.A.,*

1887

*Engraved by F. Sternberg.*

our parties. As some little test of *variety* I may just say that to-day, as on Saturday, I have large parties to meet Sir George Trevelyan, our Honorary Fellow; on Friday I have a meeting of perhaps eighty or one hundred to work for the Toynbee Hall Settlement; on the 14th the Roundells, Godleys, Sir M. Ridley, and Charles Dalrymple come. On the 17th we have a large party with which I think you will sympathise. I hope it will begin a yearly institution. I am inviting the sixteen newly-elected Scholars to meet the Vice-Master, the Tutors, and some of the older Fellows, as Professor Cayley, H. Sidgwick, Jebb, etc. I have asked the Bishop of Durham and Lord Rayleigh, but I fear they can hardly be expected. On the 20th we have a Bible reading in the dining-room, where there will probably be some fifty undergraduates. On the 21st the George Hamiltons, Fowell Buxtons, and others come; the 24th and 28th have, as you know, their own engagements. Early in June I expect some fifty of the leading helpers of our Trinity Mission from London to lunch. Last Saturday we had forty of the Colonial Delegates.

I name these details, because I value your judgment more than that of most men, and because I like you to know that I am acting on a fixed principle which presents itself to me in the light of a public duty. Time will, I trust, show me how to work it out most wisely and with the least practicable expenditure of time and brain. At present I feel the strain rather serious.

It seems only natural to find traces of the strain here referred to, and of the anxiety which aggravated it, in the portrait painted by Herkomer, during the spring of this year, which George Richmond called the artist's masterpiece.

How arduous were the Master's days may be gathered from frequent notes in his diary and letters. The morning after his picture was finished, we find him working at a sermon from five o'clock, attending

a meeting of the College Council from eleven till three, and presiding at a dining-room meeting and entertaining guests in the evening ; and there was bad news from Davos too. In February 1889 he is too sleepy to finish a sermon one night, so he goes to bed at twelve ; he is up working at it at two forty-five, fireless, but with his feet in a fur bag known as the 'kangaroo' ; bed from four to seven, and then revision of the completed sermon from nine till eleven, at which hour it had to be preached. In December 1890 he is in the thick of the College scholarship examination : 'it makes me light the study fire each morning at, or soon after, 4 A.M.'

No wonder that after such heroic risings he was often somnolent later in the day, to a degree that became famous among all that knew him, though not less famous was his capacity to take in the gist of a conversation or sermon when to all appearances he was fast asleep. And no wonder that in later life he found the habit of early waking very difficult to throw off.

It was some time before he felt really at ease in his new surroundings. In June 1888 he wrote :

I find it strangely difficult to work quietly in this vast house. In term time there is the stir and bustle of daily duty and many faces and constant sympathies, but now there is a loneliness that 'may be felt.' At one time in my life I might possibly have become a solitary devotee of books, philosophy, theology, etc., but now after all the past and all the stir and throb of young life it seems scarcely possible !

He cannot have known, though he may have hoped, that the events of the following week would make it even less possible, though they were to compensate him by putting an end to his loneliness for ever.

From the beginning we have seen him resolved to entertain at Trinity on a large scale. His visitors' book

opens, as it happens, with the name of W. E. Gladstone, who dined with him in Hall in February 1887. In the following October the performance of the *Oedipus Rex* of Sophocles by members of the University afforded a magnificent occasion for hospitality, and the Master took forty-two seats for the several performances. Among those who accepted his invitation were Miss Mary Anderson, Mr. W. J. Courthope, Dean Farrar, his old schoolfellow Vaughan Hawkins, Sir Hubert Herkomer, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Vernon Lushington, Lord Macnaghten, the Hallam Tennysons, Miss Anna Swanwick, Miss Welsh, then Mistress of Girton, and a young Girton student, Miss Agnata Frances Ramsay, who in Part I of the Classical Tripos of that year had been placed alone in the First Division of the First Class. The Master had been much interested by this lady's success, as was to be expected from one who cared much both for the Classics and for the education of women, but he had not met her before the evening, November 24, 1887, when she dined at Trinity Lodge before the Greek play.

Miss Ramsay was the youngest daughter of Sir James Ramsay of Bamff, the historian of medieval England, by his first wife Mary Scott-Kerr of Sunlaws. Her mother had died before she was two years old, and her father had married again.

On July 3 the Master wrote to Archbishop Benson :

Among the happy guests at your garden party next Saturday there will be one whom I venture to recommend to the specially affectionate care of yourself and Mrs. Benson, however cleverly you may disguise it.

It is Miss Agnata Ramsay, the young Senior Classic of last year. She and I have become engaged during the last three days, and we hope to be married on or about August 9.

It all seems very strange. You may be sure that

I pondered long and earnestly and prayerfully before I decided that it could be right to ask this bright young gifted girl to link her life with my later years. I am *certain* that with God's help I can make her happy. You will pray for us both. She has a strong, simple, devout character, and has stood the ordeal of much flattery without being spoiled. She is withal bright and playful and will help, I trust, to make this historic house a home to all that is gracious and noble.

'It is her goodness,' he wrote to another friend, 'not her Greek and Latin, which have stolen my heart.'

'From the first,' he said to yet another, 'you have been kindness itself to me and mine, and now you come to me with unexhausted sympathy at a time when I seem to be renewing my youth, and, please God, starting on a fresh course of usefulness to others.'

Among the letters of congratulation was one speaking of his own merits in embarrassing terms. In a letter to Miss Ramsay he writes of it thus :

Letters like that of Mrs. Vaughan are trying for any *receiver* to read, but they ought to do us good by humbling us. They show us an *ideal*—what other good people feel we can be and do if we are true to all that is highest in us. I don't know whether you have read any of the sermons of that very great American preacher, a friend of mine, Philips Brooks. A ruling thought with him is half Platonic—the *ideal self* of each human being, that which God sees him to be, that which he is potentially, however blurred and spoiled the apparent self may have become. The preacher does his best to awaken the desire to live again this true self. And surely at times like these in our lives, dearest, we must have this longing. These times of conscious exaltation of aim, when the word 'Sursum corda' is easy, come and go. They do not stay with us always. I remember Jowett saying to me long years since that one of the great difficulties of life was how

to make the most of these special *καίροι* when all that is best in us is most full of faith, and all things seem possible. Doubtless we ought to try with as little delay as possible to translate feeling into act, to *plan habits*, as it were ; to lay down the lines of work and conduct, so as not to drift. My thoughts are now turning much to Switzerland, and its beauty and its quiet. When we are there, let us hope that some of these plannings may become less shadowy. We must try to bring back from there something better even than health and enjoyment and increased love of each other.

Meanwhile we can, at least, with God's help, resolve on a *negative* policy. Our home shall never be the haunt of idle or ill-natured gossip. We will 'speak no scandal, no, nor listen to it.'

No good cause that aims at making life—especially the life of the poor—happier and purer shall ever be spoken of lightly before us or have the cold shoulder turned to it. No unkind Pharisaical words shall ever be uttered about other people's lack of faith or supposed irreligion. All such criticism—if it must be—we will leave to others, and strive to keep a heart little occupied by any failings except our own. From this point of view, letters like those of Mrs. Vaughan may do us good. They put us, as it were, on a Mount of Transfiguration, and it *may* be 'good for us to be here,' but only if we remember that at the foot of the Mount there is human suffering always waiting for the sympathy which feels and the faith which cures.

The marriage took place on August 9, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the bridegroom having spent the previous night on the holy ground of Harrow. The ceremony was performed by his beloved Harrow master, Dr. C. J. Vaughan. After a few days at Canterbury, he had the delight of showing his wife some of his old haunts in Switzerland. 'We are both perfectly well and perfectly happy,' he wrote from Mürren. 'Every

day makes me more thankful. . . . We walk a great deal, with lunch in my pocket, and also read a great deal of Greek together.'

Shortly before his marriage he had written these characteristic lines :

He struck of old, with master touch,  
    A strain true hearts adore—  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
    Loved I not Honour more.

A glorious truth, and mighty still  
    To sound the deeps of love,  
And lift from earth's sublimest hill  
    To holier heights above.

Yet *half* a truth, and not the whole ;  
    For still, since time began,  
The maid's fair face, the woman's soul,  
    Teach Honour's worth to man.

And by my faith, and by my life,  
    Were I not taught of thee,  
Not Honour's self, my own sweet wife,  
    Were half so dear to me.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE WORK OF THE MASTERSHIP

THE new Master's views as to the possibilities of his post have been set forth in his own words. Its formal duties were on a narrower scale. Apart from the 'public representation business' before the University and country, they consisted chiefly in presiding at the College Council and many of its committees, in taking part in the College scholarship and fellowship examinations, and in a measure of responsibility for College discipline in grave cases. The work of standing *in loco parentis* to undergraduates and of corresponding officially with their parents fell at Trinity not to the Master but to the four Tutors. The administration of the College property, within and without its walls, was the province of the two Bursars respectively ; while the care of discipline in College was divided between the two Deans, who also made arrangements for the services in Chapel. While, therefore, the Master was often looked upon by the outside world as the ruler of the College, responsible as such for its policy and acts, he had in point of fact no such predominance ; his functions were narrowly limited both by statute and by the need of maintaining harmony with the other officials, who were answerable not to him but to the Council.

The Council consisted, besides the Master, of twelve Fellows, four sitting *ex officio* and eight elected by their

colleagues. The Master had a casting vote and for certain purposes his vote counted for two, but otherwise his position was merely that of chairman. The Council met every Friday morning in Full Term in the Great Combination Room, a large square Adam room adorned with full-length portraits of robed and gartered noblemen.

Presiding at the Council was a duty in which Dr. Butler took little pleasure, and for which perhaps he was not altogether well fitted. Great as was his respect, and in many cases his affection for its members, he found the atmosphere uncongenial and strained, and that great gift of successful chairmanship—the instinctive perception of what others are thinking—often failed him in this case.

It was not only that on certain matters which he considered of high importance the majority of his colleagues did not share his point of view or appreciate his arguments. In the transaction of the multifarious business of a great college, including questions of education, discipline, religious worship, estate management, and appointments to teaching and ecclesiastical posts, some such divergence of view was inevitable : for one thing the Master was a devoted clergyman while his colleagues were often not professing Christians at all, and then, again, the fact that he had held two important public posts, at Harrow and at Gloucester, made him much more sensitive to the probable reaction outside Cambridge to any step taken by the College. It was not only this necessary difference of outlook ; there was also a lack of complete mental communion, due partly to the natural solitariness of the Master's position, and partly to a difference of temperament. Henry Sidgwick, we have seen, spoke of Butler's effusiveness. Whether or not this is the right word, he was certainly remarkably free from constraint, and no self-consciousness hampered his elaborate courtesy.

Academic persons, on the other hand, often appear cold and undemonstrative and desperately anxious not to give themselves away ; it may be characteristic of intellectual integrity to be so afraid of expressing more than one feels that one errs on the side of expressing less, and so seems abrupt and even heartless. Dr. Butler did not perhaps always realise this ; he was very sensitive to apparent callousness, and apt to be hurt when some suggestion that he had made was received with disapproval unsoftened by politeness or at best in chilly silence ; nor did he quite understand his colleagues' attitude when he discovered later, as was often the case, that the veil of impassivity had concealed no small measure of sympathy with his proposals or at any rate with his motives.

A letter of May 1897 to his wife shows how such differences could weigh upon him, and how his trouble could be relieved :

You will be glad to hear that my heart is already somewhat lighter, mainly from a most friendly chat with dear old Jackson—who, by the bye, was struck with Como's noble presence on the table and consequently received a copy of the immortal ode.<sup>1</sup> I had written to J. just as you were leaving, asking him to confer with me as to the course to be taken next Friday. To my great relief and joy he very much agrees with me, and I should not be much surprised if we find some common ground on which all can stand. But his whole manner was so friendly. Perhaps it will be well if I see V. in like manner and 'have it out.' 'Make Thy way plain before my face' is, I believe, my true prayer, but 'we know not what to pray for as we ought.'—Enter H. Sidgwick. . . . I 'went for' H. S. for his vote and speech on the Advowsons, and this too has done me good. It is the horrible silence and  $\alpha\pi\alpha\theta\iota\alpha$  or  $\alpha\sigma\mu\pi\alpha\theta\iota\alpha$  that makes one  $\delta\nu\theta\mu\delta\nu\kappa\alpha\tau\epsilon\delta\epsilon\nu$ .<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 259.

<sup>2</sup> 'Devour his soul' ; the Homeric phrase for silent indignation.

The Master had also the duty of presiding at College meetings, or assemblies of the whole body of Fellows, to which the decision on certain matters is reserved by the constitution of the College. He wrote of them in May 1897 :

They are rarely the happiest days of my official life. However they clear off business one way or the other, and when they are over, my responsibility is so far gone. There is no parallel to them in school life. It is rather touching to me to read in old Whewell's Life how much he apprehended them. I can see him now at them, almost as helpless and impotent in the Chair as his successor now. I prophesy that the next Master must be a layman.

He was fortunate in the first months of his mastership to have in the Vice-Master an old Harrow friend who could advise him as to the state of opinion among the Fellows. But when Coutts Trotter died in December 1887, 'with him passes away,' he wrote, 'my only *confidential* friend in College. Probably there are others with whom *au fond* I am in deeper agreement, but there is no one that I can go to *sans façon*, and speak on anything—persons as well as measures—with absolute security. It is a grave personal loss, and must cripple my means of usefulness. Apart from anything personal to myself, College and University alike recognise that they have lost one of their very ablest servants, the man who knew more than anyone else of the Constitution of both.'

A few years later—in 1891—he was evidently much depressed by the seeming coldness of his colleagues on the Council on some occasion, and felt moved to express his despondency to one of them. He received the following answer :

I cannot tell you how much I am touched both by the kindness of your letter and by the sadness of it.

I hardly know whether I ought to venture on a reply, but I think you would wish me to say what a good deal of consideration of the question suggests to me.

I am afraid it must be owned that there is a strong Puritan spirit in the Council and the College generally—a spirit of independence and of shrinking from external demonstration. Though it may be carried too far, you will, I believe, agree that it is a wholesome spirit in itself. When that has been said, I really believe that the worst has been said. There is a good deal of latent loyalty among us, but we are all critical. You would find, I believe, that most other Masters in Cambridge would say that a domestic Council is so. It can hardly help it, especially when on the deepest matters of all we are not agreed. But it is criticism, and a desire to judge dispassionately, not essentially any revolt against a Master's position. You will notice that we fly at one another's throats, but then we meet in Hall after, and—in accordance with the strong tacit aversion to quarrels and soreness in the College—as a matter of course make advances on both sides and bury the hatchet. This determined friendliness is one of the most striking and hopeful features of our Society. The criticism is a matter of duty and judgment, not of personal hostility.

I have been thinking over the members of the Council, and I am sure there is not one who is not in matter of feeling anxious to be deferent to the Master. The difficulty that, I cannot but admit, exists is, I firmly believe, a misunderstanding between friends, and may be got over.

I am afraid that the Master's position must always be formally lonely, with a Council of twelve and a body of nearly fifty Fellows closely bound together—but you at least have known how to bring about friendly intercourse. I am not sure however that it is easy for a Master to realise in regard to the Council that its centre of gravity is not in the Council Room, but in the private discussions that precede any important motion.

Every important proposal is threshed out first in informal conferences, either with all members in turn, or with two or three, and only when the pulse has been felt and some consensus of opinion secured is the motion made. You have missed, we know well and sadly, the excellent counsel of Coutts Trotter, but you would find any member of the Council ready and glad to let you know what would be thought of a proposal that you had in view. This may seem derogatory to a Master's position, but it is difficult to see how else an acquiescence of judgment is to be secured, and such consultation would give both a closer view, and also a more hopeful one, of the tone of the College. Sanguine as it may seem to say it, I am sure that the Master's advocacy of a scheme that has been ascertained to command some assent would carry great weight.

For these reasons I cannot but think that the Master has really a great position, even in our republican body, if he can avoid losing heart at the seeming coldness of Councillors. But no doubt that is difficult, and it is not easy to know in what direction the College is prepared to be led.

One instance at least you will remember in which you caught the breeze and brought the ship into port at once—I mean with regard to the Annual Dinner.<sup>1</sup>

If you will forgive me for saying so, I am sure that you under-rate the possibilities of the position. As younger men come into office, you will not have to encounter those whose policy was fixed before you came to us, and you will gather the fruits of the personal kindness which you have introduced at the centre of the College's life.

One incident which occurred early in his mastership made a deep impression on some of the Fellows. The Council had discussed for several hours a difficult case

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 46.

of discipline on which the Master fought hard and long against the course favoured by the majority. All his arguments and influence failed to prevent a contrary vote, and it became his duty to reprimand the offender, in the presence of the Council, in the sense of the majority's decision. No listener could have guessed from his words and manner that the Master was not in full agreement with those whose views he was expressing, and not only were his colleagues completely satisfied for the moment by his execution of their wishes, but some at least felt assured for ever after that they might trust his tact and loyalty to the uttermost.

The various committees of the Council on which the Master sat were less formal, and on some of them in particular his wide experience was of great use to the College. He took immense interest in the work of the Memorials Committee, concerned with the commemoration of distinguished Trinity men by picture, statue, or inscription, and was responsible, by his own generosity or that of his friends, for the presentation of many such works of art to the College. He himself, as a young Fellow, had given a bust of Hare to the Library, and he later gave portraits of Benson, Hort, and Westcott to the Hall, and brasses in memory of Benson, Lightfoot, and Westcott to the Ante-Chapel. One of his happiest moments as Master was when his old Harrow friend, Henry Yates Thompson, joined with Mrs. Thompson in presenting to the College Thornycroft's statue of Tennyson. But his most valuable work was perhaps on the Livings Committee. In theory the presentation to benefices by a body of men of whom none are bound to be members of the Church of England is open to serious objections ; in practice, however, the Council usually acted on the advice of a small committee of keen Churchmen. Here the

Master's knowledge of men, his industry and breadth of sympathy were of high value. He took infinite pains to discover, orally and by letter, the needs and wishes of parishes and the qualifications of applicants. Men strongly opposed to him in Church policy spoke of his fairness as between the different parties : he always tried to give a congregation a pastor whose views and practices it would find congenial, however little he might sympathise with them himself. It was largely the fear that a purchaser or his heirs might not always act in this spirit which made him object so strongly to the sale of advowsons by the College.

Of this and other issues which provoked controversy during the years of his Mastership it will be necessary to speak later. Of the occasional personal differences that arose there was rarely any hint from his lips, except : 'I don't think we have seen Mr. X for some time—don't you think we might get him to dine one day?' His relations with the other College authorities were very harmonious. In answering letters from outside he was careful to refer his correspondent to the officer concerned, and not to commit the College by his own action.

In matters of discipline his own part was secondary, but he liked to be consulted by the Tutors on important matters ;<sup>1</sup> in grave cases it might be his duty to convey the Council's decision to the unhappy and perhaps indignant parent. Sometimes he was able, while upholding the decrees of authority, to convert the family to a more reasonable view of the incident and supply sorely needed consolation and encouragement.

From his statutory duty of examining for College scholarships he drew unmixed enjoyment.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Rouse Ball wrote : 'In my experience, a tutor finds his hands strengthened if able to say that the Master agrees with him, and in no case did I find him disagree with what I proposed.'

It is in these examinations [he wrote] notably, but not exclusively those in December for *Entrance Scholarships*, that the Master comes into closest touch with the ablest of our undergraduates. He becomes keenly interested in them. He gets into correspondence with themselves, with many of their schoolmasters, in some cases with their parents. He sees some at least of them when they come up, and talks with them freely of their work, past and future. All this tends to promote a friendly and trustful spirit between the College and the leading Schools, to the advantage, I must believe, of both.

Here is a typical letter to the Headmaster of Charterhouse, Dr. G. H. Rendall :

Your two victors are of the Science order this year. They are both spoken very well of. Please gently disabuse —— of the discovery that the author of 'Junius' was Dean Swift. I don't think Macaulay even notices his claim.

Up to the very end of his life he continued to examine for scholarships, and year after year it was a pleasure to him to find how closely his opinions coincided with those of his colleagues. As to the fellowship examinations in October he did not make the same claim. The practice had been introduced of awarding fellowships on the strength of elaborate dissertations. On these only experts were competent to pronounce, and though he read carefully all the dissertations that were not too technical, even in appraising the work of classical candidates the Master relied largely on his colleagues' judgment. But he valued the opportunity of hearing, at the examiners' discussions, the estimate formed of the ablest minds among the young men, of whom the successful would become members of the High Table and of the Governing Body of the College ; it helped him when

consulted from outside as to their fitness for professorships and other posts.

For the benefit of both scholars and fellowship candidates he instituted somewhat alarming dinners, at which examiners and examinees met. Scholars were only invited after their election, but the fellowship dinner took place during the examination, and the candidates would pretend that they were only induced to obey the awful command by the fear of otherwise ruining their chances. An embarrassing superstition further grew up that the candidate who opened the door for the ladies after dinner was always elected : eventually one of the electors would save the situation by opening the door himself.

Besides his statutory functions, the Master often examined for the College classical prizes, and there were opportunities for talks when Trinity men won University prizes and scholarships ; so that, apart from the ordinary course of hospitality, he came to know the best men in his own subject very fairly well.

To most of the College, however, his figure must have been chiefly familiar as twice a day he crossed the corner of the Great Court from the Lodge to the Chapel. Two or three times a term he preached. On the appearance of a volume of his college sermons in 1898,<sup>1</sup> one of his hearers wrote to him :

May I say how pleased beyond all saying I am, that you have dedicated them to us younger men—for we have perhaps more than others loved these words, and loved the voice that preached them. I often wanted when I was at Trinity somehow to thank you—I used so much to look forward to your Sunday, and (it is queer how small things stick in the memory) to that nice slish of the curtain by your Master's stall, which told us it was your day.

<sup>1</sup> *Belief in Christ, and other Sermons* (Macmillan and Bowes).

In the preface to this volume the Master explained the purpose of his College sermons :

They do not deal with hard questions, theological, philosophical, or critical. Such questions were beyond my strength. I have sought rather to impress upon my hearers, mostly young men from Christian homes and Christian schools, those central Christian truths as to which there can be but little controversy among Christians. . . . While pleading for these central truths, I have kept close to the Life, the Example, in most cases the very words of our Lord Jesus Christ. I believe we cannot be too often or too closely in His company. . . . I have a strong conviction that there are but a few men in any generation who are qualified to deal from the Pulpit with questions of theological or ecclesiastical difficulty. . . . But if any preacher is conscious that this great gift is denied him—that he has neither the wide knowledge, nor the scientific training, nor the philosophical subtlety and thoroughness that are needed for such enterprises, he does wisely in my judgment to select subjects less controversial. . . . At the same time, such a man may feel in his heart that, if he cannot offer guidance, he can, nevertheless, offer sympathy. He can help young men to feel that honest difficulties as to the origin and sanctions of the Christian faith can be met with respect at least on the part of their elders. And, further, he may at least negatively aid the cause of truth by insisting, with deep earnestness, if not with the trained powers of an expert, on the grievous error of advocating orthodoxy in unsound, unscientific, or ungenerous ways. If there is one ill-omened thing that threatens to turn away the hearts of the children from their fathers, it is the suspicion that in religion, as distinguished from all other knowledge, light may be dreaded as well as prized. May no such suspicion ever darken the walls of Trinity!

Last, but not least, what Henry Sidgwick called 'the public representation business' must be referred to.

Though for long neglected, it was of very real importance. Apart from the duties of presiding at college gatherings which are common to all Heads of Houses, there are some to which the Master of Trinity is specially liable. Cambridge University has neither the funds nor the accommodation for the entertainment of distinguished visitors. This deficiency has to be made good by the colleges, and though the hospitality of Vice-Chancellors is proverbial it often falls to Trinity, as the largest college and mother of many distinguished sons, to play a large part in what would elsewhere be entertainment by the University. Trinity has further, as a royal foundation, a traditional connection with the Sovereign and his family ; it is bound by custom, now imbedded in a written agreement, to receive and lodge the royal judges of assize ; and it is usually the College of the Chancellor.

Dr. Butler's dignity, courtesy, and gift of eloquence enabled him to perform these duties with supreme success. His abundant grace of manner, so unlike the popular conception of academic frigidity, his amazing memory and the variety of his interests charmed all conditions of men, while in his speeches there was a perfect blend of nobility and playfulness. He was often acclaimed as one of the two or three best after-dinner speakers in England. The occasions on which he was called upon to use this gift of speech were very various. There was the annual dinner in October, when he welcomed the newly elected Fellows to the High Table—a 'domestic occasion' requiring great delicacy ; there was the Commemoration Feast in December, attended by the scholars of the College as well as by distinguished guests ; there were banquets to recipients of honorary degrees ; there were the annual gatherings of old Trinity men ; and there were occasions when the College threw open its precincts to educational conferences and meetings. Erect in his

scarlet robes at the centre of the High Table, the three great circles of silver plate gleaming on the panelled wall behind him, he seemed worthily to present before the world the majesty of the College. Of his tact and promptitude when on his feet one ridiculous instance may perhaps be requoted here. ‘Once at a Commemoration Feast at Trinity,’ says Mr. Graham, ‘an old member of the College indignantly asked the Master why a certain prize (the only distinction he had ever won) had been discontinued. The Master had not the least idea, had probably never heard of the vanished institution ; but he shrank from hurting the feelings of his guest. Turning to the American Ambassador on his right hand, he replied, “I can only answer my friend’s question in the words of the great poet who, sir, is your honoured compatriot :

Cautiously replied the beaver,  
With reserve he thus made answer,  
‘ Let me first consult the others,  
Let me ask the other beavers.’ ”

Afterwards Butler explained to one of the Fellows that the lines had remained in his memory from boyhood as perhaps the most unmitigated balderdash in the English tongue.’

## CHAPTER V

### COLLEGE POLITICS

THE history of Trinity College from Dr. Butler's accession to the outbreak of the Great War was prosperous and uneventful, and such controversies as arose are probably of little general interest. It is not proposed to mention year by year the questions on which the Master formed strong opinions, but they may be conveniently summarised under the three headings of college extension, education, and religion.

First, however, it should be stated that it was largely due to his initiative, backed by the energetic support of Mr. W. W. Rouse Ball and other Fellows, that the College instituted in 1889 the custom of annual gatherings, whereby 'old boys' who had kept their names on the college books were invited in groups to dine and sleep in Trinity some night in June or September. These reunions of contemporaries are now recognised events in the college year; old friends sit together, and it is arranged, as far as possible, that they shall sleep in their old college rooms.

These dinners [wrote one guest to the Master] certainly bring together many who meet in no other way; and it is extraordinary to find how quite naturally and at once one assumes the old footing of friendship with men you have not seen for years.

What we all felt [wrote another] was the delight of having you once more at our head.

THE HALL AND THE MASTER'S LODGE, FROM THE GREAT COURT





The last year before the war like words were written by young and old. The Bishop of Durham spoke of the Master as 'the life of the whole great occasion,' while one who had left the College not long before, a man of exceptional vigour and promise, who was later killed in France,<sup>1</sup> wrote :

It is always, of course, a pleasure to be in Trinity, but there was an inspiration in this particular visit, which centred in the Master's speech in Hall. I suspect that not a few faint hearts took courage at his words, which will not be forgotten.

Another guest wrote after his death :

I never could forget that early Communion in Chapel the morning after the great dinner at Trinity. It made a sort of curious impression at the time on my mind. It seemed to me, as he stood there taking the whole service himself, that he was a type of so much that is beautiful in that wonderful institution called the Church of England from the times of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor downward.

The first big question which arose in his mastership was that of an addition to the Library, Wren's grand building facing the river having long proved inadequate. A committee, appointed in 1887, with the Master as chairman, reported to the Council two years later. Their proposal was to erect a new two-storeyed building north of, and parallel to, the north side of Nevile's Court, making use of the ground then occupied by the Master's kitchen garden, stables, and coach-house. According to the design of Professor Middleton, the new building was to be in the style of Wren ; it was to be of red brick, with a frontage of Portland stone facing the river, and it was to be connected with Wren's building by 'a not unsightly stone bridge.' The ground floor was to be

<sup>1</sup> A. C. Osborne Morgan ; see below, p. 211.

used for books, the upper storey to provide 'a gallery for portraits of distinguished members of the college and for other art purposes, including room for books bearing upon art.' The estimated expense was £35,000, of which £11,000 was immediately available from various college funds. The balance was to be raised partly from college revenues and partly by subscription. The committee suggested that for £16,000 it would be possible to make a start with the portion of the proposed building nearest the river.

This ambitious proposal was strongly favoured by the Master, who had no doubt present to his mind the thought of the great works erected at Harrow during his head-mastership. But the Council fought shy of it and re-constituted the committee with instructions to consider the possibility of some less costly scheme. The Master, however, still clung to the larger proposal and commended it eagerly to the new committee.

If there is any part of the College Estate which suggests grandeur and loftiness of design, it is the Library. We are proud of it not only because it is useful and necessary, but because it is august. No man feels that there is anything stilted in the words in which Barrow begged on its behalf : 'We recommend unto you the great enterprise of a new and magnificent Library, proportioned to the grandeur of the Founder and not inferior to any other buildings of the College,' and every Trinity man enjoys the story—*se non vero, ben trovato*—that Dr. Barrow, when pressing the heads of the University to build a Theatre, 'assured them that if they made a sorry building, they might fail of contributions ; but if they made it very magnificent and stately, and at least exceeding that at Oxford, all gentlemen of their interest would generously contribute . . . and money would not be wanted as the buildings went up, and occasion called for it.'

Our Library after 200 years needs enlargement. Let us enlarge it in a like spirit, making the new part, like the old, 'exceeding magnifical.' As its walls go up, 'money will not be wanted.'

Nor will the interest of old members of the College be diminished if we tell them that one half of the proposed building, besides accommodating many thousands of books, MSS., engravings, etc., will also provide room for at least two statues, for a fresh avenue of busts and for portraits of our illustrious men who adorn learning and make history.

Hitherto we have had very little in the way of personal memorials but a few statues and many busts. The space for statues and busts is almost exhausted. The space for portraits is but small, and while it is so small we hardly care to collect them or to have them painted. But what a loss to our greatness it has been that so few of our greatest men during the last three hundred years look down upon us from the College walls.

This appeal, however, did not overcome the objections raised on the ground of cost, and eventually in October 1891 the Council recommended to the Fellows the scheme actually adopted, namely, the erection of a single-storeyed building abutting on the north side of Neville's Court, at an estimated cost of £4000. The Master could only approve this scheme on the assumption that nothing more ambitious was acceptable, and before the decisive College Meeting on December 10 he issued a final memorandum to all the Fellows, urging that the present opportunity for erecting a library building on a grand scale would never recur, and stating his belief, founded on the experience of Harrow and other schools, that the required sum could be easily raised. Indeed, he was anxious to try the possibility of raising by subscription a far larger sum, to be applied to the purposes

of college extension, a new library, and additional fellowships. He believed that in such a matter 'daring is prudence.' The College, however, decided against him. Some of the Fellows were not prepared to spend so large a sum on a building of which little would be visible from outside, while others believed that an appeal for funds at that time would ruin all chances of securing subscriptions for what they considered the more urgent purpose of college extension, namely, the erection on a large scale of fresh sets of chambers and lecture rooms.

So the existing library annex was built, the architect being Sir Arthur Blomfield. At the same time the College decided to rebuild the west wing of the Lodge, which was highly inconvenient for the requirements both of the Master's family and of the judges of assize. The two pieces of work were carried out in the same style.

The project of building a number of new sets of undergraduates' rooms soon became a practical issue. There was no intention of increasing the size of the College, but many Fellows held it undesirable that as many as three hundred, or about half, of the undergraduates should have to live in lodgings in the town. Three alternative sites were suggested : either the area south of Whewell's Courts, then as now occupied by lodging houses and shops, which would have had to be acquired, for the most part, at great expense and then demolished ; or a portion of the Trinity Paddocks, on the west side of the Cam ; or, thirdly, the Fellows' Garden, known as the Roundabout, lying beyond the Backs and the public road. After detailed discussion first by a committee, and then by the Council, the Governing Body pronounced in November 1893 by a small majority in favour of building in the Paddocks. A year later it was decided to establish a Voluntary College Building Fund, 'to enable the College, at a date in the near future, to

build in the Paddocks or in the Roundabout a Court containing at least one hundred sets of rooms,' and the Council were authorised to ascertain what support such a scheme could command in the first case among the Fellows only. The Master himself was prepared to subscribe £1000, and in all £6000 was conditionally promised by twenty of the Fellows. It was later decided that before taking so drastic and final a step, and one to which a strong minority within the College was rootedly opposed, it was desirable to consult non-resident opinion. So in July 1896 the Council issued a circular, asking the views of two hundred former Fellows and other prominent Trinity men. Eventually fifty-four replies were received ; it was clear that both numerically and in intensity of feeling the sense of those consulted was unfavourable to the project.

The Master had hitherto been keenly in favour of the scheme, which need not at all, he thought, mar the appearance of the Backs. But the strong hostility of many devoted Trinity men, and the lukewarmness of others, powerfully affected his views and eventually decided him that it would be contrary to the interests of the College to press forward the scheme at that time. He expressed his change of view in a memorandum to the Fellows, concluding as follows :

Those friends whose ideal of College Extension I have myself eagerly shared, and to whose counsels during all these years I have had the privilege of being admitted, will, I hope, believe that it costs me something to leave them at this eleventh hour, when material success would, as matters now stand, be too dearly purchased, and that, amid many conflicting voices at this moment, the clearest and the surest is that of College unity.

The decisive College Meeting was held on May 15, 1897. Its result—a balance of opinion so close as

virtually to involve the abandonment of the scheme—was a great relief to the Master. The course he favoured was adopted, but in such a way as not to mortify the promoters. The issue thus inconclusively settled was not raised again during his mastership.

Of the educational questions raised during this period, one of the most important was that of emoluments. The Master was very desirous, as we have seen, of increasing the number of fellowships, and in 1890 considered the possibility of raising a fund for the purpose by public appeal ; he suggested that the Master and Fellows might contribute to it annually a percentage of their dividends. As regards entrance scholarships and exhibitions, when in the years 1906–10 the College was considering the possibility of abolishing all entrance emoluments ‘with the exception of those which are given to men who require pecuniary assistance in order to enable them to enter at the University,’ the Master was in favour of the broad principle of discriminating in favour of poor men ; but he was impressed with the need of securing the co-operation of some at least of the other Oxford and Cambridge colleges. When the matter came up for the decision of a College Meeting in 1910, he voted in the minority against the resolution in its final form, which was that the College should, if necessary, consider the desirability of taking action in the sense proposed even should no co-operation from other colleges be forthcoming.<sup>1</sup> Eventually the matter fell through, owing to the lack of agreement among the colleges, the vote of the Governing Body not having committed the College to action.

<sup>1</sup> The gist of the resolution as carried was that not more than £25 a year should be paid to an entrance scholar or exhibitioner except on the ground of his financial need.

Another point of educational policy which interested him was how to make the most of the tutorial system. A Cambridge Tutor does not, as such, teach his pupils or even direct their reading ; he stands *in loco parentis* to his 'side,' corresponds with their parents, advises them as to their course of study, looks after their interests if they get into trouble with authority, and is to some degree responsible for their good behaviour. The four Tutors at Trinity had to be Fellows, and were naturally persons of great importance. In 1890 the Master was a member of a committee appointed by the Council to consider the working of the tutorial system ; some of his views on the matter are expressed below.

The relation of an undergraduate to his College Tutor—especially of the less able undergraduates—is in the highest degree important, and demands very special gifts of sympathy and insight into character. To make this relation thoroughly effective, and restore real life to the old theory of *in loco parentis*, the number of each Tutor's pupils should be so limited that he can come to know each intimately. This number may perhaps be set at sixty, hardly a higher figure.

The office is so weighty, so peculiar, and so difficult that, in the interest of the young men—which in this matter of education must be our main concern—the College ought to be unfettered in its appointments, and free to go outside the comparatively small number of its Fellows. It is so free in appointing its Chaplains, its Bursars, its Praelectors ; yet it would be difficult to maintain that the qualifications for a Chaplain, a Bursar, or a Praelector, important as they are, are more difficult to find in such a society as ours than the manifold and delicate qualifications of a Tutor. Our system of electing Fellows, quite admirable for securing in the interests of learning exceptionally able men, has no direct tendency to secure men with the special gifts, other than intellectual power, which are required for

a Tutor. Till a change in our Statutes is made, there is no hope of carrying out what I believe to be the reform chiefly needed to strengthen our College on its educational side . . . namely, an increase in the number of normal Tutors, which seems to me so greatly to be desired.

As an ex-headmaster, Dr. Butler was naturally interested in strengthening and humanising the link between the College and the Public Schools. On one occasion a Trinity Tutor with a large clientèle of Public School men had been succeeded by a Fellow, Dr. James Ward, whose intellectual work was of European reputation but who had little, if any, Public School connection. The Master suggested that it might be well if his son-in-law, a housemaster at Harrow, would invite the new Tutor to Speech Day. 'I have seldom,' he wrote, 'been so anxious for a friend's success in public work as I am for his. He is not an *intimate* friend of mine, and probably never will be—his intellect is so far above mine and so differently constituted—but I really love the man, and feel that he has a kind of greatness in him which may—or may not—catch and lift the young fellows.'

As regards education in its narrower sense, he distrusted a too rigid specialisation, and in 1904 ventured to oppose the recommendation of four eminent philosophers that the compulsory philosophy papers in the fellowship examination should be dropped; though he admitted that the papers in question had rarely any direct influence on an election to a fellowship, he was loath to drop any means whereby able men might be encouraged to read philosophy.

In another connection he argued against diverting to a different purpose a fund originally founded to provide annual prizes for men who had won First Classes in two Triposes :

To myself it seems [he wrote in 1907] that the present state of studies at Cambridge makes it desirable to give *more*, rather than *less*, encouragement to what we may call 'double reading,' and that the prizes now at our disposal . . . suggest to us the privilege and the duty of making this encouragement as *attractive* and as *varied* as possible.

On the value of prizes in general, or rather of prizes intended to reward some intellectual effort outside the ordinary routine of work, he held strong views ; when in 1906 he apprehended some danger to the existing college prizes for Classical and English Composition, he addressed a long letter, from which extracts are given below, to Dr. Verrall. Probably on no subject would he have written with more genuine feeling.

The working of Prizes, at Schools and at the Universities, has been much before my mind for many years, and it has seemed to me for some time that we have reached a stage here, both in the College and the University, with which I have been only too familiar in earlier years. That is to say, the ardour which led to the first institution of the Prizes has cooled down, and the ambition which led the ablest men and boys to compete for them has either become less keen or found a vent in other directions. I will come to some details shortly ; but speaking generally, I do not think the following conclusions can be very far from the truth :

1. Almost all literary Prizes, after a few years from their institution, need much careful 'nursing' (I cannot think of a less objectionable word) on the part of Tutors and Teachers if they are to be made the most of.

2. The good to be gained from the Prize consists mainly in the *special reading* that the Candidate connects with it, and the *special time* in his career at which he competes.

3. The *abolition* of Prizes is almost always a mistake.

The truer policy is to keep them on, in hopes of a revival of interest in their subject, never to give them except for really good work, and to keep a careful eye —this is part of the 'nursing'—on the men who can wisely be advised to compete.

I daresay you may have noticed, as I have done, that there is something of a 'law' on the 'Decline and Fall' of Prizes.

Soon after they are founded, and for a considerable time after, there is an eagerness, almost an enthusiasm, among the competitors. The Exercises sent in are long and careful and give proof of much labour. After a time it comes to be noted that the competitors are few. The exercises are short and hurried. They seem to have been 'written off' at the last moment. There is much carelessness in the arrangement, the expression, the metre, the execution generally. Next comes a complaint, at School from Masters, at College from Tutors and Lecturers, that the Prizes are not doing their proper work ; that they no longer represent an existing need ; that the time for such things has gone by, and that in short it is useless to flog 'a dead horse.'

Believing as I do that almost every literary Prize is capable of doing great good, and that the ardour which it ought to stimulate is never obsolete, I venture to lay before you a few considerations, not as though they were novel, but because there seems just now a chance of their being practically useful.

. . . The Prize for *Latin Lyrics* is perhaps the most easily assailable of all that we offer. The art of writing a good Alcaic Ode seems almost to have vanished. The technique of the metre is not understood. I say this from having, during many years since 1886, seen the exercises sent in for the Browne Medal, and also the attempts at Lyrics in our Scholarship Examinations. The beautiful Greek Ode of H. Nelson Coleridge in 1820, the fine Latin Odes of B. H. Kennedy in 1824, of Christopher Wordsworth in

1827 and 1828, of Charles Merivale in 1829, of Charles Rann Kennedy in 1830, seem a relic of an almost forgotten past. The fine Translation by Bishop John Lonsdale, Battie Scholar in 1807, of the Chorus from the *Hecuba* on the Fall of Troy would startle an examiner for University Scholarships to-day. Surely such products of fine taste and finished Scholarship did good while they lasted. Is there any reason now why the same prize, or the corresponding College prize, should not do similar good, if regularly and sympathetically pressed on the attention of our best scholars at the right period of their University career? I can see no reason. The peculiar charm of Horace remains just what it was, and it can scarcely be denied that the study and thought and play of fancy and feeling which result in the composition of a beautiful Ode help a young man, who has a gift for such things, to love and appreciate Horace and all that Horace, as the *Romanæ fidicen lyrae*, represents.

The same reasoning applies to Hexameters. A week beginning with a fresh and loving study of Virgil or Lucretius and ending in the composition of a careful Poem of one hundred lines or more, can hardly fail to do a man good at the time, and to leave some gracious product behind.

As to men who should be advised to devote themselves to such verse compositions, and the time in their career best adapted for it, there may be some differences of opinion in detail, but probably we should all agree that here the Tutor, the Lecturer, and the Director of Studies have their opportunity. Some excellent Scholars have at no time a gift in this direction, and it would be a grave, but happily a most unlikely, mistake to put any pressure upon them. Other men, who *have* the gift, would probably be unwise to exercise it in the later part of their course, while reading for Part II, especially if they are then giving the pith of their minds to Philosophy or History.

But in the first two years, when they are fresh from

School and have not exhausted the enthusiasm for verse composition which School often inspires, I cannot doubt that for some minds the preparation of elaborate poems, Lyrical or in Hexameters, is first-rate mental food.

But he was not interested in prize winners only. In 1893 he wrote :

When I think how little we appear to do for our Pollmen,<sup>1</sup> the same thought presses upon me. The Reformer has got to arise here, strong in experience, insight and authority, who shall make us fairly grasp the problem, ‘What is the most we can do for our average men during the three most receptive years of their life?’

Important as were the issues raised by proposals for new buildings and educational policy, it was on matters of a religious bearing that he chiefly felt the difficulties of his position.

The first that arose was the subject of advowsons. Like other similar corporations, Trinity College has for centuries owned land in different parts of the country, and it has<sup>2</sup> the right of presenting to over fifty livings. So long as its executive consisted of Fellows in the Orders of the Church of England, it was very natural that such a body should exercise Church patronage. But since the alteration of the Statutes in 1882 there had been no necessity for all, or any, of the Council to be clergymen, or even Churchmen, with the exception of the Senior Dean, who was required to be in Orders if possible, though in fact, as has been said, the Council generally exercised its patronage on the advice of a small Livings Committee.

In October 1896 the Council was approached by the Rector of Papworth Everard, asking if the College would

<sup>1</sup> Men not working for an Honours degree.    <sup>2</sup> In 1925.

consider the sale of the advowson of the living to Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley. This raised an important issue : was the College justified morally in treating an advowson as an ordinary piece of property ? As to the legal right there was no question ; the Statutes gave full powers, while providing that the purchase-money should be used for the benefit of other livings or parishes. The subject was one on which the Master had held strong views for many years ; he had spoken in Convocation in 1886 in favour of the total abolition of the sale of advowsons. In the present case he held that the offer should not be accepted, on the ground that an advowson was a trust, and that to dispose of a trust for a sum of money, without thought of the good of the people concerned, was wrong. After considerable research he circulated to the Fellows and to a number of other persons an elaborate pamphlet in which he argued powerfully that the College ought not to countenance such ' spiritual borough-mongering.' The Governing Body, however, decided against him, and the necessary majority for the acceptance of the offer was eventually obtained.

The meeting at which his opinion was overruled on this point occurred only a fortnight before the final abandonment of the scheme to build in the Paddocks. The strain of the double anxiety during the winter and spring of 1896-7 was considerable. On the advowson question he felt very deeply, to the extent of considering whether it might not be his duty to resign the mastership. But at the height of the controversy he was able to write a humorous letter, partly in doggerel verse, to his old friend Vesey, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, inquiring about the character of the intending purchaser.

A subject of more permanent anxiety was that of the College Chapel. To anyone coming from the crowded attendance and unison singing of a school chapel the

conditions of public worship at Trinity must have seemed disheartening. The College Chapel, of which the portion west of the splendid organ is reserved for statuary and brasses, is a barn-like structure with seating so arranged that the backs of nearly half the congregation must generally be turned to the preacher. The singing was not congregational, but was the function of a paid choir. On Sundays there was a sermon at Mattins and an anthem at Evensong. All junior members of the College, unless they had declared that they were not members of the Church of England, were expected to attend Chapel twice on Sundays and twice during the week, and markers were present at the beginning of each service to prick off the names of those who attended. The Master wrote in 1890 :

To me, used to School Chapels, Cathedrals, country parishes, Cambridge seems the most icy of all worshipping bodies. It often looks as if the soul of worship were clean stifled, but it is not so. There would be strange revelations of the hearts of undergraduates and even of Fellows if we could hear them beat. At the same time I do feel that our coldness is demoralising. I don't think I could stand it very long.

Nevertheless, no change of note was made for many years, and it was an unkind irony that, when in April 1913 certain reforms were suggested by a number of Fellows, the Master, while he rejoiced at such a sign of awakening interest, felt unable to approve the most important proposals.

We have to remember [he wrote] our *representative* capacity, not only personal preferences. We represent (1) The Fellows. (2) Undergraduates, some indifferent, some very earnest and keenly interested. Of the *latter* there are perhaps two divisions, leaning to one or other of the two principal sections or 'parties'

in the Church of England. (3) Such parents and such old Trinity men as are devoted to the Church of England. I do not know how far the Tutors and Deans gather much as to their sentiments. I occasionally get a glimpse, as this morning. Their feelings, even their prejudices, ought not to be overlooked ; but they are not likely to be made known to the body of our Fellows or perhaps to be much appreciated by them.

Turning to the proposals in detail, he was in favour of occasional sermons by laymen. He saw no objection to revising the selection of hymns in use. But he disapproved of the proposal for adding a Choral Communion served by a voluntary choir on Sunday mornings, on the ground that it would draw men from both the early Communion service and from Morning Prayer. His opposition was strongest of all to the suggestion that the Council might authorise changes in the Lectionary and Psalms for use in the Chapel.

I for one should be glad if some important changes could be made in *many* parts of the Prayer Book, and not only in the Lectionary, particularly in the O.T. on *weekdays* ; but they must be made by the *Church Authorities*. We are not justified in giving to our men a substitute. We are not a good body for so delicate an office.

With regard to the Psalms, he felt less difficulty, but still dissented from the proposal.

I cannot think that many young men, even in our most cultured classes, find their conscience seriously injured—‘offended’—by even the strongest words in the ‘imprecatory’ Psalms. I think they see by instinct that those verses are not the *gist* of the Psalm. The *gist* of it is earnest appeal to God to defend the right.

The favourable reception of the memorandum by the Council did not relieve him of his sense of personal responsibility, and the Michaelmas term of 1913 brought him considerable distress. He protested against the proposal to omit certain psalms on weekdays, as authorised by the Council, even to the extent of saying that he must absent himself from Chapel on days when a psalm was omitted. On the question of hymns he felt even more keenly ; the Council appointed a special committee to make recommendations, and when it appeared that a strong body of opinion was in favour of adopting the English Hymnal the Master was greatly perturbed. In his opinion it contained hymns expressing doctrines repugnant to those of the Church of England, and its adoption would identify the public worship of the College with the extreme High Church party. He was, in fact, unwilling to undertake to preach in Chapel so long as there was even a possibility of this hymn-book receiving the approval of the Council.

In deference to his views, neither the omission of psalms nor the adoption of the English Hymnal was sanctioned during his lifetime. To some readers his seriousness may seem out of proportion to the points at issue, but he was convinced that loyalty to the Church and to his conscience was involved.

In the same term a special College meeting was held to decide whether attendance at Chapel should, or should not, be compulsory on undergraduate members of the Church of England. The Master's vote against the abolition of the compulsory principle was probably due to a conviction that the existence of the rule helped men of weak resolution who felt it their duty to attend Chapel in resisting the temptation to laxity ; it was generally admitted that punishment for non-attendance would rarely be inflicted, and never in the case of a conscientious

objection. At this, the last of the controversial assemblies of the Governing Body held during his mastership, his main desire was characteristically to avoid a breach in the unity of the College. In a speech described as at once witty, moving, and impressive, he pleaded with the stronger party not to press home their advantage at the risk of causing bitterness and division.

Thus we have seen how in the course of his mastership several important questions arose on which he felt, and expressed his feelings, strongly, but on which he was not able to carry the majority of the Society with him. This failure hurt him, especially no doubt in his earlier years when the memory of Harrow initiative and Harrow success was fresh. To those who knew him only in later life it is strange to learn how masterful and formidable he appeared to boys and colleagues in his early prime, so completely did he learn at Cambridge to suppress ambition and to control his autocratic impulses. Yet we may guess how ardently he longed to feel as Barrow felt when the great library rose into being, the fruit of his energy and imagination ; or how intensely he regretted in the advowsons question the failure of the College, as he thought, to be worthy of its own greatness.

But if he was never the director of College policy, his influence was very great and was appreciated to an extent which amazed him when towards the end of his life his colleagues arose and called him blessed.

One of them, Professor James Ward, wrote after his death :

In the earlier years of our late Master's residence amongst us my position as Secretary of the Council brought me into pretty close relations with him, and his invariable kindness—and invariable forbearance when occasionally we had to differ—I shall never forget.

As years went on, I came to admire more and more his large-mindedness and thorough integrity, his enthusiastic devotion to and love of the College he served so long and so well ; and above all, how utterly he falsified the unfriendly forecast that he would lend himself to a clique. He was far too good and great a man. Little as I have seen of him in later years, I never ceased to love him and shall always fondly cherish his memory.

Another, Professor Langley, wrote :

The opportunity which the University offers to its members of allowing them to follow their bent in learning and research leads almost inevitably to increasing isolation from the outside world, and I feel that no greater benefit could have been conferred on the College than the restoration of its connection with non-University life, which was absent in my early days as a Fellow, and which the Master brought back. His dignity and courtesy in dealing with those of different convictions, and not given to compromise, I have always admired.

Mr. R. V. Laurence wrote :

We shall miss his kindly and gracious rule in the College and realise when he is no longer there how often he prevented the inevitable divisions of opinion among us degenerating into bitterness and strife. The blessing of the peacemaker is his.

His distinctive contribution to the life of the College [wrote Dr. J. O. F. Murray] came from his intense, overmastering conviction of its greatness, and his longing to quicken and develop in it the sense of corporate unity. . . . A passage in a sermon preached in the College Chapel in 1896, just after the death of Archbishop Benson, shows that he was fully conscious of the difficulties in the way. ‘ We are sometimes told here, and by some of our best friends, that we are too

large a body to have one soul ; that we have not enough of that "single" heart and single mind which give passion to an army and grandeur to a nation ; that we break up too much into sections, and but rarely attain the full glory of the City that is at unity with itself. These things are said, freely said of us. Who knows how far it is true ? Who can say, with words that have facts behind them, whether we are a somewhat lax confederation, proud indeed of the one name, but caring too little for the one spirit, or whether we are what Nelson called his victorious sailors, "such a band of brothers" ?'

## CHAPTER VI

### UNIVERSITY INTERESTS

IN serving his college, a Cambridge man serves his University also. But the University makes further claims of its own, and it fell to Dr. Butler to be Vice-Chancellor for the two years 1889-1891. His term was uneventful except for the final extinction, by friendly arrangement between Town and Gown, of the last vestiges of the Vice-Chancellor's ancient jurisdiction over townspeople. Throughout his Cambridge life he attended with regularity at University functions, such as the weekly sermon in Great St. Mary's, and the occasional ceremonies of the Senate House.

The lively interest which he always took in the proceedings [wrote Sir John Sandys], the keenness with which he followed every phrase in the speech of presentation, and the cordial congratulations which he offered to the Orator, either in person or by letter, when the ceremony was over were a constant source of encouragement to myself in the discharge of my necessarily difficult duties.

In academic politics Dr. Butler played no large part. He was induced to stand for election to the Council of the Senate in October 1887, but 'learned with satisfaction' that he had been beaten. In 1888 he was again asked to stand, but he declined, as unwilling to come forward as a party candidate ; as a matter of fact he was



OUTSIDE THE SENATE HOUSE

The Master with Sir A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse.

*From a Photograph*



subsequently invited to stand by the other side. When he spoke at Senate House discussions his attitude was generally moderate and judicial. But this did not prevent him from forming a clear opinion on the merits of the various important controversies of his time.

While believing with all his heart and soul in the supreme value of a Classical training, he never claimed that it should receive preferential treatment. He desired to encourage new forms of learning and to hold the balance fairly between them and the old. In 1907 he became first President of the English Association, and he rejoiced in the rise of a school of Modern History. When it was proposed in 1891 that Greek should no longer be a compulsory subject in the Little-Go, he was in favour of the change, convinced, much to his regret, that the existing system meant sheer waste of time to many and deterred promising students from the University. He resigned himself therefore to the fact that large masses of educated men, and still more women, could not be expected, or hope, to learn Greek ; they were, in fact, 'incurables.' But this was no reason why they should remain unacquainted with Greek literature, and he set himself to plead with fervour the educational value of translations from the Classics. But for those who might hope to become good Greek and Latin scholars he would preserve all that tended to maintain the old Cambridge standard, and help them to follow in the steps of Bentley, Porson, Wordsworth, Shilleto, Kennedy, Munro, Mayor, and Jebb.

He held an almost romantic faith in the value of the University prizes for Classical Composition—the Members' prize, the Porson, and the Powis and Browne medals. They recalled to him the supreme achievements of long ago, the masterpieces of Christopher Wordsworth and Vaughan and a host of other heroes, a treasury of life-long delights. It was grief to him to hear such

exercises disparaged, and when the Powis Medal for Latin Hexameters ceased in 1910 he himself founded a prize to take its place.

To turn to non-Classical matters, he supported the abolition of the Senior Wranglership, in accordance with the bulk of resident opinion, and in 1914 was in favour of not confining the degree of Doctor in Divinity to members of the Church of England.

On the question of the relationship of women students to the University, his views underwent considerable change. In his private journal as early as November 1886 he had expressed his intention of being active in support of women's education, and the event of 1888 was likely to increase this interest. He was for some years a member of the Council of Girton College.

In 1896 a Grace came before the Senate proposing the appointment of a Syndicate 'to consider what further rights or privileges if any should be granted to women students by the University and whether women should be made admissible to degrees in the University.' Speaking in the Arts School on February 26, the Master began by making two remarkable 'admissions,' after which he passed to some 'misgivings and hesitations.'

He had no fears, from the point of view of the University, of the effect of granting to women the full B.A. degree, or even the M.A. degree, 'and with it a share in the governing of the University.' But 'he believed that the cause of women's education would gain much at the present time, and still more in the years to come, if it exercised patience and refused to fetter itself by a more direct connection with the University. . . . It seemed to him that women ought to hug the freedom they already possessed in not being obliged to go in for the Little-Go, and in not being obliged to study at the schools all the subjects which the University required.'

He illustrated his point by saying that he knew of a girls' school where a Greek class had dropped the *Alcestis* of Euripides to read instead two dialogues of Lucian, which had been set for the Cambridge Little-Go. 'He was not going to compare the rationalist Euripides with the rationalist Lucian, but he thought that most men would agree that for that delicate thing, the mind of woman, the one work was admirably adapted and the other of very doubtful value.' He distinguished, further, between the permanent and the temporary points in this controversy ; the permanent advantages women already enjoyed, whereas the importance attached to the equality of women as competitors with men might prove only temporary. 'He hoped within the next twenty-five years they might get, far more than at present, a well-considered expression of opinion from highly educated women as to what was on the whole the best education for the average members of their sex. . . .' His feeling was this, that they wanted time for public opinion on the part of the educated womanhood of England to develop itself. Meanwhile he would say to the ladies who now so ably led this movement, ' Make the most of your present freedom ; and "To keep a great right, bear a little wrong" a little longer.'

When the Syndicate reported in February 1897 in favour of the admission of women to the titles of degrees, the Master joined with Henry Sidgwick in warmly supporting their proposals ; he delighted in F. W. Maitland's brilliant speech on the same side, and gave a luncheon on the day of the poll to Placet voters, though one black sheep—his old friend Vernon Lushington—was discovered among their numbers. But the cause suffered overwhelming defeat.

University Extension was another cause mentioned in the Master's journal of November 1886 as worthy of active support. As early as 1855 he had helped to found

a college for working men at Cambridge, and the work of F. D. Maurice always interested him deeply.<sup>1</sup> In 1858 he took part in the first extra-mural examination, and became a member of the Syndicate charged with such matters. He rejoined the Syndicate soon after his return to Cambridge, and served on it for many years, including the last ten years of his life. In 1898 a dinner was held to celebrate the first quarter-century of the University Extension movement, founded in 1873 by James Stuart, Fellow of Trinity, whose lead had soon afterwards been followed by Oxford. Among the guests was Mr. (now Sir) J. A. R. Marriott, Secretary of the corresponding Oxford Delegacy. The Master proposed the toast of the Duke of Devonshire, recently victorious on the turf, in these words :

Gentlemen, I give you the health of his Grace our Chancellor, who, unlike the Chancellor [Lord Salisbury] of our tender and *imitative* sister of Oxford, has never put his money on the wrong horse.

This triple point, emphasised by the Master's shaking his glass at Mr. Marriott sitting just below, caused great satisfaction.<sup>2</sup>

The foundation of the Workers' Educational Association in 1903, based on the co-operation of working-class bodies with the Universities, was an adventure after his own heart, and he gave it his full support. His friend Albert Mansbridge has written :

In the last years of his long life I came to know him almost as well as one not a Cambridge man possibly could, for he cared greatly for the education of working men and women. . . . It was a joy to see in his last years the face of the old scholar and Master light up

<sup>1</sup> *Graham*, p. 69.

<sup>2</sup> I am indebted for this story to Dr. D. H. S. Cranage, now Secretary of the Extra-Mural Board of the University.

at the thought of miners, potters, weavers, and railwaymen using the College in the Long Vacation; and I imagine that he felt more joy in showing them over the Lodge with its treasures, and in recounting its history to them, than ever he did when visited by kings and princes.<sup>1</sup>

In 1896 and 1908, when the annual University Extension summer meeting was held at Cambridge, the Master gave the inaugural address. His subject in 1908 was 'Universities.'

Our gatherings here [he said] are no longer a novelty. We already look back on a past, respectable at least if still short of august. And with our growth in experience has grown also our self-consciousness. As Dr. Johnson might have put it in one of his sententious antitheses, we blushed as maidens when men called us an Experiment; we blush now like matrons when men call us an Institution. . . .

It is always difficult to measure great movements, whether in politics, or philosophy, or religion, or education. Few of us have the apparatus or the instruments, or the Newtonian or Darwinian insight. Certainly no such insight has been granted to your present Lecturer. But I think I may say that when a second Bass Mullinger comes to write the Annals of our Cambridge in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, one of his brightest chapters will be that which records how, in the latter part of that eventful period, her beneficent influence spread far and wide, and how of this advance, this nearer drawing to the mind and heart of the nation, one of the fairest landmarks was that many-coloured Pageant of University Extension which we, my friends, I must not say adorn, but represent and exhibit to-day.

The close of this address so well expresses his ideal of a university that quotation at length seems justified.

<sup>1</sup> *The Older Universities of England*, p. 259.

As you walk about Cambridge, on one or more of these long summer days, say to yourselves from time to time, even if you are too shy to say it to others, We are not the first to catch the glow of this sacred spot, neither shall we be the last. Others have enjoyed the calm beauty of our river, and have watched with their own eyes the rise and growing majesty of these Courts and Halls and Chapels which are to us the offspring of another age and of other modes of creed, of taste, of feeling. What is to us venerable was to them fresh and young. Their own minds passed into the mouldings of those new creations which are to us monuments. The youthful bloom of one age is the stately dignity of another. Yet the hearts, the intellects, the aspirations of each century have much in common, and that which is in common lies deeper and mounts higher than that which differs.

Let us then, my friends, ask ourselves once more—the thought may be not unworthy of the close—what do we expect from the concourse, the intention, the promise of to-day? From what do they all date? To what do they point?

You would answer, in differing words no doubt but with much sameness of meaning, that in some way, in your distant and perhaps not always romantic homes, the fabled glamour of the old Universities has reached you, has smitten you, has sunk deep. You have read, and heard, and taken your resolve. Caesar, you knew, that terrible Extensionist, came, and saw, and conquered. *You* would come, and see, and be taken captive. And so now, with the souls of pious pilgrims and also the trained acumen of Scotland Yard detectives, you have come to judge whether a closer view might reveal some remediable defect or some additional and irresistible charm.

What, then, shall be our hopes for you during the four weeks that now proffer you their welcome and humbly await your scrutiny and your verdict? Our hopes are almost the same as our counsels. We both

hope and advise that you will be thorough and even exacting in your inspection. Come, as it were, 'in plain clothes.' Disguised and secure yourselves, detect and, if you have the heart, expose our frailties and our needs. Perhaps we know some of them already and would correct them if we could. Do not spare *us*, but do condescend to spare yourselves. Do not dissipate your intelligence in too many researches at the same time. A light touch has its grace, like a bowing acquaintance, but superficiality may be too superficial.

A famous statesman once exclaimed,<sup>1</sup> at a critical moment for himself and his party, 'England does not love coalitions.' An exhausted lecturer may presume to whisper, 'Cambridge does not love the superficial.'

The Physical Laboratory and the Lecture on Aristotle do not often appeal to the same mind. It is better to hail the new-born Argon by the help of our illustrious Chancellor than to confuse it with some delicious or delirious dream of Plato.

Yes, again I dare to say, be thorough in something. You have come from your native deserts to at least one Pierian spring, whether of Ancient Literature, or the Modern Languages, or Divinity, or Philosophy, or Mathematics, or Physics, or Biology, or History. You have come to one of these springs, and as you and your camels kneel to drink, its waters gush forth. Drink deep, and thirst again. The deeper the draught, the more unquenchable the thirst. This perhaps, this persistent and concentrated thirst, will be the richest treasure that you carry with you from these weeks of civilised enjoyment.

But we know also that there will be a joy more subtle and even more rememberable. All that we have just named as precious you might have elsewhere. We claim no monopoly of the Pierian springs, whether of Literature or of Science. We rejoice to know that they are welling forth elsewhere. Everywhere indeed in our great cities brave and skilful water-finders are

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Disraeli, December 16, 1852.

discovering them with their magic wands. Where the inspired and conscious rod graciously bends its head, you have but to dig boldly and the well is found.

No, we claim no monopoly of these beneficent springs, but we do claim to give something more than the streams themselves. We give too, at the same time, the surroundings as well as the sites ; the memories as well as the present draught ; the river, the trees, the gardens, the buildings, the pictures and statues of great men ; the atmosphere which was once breathed and prized and loved by those whom Dante and Tennyson have called

‘ The first of those who know.’

Among these rises up before us, almost as it were to-day, the august and holy shade of John Milton. Happy the great College which in 1908 can celebrate the Tercentenary of Milton, and in 1909 the Centenary of Darwin ! There must be many lovers of Milton here to-day. As they visit the rooms in which his sainted relics, so piously and laboriously collected, were recently exhibited ; as they compare, if the various portraits are still on view, the lovely face of the boy of ten with the sterner features of the chanter of the mighty Sonnet,

‘ Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered Saints, whose bones

Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ; ’

as they recall the purity of soul which made him revered, if not understood, by his young College contemporaries, they will grasp, it may be, more than ever before, what it is that makes the three years of College life, to those who are worthy of it, a joy and an enthusiasm, and the retrospect of it, as strength fails, a sacred and an undying memory.

To invoke on such a day as this, and before such

an audience as this, the names of Milton and others of our greatest, is no mere blatant boast of a Cambridge man. Sixteen years ago, at one of the banquets in our Hall of Trinity on the occasion of some Honorary Degrees, a great Oxford scholar<sup>1</sup> and writer, now Secretary of State for India, delighted us all by a speech in which he said to us in substance, 'You lead us into your Libraries and your Halls and your Chapels. You point us, at each step we tread, to the portrait or the bust or the statue of some great man whose name marks a fresh reach in the progress of mankind.' In the same spirit, only a few days ago at Manchester, Lord Morley spoke of 'the splendid charm, the glorious inherited associations, of the two ancient seats of learning.'

This, my friends, no merit of our own—this entailed and inalienable treasure—is what *we* are able to offer you to-day. Time has been very gracious to us. It has done for us what the most powerful and beneficent Government could hardly have promised, and could certainly not have paid. It has provided for us, even lavishly, these Old Age Pensions, towards which some among us—some of the most thrifty and the most hard-working—our Miltons, our Newtons, our Macaulays, our Lightfoots, our Darwins, our Kelvins, our Westcotts, have from time to time been proud to offer their own modest contribution. These treasures we would now and henceforward, as far as may be, share with you.

Therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, permit me in my last words to express the hope not only that your stay among us during the next few weeks may be a happy one—that it can scarcely fail to be—but that when you leave us, you may take with you something more abiding than simply a sense of pleasure. Remember that if you come here as, in some degree, learners, you return as, in a high degree, missionaries. If you gain anything from us, it will be your privilege to

<sup>1</sup> Viscount Morley of Blackburn.

pass it on. If there be in the traditions, the ideals, the very atmosphere of a University something more than material, more than utilitarian, something elevated, great and high, something which the world can neither give nor take away, will it not be your aim to carry this into your home life or your profession ? You will not boast of it. You will not preach it on the house-tops. But you will not be content only to have received. Your heart, your memory, your conscience, will all lay upon you a generous constraint, prompting and almost forcing you to give.

This is what we understand by University Extension. It is the expansion of a spirit. It is the transmission to other places and other minds of the best that a home of learning has to bestow, the 'precious things,' if we may dare to borrow for a moment the sublime imagery of the Prophet over the favourite son of the Wanderer and the Patriarch,<sup>1</sup> 'the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious things of the fruits of the sun, and for the precious things of the growth of the moons, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and the fulness thereof.'

It can hardly be an illusion to believe this ; to have been brought up from childhood in this creed ; to cherish it humbly but triumphantly, and desire to bequeath it unimpaired to others 'for a great while to come.'

To the Universities have been committed, by the tender mercy and the bountiful goodness of God, certain 'precious things' of which they are the responsible Trustees. That high Trust they fulfil in many ways and in divers manners—by brave research, by great books, by tranquil lives, by disciplined energy, by progressive education, by genial sympathy with young enthusiasm, by rewarding with their highest honours

<sup>1</sup> Deut. xxxiii. 13-16.

proved merit, conspicuous service, and established fame.

But one of the ways in which they may strive to fulfil their Trust—one of their pleasantest and most agreeable—is through what in these latter days is known as University Extension, by hailing, by welcoming, by cordially extending the hand of respectful friendship to those devout pilgrims who, like yourselves, Ladies and Gentlemen, have come this day to offer your highly valued homage at our ancient but ever youthful shrine.

## CHAPTER VII

### SOME OUTSIDE INTERESTS

WITH the town of Cambridge Dr. Butler was always on the best of terms, taking an interest in its activities beyond the norm of the University dignitary. Among other societies, he was chairman of the local branch of the R.S.P.C.A., and its meetings were habitually held in the dining-room of Trinity Lodge. But it was rare for any large public meeting with a philanthropic, missionary, or educational purpose to be held in Cambridge without an attempt being made to secure a few words from the Master of Trinity.

Outside Cambridge, too, he was in continual request, and much of his time was spent in travelling about the country to preach, speak, or attend committees. Among the duties of this sort which interested him most were those which fell to him as a member of the governing bodies of six schools. As an ex-headmaster of twenty-five years' experience, he could render services of which perhaps no other living man was quite so capable. Sir Archibald Geikie, a fellow-governor of Harrow, spoke of the 'wonderful regularity' with which he used to attend, and said he 'used to be astonished at the freshness and detail of his memory of Harrow history—men, names, customs, etc. He seemed never to have forgotten anything, for the recollection of one incident would recall others, and one could have listened to him for hours.'

Especially in the case of appointments he was invaluable ; he knew everyone of distinction in the scholastic world, and could secure confidentially exactly the information required. The pains he took were infinite, and it was work which he greatly enjoyed. Besides many interesting acquaintanceships with his fellow-governors, it brought him the opportunity of keeping up his knowledge of the Public Schools. To Bishop Pollock, soon after his appointment to Wellington, he wrote : 'Your "Vita Nuova" is my "Vita Vecchia," and oh what a happy life that was, with all its "opaca locorum" at times. If ever I can be of the *faintest* use, do write frankly or, better, come.'

Fervently as he loved and admired the Public Schools, and keenly as he desired to see them well represented year by year on the lists of new Scholars and Fellows at Cambridge, he was far from blind to their shortcomings. In 1898 he wrote to his friend James Robertson, formerly headmaster of Haileybury :

The Public Schools will have much to answer for if for a time Athlete-worship makes boys impatient of other worship. It is not so at Winchester College, or at St. Paul's, or, I should think, at Rugby, but surely there is far too much of it at many schools and in both Universities.

He was pained by the excessive space allotted to athletes in school magazines, and disliked the custom of inserting 'characters' of school elevens. In 1890 he wrote approvingly of a Girton College publication :

I am struck and pleased with the seriousness of the Review. Women are not naturally given to persiflage or buffoonery. They do really care about great things, and do not wish to conceal their enthusiasm or to express it ironically. Nor again are they overpowered by the majesty of the bat or the oar.

He was proportionately disgusted when he found the magazines of girls' schools solemnly discussing the merits of individual hockey players, and he would sometimes read such criticisms aloud with contempt. His condemnation of athlete-worship came the more forcibly from one who belonged to a family of athletes, who had himself played a notable innings for Harrow against Eton, and who all his life long took a keen interest in games and their annals and recognised their value. 'Cricket,' he wrote in 1917, 'tries and consolidates character.'

Any attempts made by schoolmasters to encourage intellectual enthusiasms naturally delighted him. One of the annual events which he most enjoyed in later years was the performance of a Shakespeare play, under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Falkner, by the boys at the small Cambridgeshire village of Sawston. He took the greatest interest in everything connected with these ambitious productions, and would continually recount their praises to his friends.

Something has been said already of his devotion to the cause of working-class education. On his visits to institutions serving this purpose he always contrived to establish personal relations with those whom he met and to allay their shyness by his little jokes. After one such visit to the Working Women's College in Fitzroy Street the Secretary wrote: 'The students describe it as a "memorable evening" with only one fault—that it was too short, for they could have "listened to Dr. Butler all the evening."'

One of his chief activities outside Cambridge was in connection with the Church of England Purity Society, of which he was in fact one of the founders. At the inaugural meeting in 1883 he moved 'that it is expedient that there be a central Church society, with the objects of

promoting purity of life and preventing the degradation of women and children, in accordance with the resolutions of the committee of the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury, 1882.' In 1885, immediately after leaving Harrow, he succeeded Bishop Maclagan as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the new society—a post which he continued to hold till 1899, travelling frequently from Gloucester and Cambridge to attend its meetings, and high tribute has been paid by the organ of the White Cross League to his devotion in starting and carrying on a work which at its outset had few friends and many enemies.

One of his very first addresses on this subject must have been that which he gave as Dean of Gloucester in the Hall of Trinity in November 1885. Mr. Lionel Ford, the present headmaster of Harrow, was one of his audience, and has thus referred to his speech:

How well I remember the occasion! He had been announced to speak to undergraduates on the subject of Purity, and I was advised to go by one of his Harrow pupils, who told me that it was absolutely certain he would say absolutely the right thing. He did. It was the first address, and I think the finest, I ever heard from him. With fire and pathos, in beautiful diction and moving tones, alternating from marshalled argument to tender persuasion, he stirred our hearts beyond all possibility of forgetting; and made many of us vow that we too, when our time came, would do all we could to raise the standard of ourselves and our fellows as regards respect for our own manhood and chivalry to womankind. . . . I knew him that first night as . . . a great missionary, whose heart was on fire with zeal for God and love for the souls of his fellow men and women.

Another of his audience has written: 'I think it was the most beautiful thing I ever heard. Many came ready

to scoff, but were held breathless.' Very characteristically, the speaker had ended by appealing to the chivalry in his audience :

The *old* chivalry, beautiful as it was in a hundred ways, was deeply tainted with the canker of caste and rank. The Knight, who loved to do battle for the honour of fair ladies of his own rank, thought little of the virtue of poor women, either in his own villages or within the walls of some foreign city besieged and captured by his men at arms. And it is this spurious, or at least this most imperfect chivalry, which has largely descended to our own day : which stirs the blood, but hardly pervades the conscience, of the English soldier and the English gentleman.

It is to a newer and purer and truly Christian chivalry that we have, by God's help, to consecrate our manhood. We are not better than our fathers, but we can see truths to which they were far too blind. God has showed to us 'a more excellent way.' His spirit of *judgment* is convicting the conscience of this modern world in which we live of the heinousness and the far-reaching cruelty of sensual sin. His spirit of *pity* is leading one heart after another among His chosen children, nay, the hearts of crowds and masses, the hearts of them that haunt even the highways and the hedges, to cry shame on the thoughtless, heartless passion that has so long devastated the fairest thing that He has made. This is the path of the new chivalry. If any of you young men sometimes say in your hearts, 'The days of chivalry are over ; we can no more strike a knightly blow for faith or justice or honour,' I say to you, Here is your opportunity. Here are thousands waiting for the deliverance to be won by the knightly courage, and still more the knightly self-mastery, of the modern Arthurs and the modern Galahads. The most wronged sufferer in the modern world is still woman. It is for you and such as you to come as Christian soldiers to her rescue. 'It is the will of God,' and may God defend the right.

## CHAPTER VIII

### RELIGION

A CHAPTER in the ‘Harrow Life’ has been devoted by Mr. Graham to Montagu Butler’s position in Church and State. It is not proposed to cover the same ground here, but merely to illustrate from his letters his religious and political outlook in these later years.

On the subject of religion some of his letters bring out the elements of simple reverence and wonder in his character.

He wrote to a friend in 1900 :

For myself, as I think you know, I have never had any gift for either metaphysics or scientific discovery, but I have long since made up my mind that whatever truths they may both reveal to us,—and the more the better,—there must always remain the question, ‘Who made all ?’; and to this question I have long felt that there was but one answer, it must be an Intelligence, a Will, and the Will of a Person. I know of course that all such words can by some minds, not yours, be explained away ; but to me they mean just everything, and the negation of them means not a blank only, but absurdity.

To the same friend in 1902 :

And now how am I to embark on the great waters on which evidently your own mind is from time to time tossed, if not shaken ? There is nothing so

odious as any shade of affectation in spiritual things, and I should be guilty of affectation if I pretended to be personally troubled by the vast mystery as to the infinity of the Universe, and the (supposed) corresponding littleness of earth and man. If I had a larger and deeper mind, I should probably feel this contrast as presenting some intellectual difficulty, as it undoubtedly does present an insoluble mystery. But to myself the permission of evil on so vast and cruel a scale in the human world is the one great religious difficulty, and hardly leaves me room for more. Even on this triumphant day, just as I return from our evening Chapel, where they have sung 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' followed by 'Worthy is the Lamb'—even to-day I think of the millions on millions who *seem* to have no fair chance of any higher life, and to many of whom this wonderful earth, with all its glories, is 'full of darkness and cruel habitations.' The snares for the young, the feeble, the half-witted, the untrained, the bad-parented—especially in the case of girls—this is to me the great trial of faith, and yet, thank God, I do believe, though I can but give few and feeble arguments, in the great saying, 'Be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world.'

As to the supposed insignificance of man in the midst of such unnumbered worlds, whether they be animate or not, I have always felt grateful for Tennyson's lines on the old Duke :

For though the Giant Ages heave the hill  
And break the shore, and evermore  
Make and break, and work their will ;  
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll  
Round us, each with different powers  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul ?

On God and Godlike men we build our trust. This is to me *satisfying*, at least for this life. It was *worth the Creator's while*, if one may dare to use such words,

worth His while to raise, purify, vindicate, *do anything* for a 'soul' so capable of greatness and glory, of desecration and ruin. From this point of view—I forget whether Pascal ever touches on it—the old eighth Psalm almost changes its glorious logic—'When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers . . . *What is man*, that Thou art mindful of him?' etc. It seems now to mean 'Man—who is so infinitely greater,' not 'Man—who is so infinitely less.'

Dear old Stokes<sup>1</sup> was at the University Sermon to-day. I suppose he knows as much as most men of the infinity of the Universe or perhaps of Universes, but the knowledge seems not to trouble his eighty-two years. Will it be so with the men of *our* generation, if they reach their fourscore years? If not, God forbid that my poor argument should in any way condemn them. They have probably greater difficulties to struggle with, and *Faith*, in the too technical sense, can hardly be in the sight of God a virtue in itself, perhaps not always even a privilege.

In 1888 he wrote on the death of his friend Matthew Arnold :

The lessons which such a man teaches to real *Christians* are as humbling as they are subtle. 'Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God' is a truth which ought to be constantly present to those who have the gift of faith when they mark the undoubted goodness of those who either never had the faith or have cast it off. All goodness must come from God alone, and it is treason to God, not reverence, to deny to be goodness what *is* goodness. I distinctly feel that dear Mat. A. was a teacher of goodness to me, and therefore to me he is a Christian, though I must say his distinct writings on religion have to my mind very little value.

<sup>1</sup> Sir G. G. Stokes, Master of Pembroke College and for more than fifty years Lucasian Professor of Mathematics; sometime President of the Royal Society.

In 1885 he had written to his sister Emily :

You will smile when I say that Mazzini and Josephine<sup>1</sup> seem to me about the most *religious*—perhaps I should say *prophetic*—writers of our time. I don't except Arnold, Newman, Maurice, or—anyone. The intensity of their faith in a God ever active gives a wonderful fire to their words. Yet I suppose the current idea of Mazzini is that he was an atheistical conspirator and advocate of the dagger.

As among Christians, while to the end of his life he remained a strong Protestant and deplored what he considered Romanising tendencies in the Church he loved, he was in no sense a partisan and rejoiced to find good anywhere.

At the service to-day [he wrote in 1890] we had three hymns—by the two Wesleys and Newman. What a significance and lesson there is in this ! Perhaps even now we see but imperfectly what a work those admirable men did both for good and evil. To me it is natural to think only of their good, but they would themselves despise so limited a standard.

When in 1896 his younger sister Gertrude joined the Church of Rome he wrote :

One cannot put into a few words all that one feels. At one time in my life I should have regarded such an event as a grievous blow, but now—rightly or wrongly—I view it much more calmly. I believe that the mind and soul of very many High Church people of both sexes are far more with Rome than with us, and it is probably better for them—when they are of full age and not acting hastily—to take the logical step. I do not think she will ever regret it, or that it will have on

<sup>1</sup> Josephine Butler, the wife of his eldest brother, Dr. George Butler. See below, p. 108.

one so good and so experienced a demoralising effect. So I shall simply pray for God's continued blessing on the dear sister, and do all I can to prevent anything like separation between us.

The Eucharistic Congress in 1908 made him say :

I hope I am not turning bigot in my old age, but I cordially dislike what is now passing at Westminster, theologically, ecclesiastically, and historically. The worst of it is that many of the best men and women in our own Church will be in hearty sympathy with it and wishing that we could be and do the same. What a contrast to the time of the 'Papal Aggression,' when, however, the Protestant 'tide' was certainly not 'too full for sound or foam.' There was much then which was blatant and vulgar, but is the present 'tolerance' philosophical, or Christian, or patriotic? 'I trow not.'

In 1914 he wrote to an old pupil :

I think I am with you almost entirely on the Kikuyu question. Every day I cut out and nail together the letters in *The Times*, but much of it, not the least able part intellectually, is very painful. It shows how far the reactionary spirit has gone. I seem to remember taking part in an enthusiastic *Vale to Zanzibar* in our Senate House on the Jubilee of the University Mission. How little did one foresee that we were sending out a Firebrand as well as a Saint! The tone of his attack on such an elder as St. Alban's is astonishing, let alone his two brother Bishops. One would have thought that that *very Holy Communion* in the African Scotch kirk building would have thrilled all Christian hearts, with something of Bethlehem and 'Upper Room' simple joy! A very large portion of my friends in private life and my heroes and heroines in history have been either R.C.'s or very High Church, so that I am fairly prepared to note these flames without being too much perturbed.

In 1901 he wrote :

I am reading Charles Gore's new book 'The Body of Christ,' *i.e.* on the Eucharist. It is very ably done, and in an excellent spirit, but I cannot help feeling all through how certain the views of 'the Early Church,' as that very complex body is confusingly called, were to become exaggerated and deteriorated, and how essential our Reformation was, with all its unavoidable defects, to correct and even uproot such extravagances. If all High Churchmen, and even E.C.U. men, were like dear Charles Gore, there would be little room for quarrels !

In 1899 :

If the extreme people are resolved to push 'confession' as a habitual part of the parish system, and if the Bishops do not openly censure this, I believe that both Disestablishment and Disruption are very near at hand. So far as I can judge, the moral and spiritual and social loss would be grave.

He touched on this latter subject in a speech at Portsmouth in 1885 :

The Bishop of Carlisle has not unnaturally referred to a danger which, by many, is supposed to be looming in a somewhat near future—I mean the disestablishment of the English Church. Now, why is it that we of the clergy, or most of us, are grieved at the prospect of such a thing being possible ? Do you suppose it is because we think that an Established Church contributes to our personal comfort and worldly wealth ; or, again, because we suppose that in some way it fits in with the habits of what are called the upper classes ? If you think so, you do us a cruel wrong. . . . If a law could be passed to-morrow, providing that for at least two hundred years the Church of England should remain established as it is, but with this dreadful condition attached, that she should be debarred from

receiving a greater measure than heretofore of loyal co-operation on the part of the working classes, it would be a cruel wrong to us to suppose that we would accept or even consider so degrading a condition. For my part, I value and reverence and love the old Church of England for many reasons, with which I will not detain you here. One reason is her venerable antiquity. She was the mother of our fathers twelve centuries back. Compared with her the House of Commons is but a mushroom institution. I reverence her, also, for the scope she gives for freedom of thought, for refinement, for learning, and for many other advantages which belong to an institution of long standing. But I declare to you that I would sacrifice every one of these advantages, grand as they are, if I thought that any one of them interfered with her being in a special manner the Church of the poor. It is because I believe in my conscience that, if the Church were disestablished, the poor would lose the best inheritance that they enjoy, that I long with all my heart that the sinister prophecies we have heard may be disappointed.

On the relation between the living and the departed he wrote in 1895 :

To me it always seems most natural to believe that He Who 'is the God of the living' must find offices of love for His dead-living children, and that no offices can be more natural than ministrations to those whom they loved best on earth. I know how much *else* this implies—both of knowledge and possibly a merciful ignorance on their part, but I do believe it. Anyhow . . . we can constantly pray that God may *bless* them. If He cannot, how can He be what faith tells us He *must* be?

Here is an All Saints' Day letter, written in 1896 :

This was always my favourite Saint's Day at Harrow. It is comparatively free from mystery, while gloriously ideal. You turn a blind eye to all

the defects of the Christian army—sloth, bitterness, narrowness, miscalculation, pride, inconsistencies, etc., etc., and fix your mind's telescope and microscope on the grand campaigns of distant or near times, on the splendid 'ventures of faith' of individuals, on the minute unseen unimagined heroisms of shoeblocks, housemaids, slaves, etc., and—if one has faith and glow enough—on the One great Commander, giving His orders, heard or unheard, and whispering His praise, the one praise worth having. Then—next morning you open the newspaper, or without waiting for the morning, you look into your own poor heart, and you groan over the difference between the All Saints ideal and the Monday reality. Which after all is the more real?

Of his attitude to 'liberal' churchmanship, Dean Rashdall has said something in the 'Harrow Life.' Here are some further expressions of opinion. In 1895, of Jowett's sermons :

I am much struck with their wisdom, brotherliness, and tenderness, though I must say they seem to me to ignore much that ought to be dear to the heart of a Christian. For instance, he seems to have little notion of a Church, a Holy Spirit, or a Saviour who is more than a Perfect Example. I always thought that he was injured, dear man, by being persecuted.

In 1907, to Mrs. Howson :

I have lived long enough to see that much which is denounced and suspected as heretical in one decade is accepted as devout and reverent and at least *partially* true ten or twenty years after. . . . Your generation and the next have a sacred and anxious duty before them, to 'reconstruct' in some degree their conception of Holy Scripture. It will bear and survive the process.

In 1902, in answer to a friend's questionings, he wrote :

To come to the centre of your most touching letter, the Divinity of Jesus Christ on the one hand and, on the other, some degree of fallibility in His earthly being. I can only say, with as much humility and reverence as is in my nature, that I believe in *both*—both the Divinity and the partial fallibility ; but I believe, with a far greater degree of certainty, that while He must blame me day by day and hour by hour for countless deeds and thoughts unworthy of a Christian, He does *not* blame me for this intellectual conclusion that during the time of His life on earth His Father allowed Him to be ignorant of much that we call Science and also of some *events* of great importance. Of course I believe the same *a fortiori* of His apostles. Long years ago, soon after I was ordained in 1859, I fell in with 'Catholic Thoughts,' which I feel almost sure we must have talked about in years gone by. The author of course was Myers, brother-in-law of Whewell and father of the brilliant Fred Myers who died last year. It was, I think, more from the general tone of this wise and devout book than from any particular utterance in it that I came to distinguish, to my own great comfort, between the *authority* and the *infallibility* of the Scriptures. The first I hold eagerly, though I could not define it. The other is only true, if you make enormous deductions, and is an unfortunate word that should be banished from religion. Many years passed before I came to see that the same truth, very carefully and reverently applied, was true of the holiest apostles and also of their Divine Master. It was part, I believe, of what has been recently called the *κένωσις*—I fancy, but do not know, that it is a *very* old Theological term used by the early Greek Fathers—that our Lord, while on earth, should 'empty Himself' voluntarily of some of the attributes (as we reckon them) of Deity, and

among these, Omnipotence ; see Philipp. II. I *hope* this is not a heresy. If I am asked how I can reconcile the belief, or the disbelief, logically with my belief in the Divinity of our Lord, I frankly admit that it is beyond me. My faith that He is more than man, more than man at man's best and highest—nay, that He is God, and that He took flesh as no other man ever did or ever again *can* take flesh, comes to me I scarcely know how.

The question of the authorship of the canonical books naturally interested him very greatly. He rejoiced to the end of his life that he saw no reason for ceasing to believe that the Fourth Gospel was written by the beloved Disciple.

On Easter Day, 1890, he wrote :

The subject of the St. Mary's sermon was St. Thomas, an old subject with me, but yet always new. There is nothing more pathetic. It *must* have really happened, and therefore the Resurrection of the Lord is a certain fact. Imagine some genius, fifty or a hundred years after, creating such a scene poet-like ! No, the truth is not dramatically but literally true. Those words were once actually spoken and actually heard.

Such imaginative realisation of Bible scenes was very common with him. In a letter of 1891 he dwelt on 'Salome's proud request for her sons. I always feel that she was right *au fond* and that she is not rebuked by Christ. She knew the grand nature of her sons, and longed that they should do things worthy of their Master, whether in life or death. "If there were more Salomes, there would be more Sons of Thunder."

These last words are characteristically adapted from a saying of his beloved Nelson's. A similar thought occurs in these sentences of regret, written in 1897 :

I am struck with the little interest undergraduates and others feel in the recognised forms of religion, Chapels, Communion, etc., and yet the real excitement about what they organise themselves. The difference between School and College is wonderful and sad. Surely most boys, at all events among the leaders, seem to value chapel, hymns, psalms, even sermons. At College, when they are their own masters, those that retain this feeling seem to be very few. Is it the same, I wonder, with their sisters? If so, the next generations, whether better or worse, will be very different from the present and the past.

It astonished him, in particular, that so few chivalrous spirits were kindled by the romance which shone, to his mind, round every missionary adventure abroad. ‘Why do men of culture,’ he asked, ‘so largely ignore missionary work? A large proportion of the ablest men here, old and young, seem to me to know and care just nothing about it.’

Again, in 1897, he wrote :

I am struck, rightly or wrongly, with the fact (?) that the University seems to drift more and more away from the Church and from Church ways of thinking, feeling, acting. I wish I could think we got something better instead, but I don’t. It is most unwise for older people to pretend to know what is or is not in the minds and conscience of a younger generation, but I cannot persuade myself somehow that our ethical teaching is now anything like as high as it was when F. D. Maurice, Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle—with all his defects—were our recognised teachers. The University Pulpit is certainly *much* less of a power than it was. I prophesy some powerful *Church* mind in the next twenty years to do for us—and in wiser fuller ways, what Newman did for Oxford.

## CHAPTER IX

### POLITICS

POLITICS were, of course, always a dominant interest with Montagu Butler. Till 1857 he had hoped to enter the House of Commons, and the names of Chatham, Burke, Pitt (especially the two last), Canning, Peel, Palmerston and Bright were at all times on his lips. He was intimately familiar with their careers and their speeches. A Peelite by tradition, a conservative Liberal by conviction, he passed gradually to liberal Conservatism, Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule and his failure to save Gordon proving important turning-points.

But whether Liberal or Conservative, he never paid homage to democracy. Democracy could not *govern*, and least of all govern an empire. The ideals of Aristocracy had his true sympathy, both in the Greek sense and in the English. He believed firmly in the hereditary principle, and felt no shame in honouring the families that had served England in great positions, and whose records he knew in such detail. 'Noblesse oblige' was an article of faith, attested by history. He was devoted to the British monarchy, and was a fervent imperialist in the sense that he believed the British Empire to be a great power for good in the world. With this temperament he was never really a partisan, and indeed he held very consistently to the view he put forward at the age of twenty, which suggests that he was already under the spell of his great master Burke.

My ideal statesman should be thoroughly penetrated with veneration for the past, look with tender indulgence on the scruples of those to whom all abrupt change is a painful shock, be able to see the good as well as the evil of their prejudices, and at the same time boldly and resolutely—and if with pain to himself I would trust him so much the more—carry out the reforms which public opinion and his own wisdom taught him to be necessary.<sup>1</sup>

He was conscientious in his civic duties, and in his seventy-seventh year was prepared to face January sleet and snow in travelling to Harrow to vote. ‘What would Mr. Pitt say?’ he asked himself—it was his hero’s birthday—and go he must.

On political platforms he figured little, though in March 1888 he was active in organising an anti-Home Rule meeting at Cambridge. He was himself mistaken for Lord Salisbury as he walked on to the platform—a mistake often repeated—and was received with rapturous applause.

His point of view on the Irish question is clearly shown in the following letters.

Davos, April 16, 1887 :

I am not disturbed by the apparent inconsistency of allowing Ireland to elect eighty-five members on an ultra-democratic basis, and then refusing to be led by their decision. I look at facts, not at names, and recognise that terrorism is everywhere. To regard such men as surround Parnell as the mouthpieces of a nation is superstition. I say with poor Madame Roland at the guillotine, ‘O Liberty, what things are done in thy name.’ Everyone *exactly* foresaw what Parnell would do when the extended franchise was (wisely or pedantically) granted to Ireland. What no

<sup>1</sup> *Graham*, p. 61.

one foresaw was Gladstone's sudden conversion and the way in which his followers ate their previous words and acts.

Davos, April 1887 :

As to politics, I could not give you my full thoughts without using language that would be painful about W. E. G. His conscience is a phenomenon. If he can ever do without it, it ought to be kept in a museum for the wonder of posterity. His alliance with those deeply bloodstained Irishmen—turbulent rowdies as they are—is demoralising the House of Commons, and a great nation cannot long retain its greatness when its most powerful Institution is becoming a low bear-garden.

‘ The name of Gladstone honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.’

Of course there are many other elements in the present shameful state of things, but whether men go for Home Rule or not, they ought to denounce the blackguardism of the Irish members, even if they mean to vote for them.

Parliamentary politics are to me the low decadent side of English life. There is much to cheer in other directions—an increasing sense of responsibility in the rich and cultured classes, more real *religion*, whether orthodox or not, far more Christian work abroad, knowledge spreading among the labourers, less selfish apathy and routine almost everywhere. As to the working of our grossly ignorant democracy on *foreign*, *colonial*, *Irish*, and *Indian* affairs, I cannot be sanguine. Gross ignorance cannot judge rightly of vast and hugely difficult responsibilities, and for many years to come our elections will be settled and unsettled by undeniably gross ignorance on the part of the mass of the voters. That means sad fuel for the caucus and unscrupulous partizans, Tory or Radical. How I did once venerate

the House of Commons, and I knew something of its history, temper, and great men.

To the Master of Peterhouse, June 10, 1887 :

I cannot be present at your meeting, but you will allow me to express my warm sympathy with its object. The contest for the Union, all important in itself, has become also, as many must have foreseen, a contest for much else that Englishmen hold dear—for the supremacy of law, for the reprobation of crime, for the dignity of the House of Commons, for the very existence of parliamentary institutions, which cannot long survive public contempt. In conducting this contest, so unhappily forced upon them, the Liberal Unionist leaders have shown courage, moderation, and sound sense, and deserve our heartiest recognition.

To E. W. Howson, September 17, 1887 :

Your account of Ireland keenly interests me. . . . You will not expect to have converted me on the main issue, but you mention enough undoubted *facts* to show how intensely difficult it is to govern *without* Home Rule. Of this I am painfully conscious, the more so because democracy rules by instincts and impulses rather than by thought, and is intolerant of being responsible for anything that can be regarded as an offence against liberty, independence and other sacred titles. But does the alienation of the people from the landlords, admitting it to be as great as extremists declare, form an argument for a separate Parliament? It may be an argument for expropriation, though I for one have no belief in the prosperity of a Keltic nation like Ireland without a landed gentry, but why should it mean an Irish Executive as well as an agrarian revolution?

If it be urged that there are other reasons, apart from the feeling towards the landlords, which point to a separate Parliament—such as a widely diffused desire for 'national independence'—I reply that as much or

more could have been said 100 and 150 years ago for Scotland. Think of Scotch feeling in 1745, much more in 1700. Yet who now doubts that the establishment of a single Parliament was a blessing? I know that analogies are misleading. One of my namesakes was not perfectly convincing even in *his*. Ireland is not Scotland. Still I am far from convinced that another 100 years of firm and just rule would not bring about a like result. The real dread with me is not what is possible, taking into account Ireland alone and America, but what is now practicable considering what Gladstone and the Liberal party have done. They are, of course, doing their best to educate the masses into the belief that Ireland is still foully wronged, that the League is *not* a wicked body of conspirators, that its supporters in America are *not* the bitter enemies of England, that there is enough political virtue in Ireland and political knowledge to enable it to be virtually a Republic, and that the position of Ulster presents no very serious difficulty. This education, considering what party feeling now is in England, *may* undoubtedly bring about the result which you regard as inevitable. I think it almost as likely to be applied, ere many years are passed, to the relinquishment of Gibraltar, the abandonment of India, the repudiation of the Colonies, and the resignation of our duties as a great fighting Power in Europe. In my deliberate opinion, Mr. Gladstone, if he were twenty years younger, and if the success of his party depended upon it, would persuade himself that each of these self-effacements was right, and would exert his unequalled powers to persuade his countrymen to make the sacrifice.

It would be wrong to quote these comments on Gladstone's character without mentioning the memorial sermon he preached on his death in 1898.

Men differ, and, probably, will always differ, as to the wisdom, the foresight, the insight of the statesman.

But they agree, with a quiet reverence that seems to me like 'a still small voice' after a storm or an earthquake, as to the moral grandeur of the man.

'Our duties as a great fighting Power in Europe.' An appreciation of the new Master of Trinity in one of the London papers in 1886 referred to his 'strongly Jingo tendencies.' If to hold the opinion just quoted is Jingoism, Montagu Butler was a Jingo ; but he was sincere when he spoke of 'duties.' And he paid his country the compliment of judging it by a high standard. In a letter of 1894, when contemplating the expansion of the English-speaking race in the coming century, he wrote : 'We *must* be the leading race of the world. Shall we be elevated by religious faith and practice, or be a rough hard lot ?' In January 1896 he thought 'we must do penance for the wicked [Jameson] raid.' In June 1899 he wrote to his old Harrow friend, Sir Charles Dalrymple, Member of Parliament for Ipswich :

How very perplexing is the Transvaal affair ! I can't bear the thought of having to crush the Boers by force for the sake of a body of our own countrymen and others whom it is difficult to respect *very highly*. Even if *you* were to go out as a gold-digger, and promised to remain there instead of coming back gorged to Newhailes, I should scarcely care to send a cruiser to support you, though I might spare you a Bishop ! But no doubt a crisis is very near, and 'force' *may* for once prove a remedy.

In December 1899, the dark time of the South African war, he believed that England would 'emerge from the trial victorious over both the Boers and herself.'

In 1903 he wrote to his friend Arthur Coleridge :

You keenly interested me in what you said of Lord Salisbury. I suppose you must be correct in thinking

that the famous winning 'fourer,' by which Lord Roberts and Kitchener were sent off at the moment of  $\phi\sigma\pi\eta$  was 'off his own bat.' I had before heard it ascribed to A. J. B., but your story seems more credible. Both our versions agree in this that Lord Wolseley was not first consulted. I have not seen among the many comments on the Army Commission Report the tolerably obvious presumption that the great Tory Marquis, though Premier, must have found it very difficult to supervise very closely the action or inaction of the great Whig Marquis.<sup>1</sup> This is the weak point in all coalitions. How could Aberdeen in 1853-4 keep a Premier's eye on colleagues like Russell, Palmerston, Lansdowne? Practically impossible, though theoretically a duty. Pitt and Peel were almost autocratic, though Stanley *might* have given Peel trouble.

The Report is to me melancholy reading, but I feel little inclined to  $\lambda\sigma\delta\sigma\pi\alpha$ . A few truths seem to flash upon me. 1. There are very few really good administrators. 2. Our party system tends to paralyse them. 3. There is not the slightest reason to think that the Opposition would have done better. 4. The unwillingness of our officers to become 'professionals' lies deep in the nation's infirmities. Eton, Harrow, etc., see but too much of it. A fresh tradition is needed for a high-spirited gentry—something that will teach them to live efficiently as well as to die nobly. The last they are always ready to do—and God bless them for it—but the former goes against the grain, and all the School and College reforms of the last seventy years have gone but a little way to mend matters. 5. The starving of the Intelligence Department, and the neglect of its counsels, is quite disgraceful—whatever be chiefly to blame. Lord S. can hardly have given much of his mind to the war. He was overworked with the F.O. till he resigned it, and then I suppose he was in a measure a dying man.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War.

If, as you believe, it was he who sent out the two conquerors, it was a noble last service. Peace to his pure and pious memory.

In 1902 he wrote of Cecil Rhodes :

I am in no way behind the scenes, but I look upon him as one of those quite exceptional men who dream dreams and see visions that occur to hardly anyone else. They have greater temptations than the rest of us, and they sometimes, like Clive, fall into them. The Will could only come from a great man, bent upon good. Clearly he believed in a moral and intellectual understanding between the three great Teutonic peoples, and he sought how to help this on practically. Was he not right both in aim and expedient?

In 1903 he wrote to Lord Tennyson, then Governor-General of Australia :

It will be curious to see how far Chamberlain's return brings back party loyalty to some waverers. He surely has played a lofty part in a lofty spirit. It is seldom that such an opportunity is given, or that a man so visibly rises to the great occasion. I feel it difficult to think of any man on the other side, except it be Sir E. Grey, in whom you Colonials would put equal trust.

In 1912 he wrote thus of his old pupil, Albert Earl Grey, then in Canada :

Don't you feel proud of Lord Grey? I do. It is refreshing to turn to him from so much that is publicly distressing. England can still breed Pro-Consuls—especially when they come from Harrow and Trinity! Forgive the swagger.

He was always keenly interested in foreign policy. He notes in 1896 : 'I cannot think that any nation would strike a blow to prevent Russia taking Constantinople.

One of the greatest revolutions in thought and feeling of our days.' He rejoiced in 1904 at the conclusion of the Entente with France : 'I hope another Easter will see us on better terms with Germany, but *they* have sinned against us very deeply. At the same time I am all for short memories as to international bites, whether flea-bites or cobra-bites.' The dramatic surprises and contrasts of the Russo-Japanese war made a deep impression on him, closely interested as he always was in military incidents and character.

In January 1905, after the capture of Port Arthur, he wrote :

Fancy 48,000 Russian prisoners ! What a humiliation ! What a triumph for Asia ! How deep it will sink into the minds of all Asiatics ! May it not possibly be, 'paucis labentibus annis,' a kind of 'notice to quit' that part of the world to all Western Powers ? *Not* if Japan is wise ; and I trust she *will* be wise. But what a temptation to  $\delta\beta\pi\iota\varsigma$  ! Surely history tells of few successes quite so intoxicating. Our children will see strange changes in Russia ! Think of a Moscow Prince having told the Tsar publicly that a Revolution has begun ! Where would his head have been in the days of Nicholas I ?

And again :

A question comes constantly back to the mind. Could *we* not, some six years ago, have prevented, *without war*, the Russian seizure of Port Arthur, and so have prevented also all the hideous slaughter and agony of the recapture ? A difficult question no doubt for the national conscience, but I am inclined to think that Roosevelt in our place, or Palmerston, or Beaconsfield, would have led us differently. And now what part will Germany take ? Japan fixed at Port Arthur greatly alters Germany's Chinese position. 'The end is not yet.'

Of Germany he wrote in 1911 to Mr. H. B. Cotterill :

What you say of the vigour that is so visible in German life interests me much. It is, I hope, no cowardly feeling that makes me loathe the very possibility of a war with so mighty a nation. Whatever the military and political issue, the hatred that it would cause would poison national life for decades to come. Yet, if our papers are to be believed, we were *very* near to this miserable issue only a few weeks ago.

In 1913, of Napoleon :

Whatever his moral worth—and to my mind it is sadly little—‘on parlera de sa gloire’ for long years to come, and the mind of France will continue to be dazzled by it, perhaps dangerously. Even now one seems to hear the clanking of sabres. A few rash words on either side of the Rhine might unsheathe them.

On Christmas Eve 1908 he had written to his friend Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard :

It promises to be an eventful New Year. God grant that our two great countries may remain as brotherly as now ! As far as I can judge, England was never less disposed to be aggressive or suspicious in relation to other Powers ; but then I can’t be blind to the fact that, as regards European States, she has already become possessed of most of the covetable portions of the earth.

Earlier letters have shown his anxiety with respect to Asiatic affairs. In India he took a peculiar interest : his first wife’s father had been Chief Magistrate at Madras, and was the son of Hugh Elliot (brother of the first Earl of Minto), who was British Minister to Frederick the Great at Berlin and afterwards Governor of Madras ; two of his own nephews, Harcourt and Montagu, the sons of his brother Spencer, had made their mark in the

Indian Civil Service, and he was himself on terms of warm friendship with a succession of Viceroys—Lytton, Dufferin, Curzon, Minto, Hardinge.

In September 1911 he wrote to Professor Wendell, then travelling in Asia :

What big questions as well as prospects do the three great names suggest—India, China, Japan. Will India be wisely and firmly and sympathetically governed by our English Democracy, which knows so little of History and Philosophy and has so few instincts for government and so many crude illusions as to the meaning of 'Nationality'? Will the mysterious millions of China, when they have deigned to know more of Western science and have found or imported some Napoleon to lead them, be willing to defer to any distant 'barbarians'? Will Japan in another fifty years continue to be friendly to you and to *us*? May it not in years to come seem almost a wonder of the world that a great American President should have been the man to bring about peace between triumphant Japan and humiliated Russia? 'We have seen strange things to-day.' I am now seventy-eight, and certainly my long 'to-day' has seen 'strange things' in science, in literature, in politics, and in Churches in almost all parts of the world. I am no economist or fiscal authority, and I keep an open mind, rather discreditably, on the question of Tariff Reform versus complete Free Trade. But I well remember Sir Robert Peel's *volte-face* in 1845-46, and till three or four years ago Free Trade in and for England seemed as axiomatic as the Law of Gravitation.

Home politics during this latter period of his life brought him little but disillusionment, distress, and finally disgust. In August 1895, after the Unionist victory at the polls, he wrote to Sir Charles Dalrymple :

I cannot say how earnestly I hope that the next five years will be truly great in our history, proving to many

impatient spirits that we can get all the progress we need through the Constitution and not in spite of it. Among the reforms absolutely needed, *selon moi*, is the change in the House of Lords. Now at the zenith of its popularity, and with no threats or outside opposition worth considering, it has a magnificent *καιρὸν* that may never recur. It ought not to be beyond such statesmanship as you have in such splendid abundance to combine the elements of heredity, election, office, past office, property, colonial eminence. The fear of making a second House 'too strong' seems to me idle. The real fear must always be the other way. If, while we are engaged in 'tinkering,' we can also provide something of a 'referendum' for strictly fundamental questions, the Constitution may get a fresh lease of life for centuries.

The result of the General Election of 1906 gravely disquieted him.

He wrote to Mrs. Howson on January 15 :

I have not yet—8.35 A.M.—seen the paper, but I suppose it will reveal little less than havoc. If you live three or four years more, still more if it be thirty or forty, note how *much* and how *little* change is made in the life of the nation by this great temporary victory of one party. It *may* be very grave indeed. It *may* (1) separate Ireland; (2) alienate the greater Colonies; (3) lead to the Disestablishment of the Church; (4) weaken our hold on India. It may do all this or part of it. But it seems to me more probable that the changes will be small rather than great—the conservative elements in England and Scotland are still so strong.

And again :

Keep your eye on Burns, Lloyd George, and W. Churchill. They all have that peculiar dynamite in them which tends to 'upset coaches.' I cannot help

feeling that the cry of 'Chinese Labour' has been in great part a huge lie, and will demand its reckoning. Lord Milner spoke, or wrote, of it the other day as having been the cause of bringing in much *English* labour, which without it would have had no opening. And Milner is one of the few men at once impartial, well-informed, high principled, and supremely able.

And once more :

I find it hard to admire my countrymen greatly when they make these wholesale *volte-faces* ! What would we say of our friends if they turned round so easily ? Should we not rather despise them ? But now it goes by thousands at a time. I feel less and less disposed to wish that children of mine should plunge into politics in a few years. It is a muddy Ducker<sup>1</sup> and tends to get muddier.

With reference to industrial troubles, he wrote in 1911 :

The account of the strikes is to me very grave, and the notion of 'starving out' the great masses of innocent persons is surely wicked in the extreme. O that some Prophet may arise among the working men to warn them against their own temptations. It will be a grievous thing if they degenerate into bullies. Politics seem to me—perhaps it is δλιγοπιστία—to be getting almost hopeless as an honourable profession. There is so very little independence save for the very strongest men. No doubt a really great Personality might do much to purify the air as Pitt did about 1750–61, but the road to such moral reform is sadly clogged by the caucuses. But it is no use croaking. At one time I had almost a romantic reverence for the House of Commons, and now I feel that it is beginning to verify all the worst things which have been said in old and modern times against Democracy from Thucydides onwards.

<sup>1</sup> The Harrow bathing-place.

In his last year as a Harrow boy, Montagu Butler won the English essay prize by writing on 'the advantages and disadvantages of parties in a state.' He had then judged impartially: 'We cannot expect that their influence will ever be wholly salutary, still less can we hope to root them up altogether. They are planted in human nature . . ., let us not be hasty to condemn.' Sixty years later he saw in them much more to condemn than to approve.

In June 1914 'the attempt to force a detested yoke on loyal Ulster' seemed to him 'the very madness of party faction,' and a few years previously he had written to Professor Barrett Wendell :

We are confronted by many really grave perplexities—the threatened change in almost all our village schools which have done so much, though so imperfectly, for the moral character of our poorer classes; the attack on the House of Lords, more eager perhaps to 'end' than to 'mend'; the eternal Irish difficulty, much aggravated by great but hardly avoidable weakness on the part of the executive; and the new aspect of Socialism, which *will*, I suppose, be the 'eternal' question of the future. I am getting more and more ashamed of our 'party' violence. There is so much in them that is simply brutal and utterly insincere. It makes one dread the pollution of every fresh Election, especially if women too, our best anti-septics, are to be dragged through the filth. Mr. Balfour on Saturday gave us at Newnham a singularly analytical and carefully balanced lecture on 'Decadence' as applied to nations. Party faction in England seems to me clearly one of these symptoms. On the other hand, the increased care for the poorer classes—*genuine*, I believe—and, I must add, the growth of the Missionary spirit, and again the efforts made to expose and uproot Intemperance and Impurity, seem to me symptoms on the other side, symptoms, may we call

it? of something like Re-cadence—not a very grand word!

On the subject of women in public life he had written to his eldest daughter in 1889:

Poor Chivalry! I am not sure that female suffrage etc. tends to promote it. If you are *quite* like us in all political matters, you will have to bear your share of our Philistinism and brutality. The one thing that would overbalance my dislike of female suffrage and the inevitable vulgarity it would introduce among you all would be the fear that without it you would get less than justice from the laws. But I suppose this danger is constantly diminishing.

In later years he came to the opinion that if women wanted the suffrage they could not rightly be precluded from it. And he saw no objection to women sitting in Parliament and holding office in the Church. Doubtless his opinion of the part women might play in public affairs had been influenced by the life of his sister-in-law, Josephine Butler, 'a kind of Queen among women,' as he called her, 'one of the greatest women of her generation,' doing for years 'a work in her time unmatched for moral grandeur.' He was anxious to see far more women engaged in rescue work: 'it seems to a man as clearly a professional work for women of all classes as fighting in the Army or Navy is for men.'

## CHAPTER X

### SPEAKING AND WRITING

A mere popular lecture, without criticism or research, is a duty of which I am fairly capable on some favourite hero ; but I am but too well aware that on no subject can I contribute anything fresh or deep to real literature. Happy the man who knows his own limits. I have not to travel far without reaching mine.

IN these words Montagu Butler expressed his hesitation in accepting the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford's invitation to give the Romanes Lecture in 1912. He had almost a horror of being credited with powers of thought, whether in religious or secular matters, which he felt he did not possess, and his prefaces are full of such disclaimers. And yet he was continually being asked to preach, to lecture, to address, as well as to propose resolutions or toasts, and he received frequent requests to allow what he had said to be printed. People of all ages and conditions were anxious that words should be spoken by him at the critical occasions of their lives : bishops at their consecrations, lovers at their weddings, friends and parents after the deaths of those they loved. They were certain that the points he would dwell upon, and the language he would use, would be exactly those they would most wish to have before them and longest to remember.

He published four volumes of sermons after he

left Harrow, and one of lectures.<sup>1</sup> They have many features in common. Both avoid dogma and speculation; both are directed very much *ad hominem* and attempt to make their subject live by concrete illustrations, frequently biographical. Both make constant use of personification and metaphor. The style of both is easy, abundant, simple, dignified, rich in sounding catalogues of famous names and impatient of the abstract in thought and word.

I am rather dreading [he once wrote] my speech to-night at the Perse School dinner on 'Education.' Abstractions are not much in my way, and are rather gaunt Ogres. 'The dear old School,' which comes just before, has flesh and blood upon it.

Perhaps his most ambitious effort was his Romanes Lecture on Lord Chatham as an Orator. He had originally proposed to discourse on parliamentary oratory from Chatham to Gladstone, but soon realised that the subject was too vast for an hour's treatment. The concluding passage is a good specimen of his style.

I have tried to place before you a majestic Figure of the Past, not as a whole, not as a man and a statesman, but in part only, as an Orator, as one who, by the mighty gift of speech, had power, as few had in any age or country, to sway the hearts and stir the pulses of a nation, and in no slight degree to turn the currents of history and mould the destinies of mankind. This limited task I could only hope to perform by repeated extracts from his own speeches and from the judgments passed upon him by the men of his time and by later writers—biographers, historians, essayists, and critics.

I have made no pretence of originality or research.

<sup>1</sup> *Belief in Christ and other Sermons*; *Lift up Your Hearts, or words of good cheer for the Holy Communion* (1898); *University and other Sermons, historical and biographical*; *Public School Sermons* (1899). *Ten Great and Good Men* (1910). The first three of these books were published by Messrs. Bowes, Cambridge; the two last by Messrs. Isbister and Arnold respectively.

Perhaps, indeed, there is now but little new to be said of Chatham by any man, certainly not by me, after the witness of Walpole, Wraxall, Charles Butler, Grafton, Burke, and others at the time, and, since then, the searching, penetrating analyses of men like Grattan, Brougham, Macaulay, Lord Stanhope, Lecky, Frederic Harrison, Lord Rosebery, Sir George Trevelyan, Dr. Holland Rose, Mr. Winstanley.

More than sixty years ago the taunt was levelled against a great Minister, once the Member for your University, that 'his life had been one vast Appropriation Clause.' The sarcasm, utterly unmerited by that high-minded Statesman, appears to your Romanes Lecturer of to-day exactly to hit off his own very humble performance. It *is* one long undisguised 'appropriation' of the brains and pens of others, one long, he fears tedious, plagiarism.

The ethics of plagiarism have never, so far as I know, been reduced to a system. The thief does not stand high in public estimation, or perhaps in his own, but his *motive* is sometimes leniently judged. Many of my hearers, those especially whose recent memories or dawning hopes are closely linked with Oxford Moderations, will remember the crowning scene in the *Knights of Aristophanes*, where poor Cleon, convicted at last by his own confessions of too glaring obligations to the public treasury, attempts to soften hearts and to stay immediate execution by the pathetic apology :— 'Well, if I stole, 'twas for the public weal.'<sup>1</sup> That, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, is my own humble and most respectful plea.

I thought, nay I knew, that I could best serve you by reminding some, and perhaps informing others, what had been the verdicts of the best judges of your great Oxford orator of the eighteenth century. It is easy to belittle oratory, to contrast Rhetoric with

<sup>1</sup> ΔΗΜ. ὃ μιαρέ, κλέπτων δή με ταῦτ' ἔξηπάτας;  
ἔγω δέ τυ ἐστεφάνιξα καδωρησάμαν.

ΚΛ. ἔγω δ' ἐκλεπτον ἐπὶ ἀγαθῷ γε τῇ πόλει.

Philosophy, to contend that it is the automatic weapon of the charlatan as well as of the patriot.

My object, rather than my hope, has been to reawaken, however faintly, some echoes of the kingly voice of a genuine patriot of whom his country is still justly proud. That voice is a nation's possession, 'a possession for ever.' In every free country true eloquence, like true poetry, can never die. It is one of the things which 'cannot be shaken but remain' through all the changes and chances of time, of fashion, of standard, of taste. Young men, who would be patriots, will never in their hearts despise it, though they may often make it a target for light convivial banter.

England expects it, and, for a great while to come, will continue to expect it, from the most gifted and the most cultured of her youth. And when, Sir, I recall, as I do reverently recall on this day and in this historic Theatre, the names of Carteret and Chatham and Fox and Wellesley and Windham and Grenville and Canning and Peel and Stanley and Ashley and Gladstone and Wilberforce and Palmer and Sidney Herbert and Cardwell and Cecil and Gathorne-Hardy and Churchill and Goschen, and others to whose living voices she still respectfully listens, I feel assured, Sir—and it shall be my last word—that when in the years to come she again looks for that high-toned oratory which flows from the happy confluence of heart, of intellect, and of character, she will turn her eyes, and not in vain, not only to many fresh springs of inspiration throughout the Three Kingdoms undreamed of in the days of Chatham and Canning, but also with unabated and unfaltering confidence to her oldest home of learning and chivalry, the venerable and ever-fruitful mother of youthful patriotism, her great University of Oxford.

Although a brilliant extempore speaker, he always wrote out his sermons and lectures, that his sentences might be as pointed as possible. He wrote easily and fast, thinking as he wrote, but was conscious of a ' habitual

diffuseness and want of due connection,' which he sought to remedy by 'cutting, slashing, pointing, shortening, rearranging.' Occasionally his words seemed hardly his own ; writing in 1890 to his wife, who had told him of George Eliot's admission that she had never allowed herself to forecast the nature of the meeting between Rosamond and Dorothea in Chapter LXXXI of 'Middle-march' until she actually came to it, he said :

Strange what you tell me of that particular scene. I shall never forget the effect it had on me. I put it at once among the most genuine—might one say breathless—inspirations I had ever known, something *plus quam humanum*. May I say—to you, darling, what would be absurd to others—I too know something of that feeling, though, of course, at an incomparably lower level. I remember particularly with one sermon at Harrow, 'Looking unto Jesus,' sitting down suddenly without previous thought, seizing on that text, and then writing at the gallop without taking pen from paper, sometimes wondering in myself where the words and thoughts came from. It was all written in about eighty minutes. But *that* scene in 'Middle-march' reaches sublimity, like one in 'Romola' between her and Savonarola, like the dying scene in the 'Phaedo,' and a few more.

For his prepared speeches he made full notes, but after rising never looked at them. He was always nervous before speaking, and once wrote :

Whenever I sit down I almost always feel that I have left out something I meant to say, and generally said something I regret having said.

It is difficult to select any particular outstanding successes among his speeches, but some *tours de force* remain in the memory. In September 1908 he was suddenly asked to propose a toast on a festal occasion at Blair Castle. The company consisted of a very

unacademic house-party and several hundred Highlanders in uniform. He rose superbly to the occasion, thanks to his martial interests, his wonderful memory, and his romantic love of Scotland ; it was an astonishing triumph. In 1912 he was the guest of honour at the dinner held to celebrate the thousandth meeting of the Magpie and Stump, the oldest and most famous of the Trinity debating societies. The Hall had been lent to the Society for the occasion, and the Master sat at the right hand of the President, Mr. Hubert Elliot ; the Secretary was his son Gordon. The Magpie and Stump has a peculiar ironic humour of its own, and those who knew both it and him wondered how his speech would be received. Their doubts were groundless. The Master began by congratulating the Society on their handsome dining-hall and described an imaginary interview with the Secretary, 'a simple looking youth under whose habitually grave exterior lurked apparently a capacity for occasional mirth and exaggeration.' 'What is the aim and object of your Society ?' he had asked. 'To correct the frivolities of "another place."' 'What other place ?' 'The Union, Sir.' 'Do you know anything of the Union ?' 'Not much myself, but my poor father, some fifty-six years ago, found it sadly frivolous.' When the Master sat down after discussing the habits and character of the Magpie and their probable influence on the morals of the members, he appeared to have divined and expressed to perfection everything for which the Society wished to stand. One last occasion to be mentioned was when the College gave a luncheon in 1915 to a number of Belgian professors and their families ; the Master proposed the health of the King of the Belgians in French, and though his pronunciation was not that of Paris or Brussels the courtesy of the act, and the grace and fervour of his speaking, attributable perhaps to his French grandmother, made a profound impression.

Foreigners sometimes said that they had never realised the beauty of our language till he spoke it. Like few Englishmen to-day, he never clipped his words, and no self-consciousness marred the slow dignity of his sentences. But he was quite as effective when he told a humorous story with tears of laughter in his eyes and a breaking voice.

Those of his writings which perhaps are likely to be longest read and admired do not bear his name—the inscriptions which he was constantly invited to compose for incision on marble or metal.<sup>1</sup> They involved long meditation and much pleasant correspondence. A note to Bishop Pollock refers to a request that the Master should write an inscription in memory of Archbishop Benson, formerly headmaster of Wellington, for the school chapel.

This morning about 5.40 as I lay in bed the following just buzzed into my ear :

EDWARDUS WHITE BENSON	
CETERIS ARCHIEPISCOPUS (CANTUARIENSIS)	
NOBIS MAGISTER	
NATUS ETC.	OBIIT ETC.

I think I prefer the *omission* of Cantuariensis. No amount of centuries will make him to be supposed to be Eboracensis.

Among the inscriptions that he liked best he picked out two, those on John Smith the Harrow Master<sup>2</sup> and on his hero, Gordon. In the latter, which was written at the request of Hallam, Lord Tennyson, for the recreation hall of the Gordon Boys' Home at Chobham, he was indebted to Jowett for the striking quotation from the Epistle to the Hebrews. The inscription runs :

<sup>1</sup> Many of these are printed in *Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life*.

<sup>2</sup> Printed in *Graham*, p. 376.

THIS HOME WAS FOUNDED  
 IN MEMORY OF  
 MAJOR GENERAL  
 CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, C.B.  
 A MAN SIMPLE AND HEROIC,  
 LOVING RIGHTEOUSNESS AND HATING INIQUITY.  
 BORN TO BE A SOLDIER AND A RULER  
 HE GAVE HIS HEART  
 TO THE YOUNG THE POOR AND THE OUTCAST.  
 ACCEPTING THE HARDEST DUTIES  
 BUT REFUSING WEALTH AND HONOURS,  
 AND COUNTING HIS LIFE AS NOTHING  
 IF BY ANY MEANS HE MIGHT LESSEN  
 THE MISERIES OF MANKIND,  
 IN ALL LONELINESS DANGER AND PERPLEXITY  
 ' HE ENDURED AS SEEING HIM WHO IS INVISIBLE.'

### IN CHINA

BY INSPIRING A DISHEARTENED ARMY  
 WITH HIS OWN DAUNTLESS RESOLUTION  
 HE DELIVERED THE MOST POPULOUS OF EMPIRES  
 FROM THE HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR.

### IN THE SOUDAN

HE STROVE TO SUPPRESS SLAVERY,  
 AND BY HIS JUST AND FATHERLY RULE  
 WON THE LOVE OF HELPLESS MULTITUDES.

### IN KHARTOUM

CALLED AT A MEMORABLE CRISIS  
 TO A TASK OF MERCY BEYOND HUMAN STRENGTH,  
 FOR ELEVEN MONTHS HE HELD OUT ALONE,  
 DRAWING TO HIMSELF IN THE BELEAGUERED CITY  
 THE WONDER AND REVERENCE OF THE WORLD,  
 AND THEN FELL AT HIS POST,  
 ' FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.'

BORN AT WOOLWICH JANUARY 28, 1833.  
 DIED AT KHARTOUM JANUARY 26, 1885.

## CHAPTER XI

### LITERARY AND ARTISTIC INTERESTS

OF the Master's intense delight in Classical 'Composition' and of the large stream of verse which flowed so easily from his pen something has been said in the 'Harrow Life.'<sup>1</sup> Some few of his poems are printed at the end of this volume ; the bulk of his serious pieces are to be found in the collection which he himself published in 1914.<sup>2</sup> Throughout his long life he found unceasing delight in translating passages from the Classics into English verse, and from English into Greek and Latin.

At Harrow, at Trinity, in Egypt, in the Desert of Sinai, in Palestine, in Greece, in Italy, in France, in Switzerland, in Scotland, on railway journeys, in mountain walks, in solitary hours, in times of sorrow and depression, in times of overflowing happiness, the old habit of making verses, begun almost before Harrow days, November 5, 1846, has clung to me as a faithful companion, helping me, however imperfectly, to keep in touch with the thoughts of the wise, the pious, and the pure, and giving a kind of quiet unity to a life of some labours and many distractions.

On no topic did he write with greater zest than on this darling pastime. Many charming letters, as between experts on delicate points of technique, passed between him and such scholar friends as Lord Kilbracken,

<sup>1</sup> Chapter xvi.

<sup>2</sup> *Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life.*

W. J. Courthope, C. W. Moule, S. H. Butcher, Sir Richard Jebb, on the subject of his own versions, and he wrote with no less enthusiasm and minuteness of those of others.

In June 1898 he wrote to Mr. Herbert Greene :

Your kind letter gives me a little stab. I greatly fear that I never thanked you in word for the gift of what is a really remarkable feat. For myself, I never attack any subject that is not easy : 'Crossing the Bar' is almost the only exception. But you, like Jebb, in true knightly fashion, rode up to the most frowning and fire-breathing Badajoz. The wonderful Poem of Omar would have been a puzzler to Ovid. Possibly Catullus might have revelled in it, and given us some of his astonishing Elegiacs—virtually a different metre from Ovid's—astonishing alike in licence and power.

I think you have shown a quite extraordinary wealth of scholarship in your renderings of those (often) most difficult lines. You always think out the inner meaning, and then clothe it in the most lucid Latin. I should much enjoy a good chat over your performance : then one could put questions as to side-paths, mountain tracks, etc., as well as the main roads. But in truth your translation runs like a limpid river much more than like the straightest and most ἀφελές of roads.

To Archbishop Benson, June 9, 1896, on a book of verse by Leo XIII :

I return the Pope ! I brought him down to breakfast, after reading all the Latin and most of the Italian, and fully thought that I had restored him to your hands, till evening revealed my prolonged theft. The lines have many of them real feeling as well as grace, but they are the work of an amateur rather than of a professional scholar.

To the Rev. G. R. Woodward, January 4, 1905 :

I have given myself the pleasure of reading again your Prize Iambics of 1867. They are really very

good, consistently good all through. Only one mistake strikes me, and that is very venial, on p. 27, δσον σθένωσ' ἄν for δσον ἄν σθένωσιν cannot, I am almost sure, stand. The correction is happily προχειρότατον—either to write δσον σθένουσιν or to keep σθένωσιν without the ἄν. We seem to remember, do we not?

γέροντα δ' ὀρθοῦν φλαῦρον δς νέος πέση,

though, by the way, this is what I am so benevolently doing to you!—setting you on your legs in your old age, though you fell in your youth! What a ridiculous coincidence!

To Professor George Ramsay, March 29, 1912, on receiving from him a copy of Professor W. R. Hardie's 'Silvulae Academicæ.'

I was on the point of writing to you about your excellent Article on the teaching of Greek and Latin Verse when your delightful present arrived of Hardie's first-rate Composition. I tore myself away from an angry gouty toe and from other business, and gave myself to the *veteris vestigia flammae*.

How varied, powerful and accurate they are! I have not yet read the two long poems on Glasgow and St. Andrews, but I have read, and with much enjoyment, large masses of his renderings of Macaulay's Lays, surely quite a feat. I think I feel, as with Horace more perhaps than any famous man, that it is impossible to give in any other language just the *same kind* of pleasure that you get from the *curiosa felicitas*. So here: you don't feel your heart beat and thump as you do at Macaulay's very modern, un-Roman rhetoric.

'By many names men call us'

etc., etc.

'And for the right we come to fight.'

You don't feel this really physical leap and throb, but you do get a real sober Virgilian pleasure as you read the stirring story of the gathering, the march, the battle,

the check, the bridge, the triumph, in the stately inimitable Hexameter. The book is to me something of a revelation. . . .

Translations of the Classics into English, as we have seen, he believed to be a valuable instrument of education. In letter after letter he encouraged Mr. H. B. Cotterill in his heroic task of translating the *Odyssey* into English hexameter verse, and he wrote with enthusiasm to hail the appearance of Professor George Ramsay's translation of the 'Annals' of Tacitus.

I must not longer delay to congratulate you on your really great work, and to assure you of the keen enjoyment which I have already derived from it. 'Already' means that I have read all the Introduction and a large number of what one might call 'test passages,' *i.e.* Germanicus at the Mutiny ; his pitiful deathbed ; the digression in iv. 32, 33 ; the famous *Fenus crux*, vi. 16, 17, always rather hateful to my Althorpian<sup>1</sup> mind ; the digression on Fate, vi. 21, 22, the horrid massacre of the friends of Sejanus, vi. 19 ; the digression on Laws, iii. 25-28 ; the Mutiny in Pannonia, i. 16.

This, though far from enough to satisfy my greedy appetite, is quite enough to make it clear that you have achieved the remarkable success which we all so joyfully anticipated. First of all, there can be no doubt at all that page after page reads like an original work, full of entralling interest. As I was saying the other day, any cultivated lady who enjoyed her Froude and her Macaulay must enjoy keenly this thrilling narrative, chapter after chapter. The English is throughout terse, idiomatic, dignified. You have kept faith with the latter pages of your Introduction. Again and again I have been charmed not only by the flowing

<sup>1</sup> See the following letter ; Lord Althorp was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Reform Ministry of 1830.

vigour and grace of a long passage, but by happy phrases in detail, 'familiar, but by no means vulgar.'

A letter to H. B. Cotterill, November 25, 1913, acknowledging the gift of his 'Ancient Greece,' confesses some of the Master's 'idolatries.'

A man cannot of course write about Greece, or hope to give any fair image of what it was and what it must be eternally, without dealing with religion, art of *all* kinds, Poetry in all the forms in which the *soul* has expressed itself, Philosophy the poetry of the *intellect*, Politics including War and War's Protagonists.

As you know, I have never been a really good critic. I see fairly clearly in History and Biography what I like and look for, but I *miss* much that I ought to discern, and in Philosophy I am nowhere.

You are, I am sure, much to be thanked and congratulated on the way in which you have discharged a task of quite extraordinary difficulty. I naturally turned with special interest to our old friends the three great Tragedians. Here, as H. B. said years ago of Lord Althorp, patting a huge ox when a very ignorant Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'it is a pleasure to have to do with what one *does* understand.' My idolatries in that direction have long been made up. The mind of Aeschylus is the *grandest* and the *loftiest*. As the glib phrase is, 'There will be even a Sophocles and still more a Euripides before there is another Aeschylus.' (S. T. Coleridge says, I think, somewhere in his 'Table Talk,' 'There will be ten Isaac Newtons before there is another Milton !') But though I seem to be conscious of a special sublimity about Aeschylus, I enjoy Sophocles more. His judgment, his taste, his sanity, his *perfect* language, his preference of great human *crises* to perplexing theological or moral *problems*, all leave with me a sense of wondering *satisfaction* that I find comparatively seldom in the other two mighty

ones. The final 'passing' of the blind Oedipus in obedience to the mysterious Call,

ὦ οὗτος, οὗτος, Οἰδίπους, τί μέλλομεν; κ.τ.λ.<sup>1</sup>

reaches the sublime as well as the perfect and the pathetic, though perhaps in the three hundred lines of Cassandra there is a thrill of horror and pity beyond anything in poetry unless it be in the last minutes of Desdemona.

As to Euripides, I am quite unworthy to judge him. Nearly forty years ago I determined to get something like a *synoptic* view of his plays, took him to Scotland one summer holiday, and read him through, with Paley's help, in three weeks, and came to at least one very superficial conclusion, that one did not know the resources of the Greek *language* till one had read Euripides. His command of rich expression and musical cadences is so wonderful. . . . The *Bacchae* seems to me a very wonderful performance—quite a 'new creation'—though there are passages in it which jar.

You seem to me delightfully 'at home' when you deal with the great sculptors, but there I am very much on foreign ground. Like David, I have not 'assayed' Saul's armour, and I could easily mistake second or even third rate for τὸ ἄριστον.

Shakespeare he knew well and loved, caring particularly for the women's characters. In 1896 he wrote: 'I think I give Desdemona the Newcastle and Imogen the Medal, but it is hard to differentiate.'<sup>2</sup> Cordelia would certainly have received an honourable mention, and he would have put Portia on the select list.

In 1912 he wrote to H. B. Cotterill on the subject of *Faust*:

<sup>1</sup> *Oed. Col.* 1627 *f.*

<sup>2</sup> The Newcastle Scholarship is the blue ribbon of Classical distinction at Eton; the Newcastle Medal is awarded to the runner-up.

Your latest letter of the 6th is now before me, and I must not delay longer to thank you both for it and for *Faust* who was my almost single companion in the last days of September, during a delicious retreat among the Pines, Beeches, Chestnuts, and Scotch Firs of Woburn Sands, only two hours from here. The two first lectures delighted me ; they put into such telling and sane language the best thoughts that I had myself ever harboured—beginning in 1855—about this wonderful subject. When some fifteen (?) years ago I took my wife and quite young daughter to see the play acted at Dresden, the intellectual power seemed to go for nothing. I felt disgusted and ashamed that we were there. To see all heaven and earth and hell, almost every kind of power, banded together to ruin in the vulgarest and cruellest way that helpless innocent girl *shocked* me in a way that I had not in the least anticipated from mere repeated *readings*. Was I stupid or not ? I never felt anything like it in *Othello* or *Cymbeline* or any other tragedy. It was the horrid damnableness of the whole thing that took away all power of criticism, and made me resolve that I would never again see such a havock, still less take a wife or daughter to see it. And yet, as I said before, in reading your two first lectures, out in those lovely woods, with my back against a Scotch fir, there was hardly a sentence which did not find me and leave me grateful. The disgust of the Dresden memory did not drive out admiration for Goethe's marvellous power.

To A. D. Coleridge, August 12, 1899 :

. . . As to Dante and his depreciators, I try to remember the ' Judge not,' and my own incapacity for really *caring* much for the truly wonderful Shelley, but I cannot help feeling at the same time that great poets and artists are *tests* of human worth, and that if any of us say honestly they bore us, it means some flaw in ourselves. It is something to be honest and admit the bore-dom, but it is still better to admit and lament the flaw.

In the same spirit he advised his children to be more inclined to respect critics when they admired than when they found fault. Among the English poets of the nineteenth century his own admiration went out chiefly to Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Tennyson. Speaking in the Hall of Trinity, on the evening after the unveiling of the statue of Tennyson,<sup>1</sup> 'Were it granted to me to relive the past,' he said, 'I would not care to recall anything more precious than the feelings with which I first read "The old order changeth . . .," "Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight . . .," "O that 'twere possible . . .," passage after passage out of "In Memoriam," and "Crossing the Bar."' He was prepared for the detraction of Tennyson by intellectual men of the twentieth century, but felt confident that his hero would survive it. No later poet appealed to him in anything like the same degree, though he longed to hear of a new genius arising. When in 1916 Mrs. Howson sent him 'VB,' a book of verse written by the boys in a Shrewsbury form, he wrote :

'VB' makes me really thankful, not only . . . as a tribute to the good spirit prevalent at Shrewsbury . . . but as a specimen of the generous culture which will, I trust, always pervade and enrich our great Schools. I have known it chiefly in connexion with Eton, Harrow, Shrewsbury, Rugby, Westminster, Charterhouse in the long Past, and have always greatly valued it. If poetry among the abler boys ceased to be a natural product and to be looked up to by the boys as a whole, I should regard it as a serious, even if temporary, falling off in the health and efficiency of the School, and I should not think any advances in Science or mere Scholarship, still less of course in athletics, a compensation. A love of *Literature*, in its thousand forms and in many languages, is the salt of early education.

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 39.

It is my faith [he had written many years before] that in every hundred boys of good birth a fair proportion spontaneously love what is beautiful and attractive in poetry, fiction, and biography and history —many also in Science—and that the passion for imitating *is* a passion, which nothing *natural* can suppress.

Of the masters of English prose, after the translators of the Bible, he most admired Burke, loving him for the grandeur of his thought and style alike ; he knew him through and through, but probably put nothing so high as the peroration of the second speech on America, ending with his own favourite watchword ‘*Sursum corda.*’ Indeed, he had a passion, rare among the present generation, for the prose of oratory, protesting against the use of the word ‘rhetoric’ as merely a term of depreciation. He drew intense delight from certain parts of the ‘*De Corona*,’ and a pocket Demosthenes accompanied him through Greece in 1857. He recognised Cicero’s faults but could not bear to hear him disparaged, and there was a passage in the first book<sup>1</sup> of the ‘*De Oratore*’ whose beauty brought tears to his eyes. He declined an invitation in 1912 to contribute a chapter to the Cambridge History of English Literature on the Orators contemporary with Burke, but he could have written of them and their successors with full knowledge. He was profoundly interested in Macaulay. ‘It was quite exceptional,’ Sir J. J. Thomson has said,<sup>2</sup> ‘if any serious conversation with him passed over without some anecdote about Macaulay.’ He loved to tell how on two occasions, when Lord Acton was in the company of eminent scholars, the question had been asked, ‘Who is the greatest historian that ever lived?’ On each occasion the name first mentioned and finally agreed to was Macaulay’s. Those present on the one

<sup>1</sup> Chapter xxxv.

<sup>2</sup> See *Graham*, p. 26.

occasion were Creighton and Stubbs, on the other Mommsen and Harnack.<sup>1</sup>

He wrote to his son-in-law, E. W. Howson, in 1905 :

It always pleases me to hear my benefactor Macaulay praised,<sup>2</sup> though I make a very marked difference between the worth of some of his Essays and that of others. He himself came to see that he had no great turn for strictly literary criticism but that his forte lay in biography and the many literary illustrations which biographical notices afforded. Lord Acton, in his letter to Mrs. Drew, seems to me unreasonably severe on the Essays as compared with the History. The two Pitts, the Clive and Hastings, the Addison and the Madame D'Arblay seem to me to show very fine literary work, and the *Bacon*, with all its grievous Philistinism as to the *philosophy*, justifies from the literary point of view the warm praise which it received from—was it Napier or Jeffrey? That is, you may leave out *all* the pages about the *philosophy* and still have a most remarkable sketch of a very great man. I fancy however that both Spedding and Whewell would say that M.'s conception of B.'s character is fundamentally unfair. But Dean Church does not *very greatly* differ from M. as to this, if I remember rightly. I hope dear Hugh will have caught the Macaulay infection. It is at least a complaint 'to have had once.'

Of his old master, Dr. Vaughan, he wrote in 1893 :

Every sentence of Vaughan's shows the great preacher—each thought, whether deep or not, so fresh, so attractive, so engrossing, so self-revealing, that you

<sup>1</sup> See F. J. Pollock, 'Lord Acton at Cambridge,' *Independent Review*, April 1904, p. 373; Mr. Pollock's statement that Acton himself concurred in the judgment is not supported by the memories of others present at the dinner referred to.

<sup>2</sup> Macaulay, besides showing him hospitality, (one notable occasion is described by Sir George Trevelyan,) had written in support of his candidature for the headmastership of Harrow (*Graham*, p. 124).

cannot get away from it. No doubt there is also a supreme felicity of phrase and cadence which might even interfere with the meaning, but it is the *meaning* to which I refer. Every sentence tells, draws, wins. You cannot help it. Hardly anyone writes such English as he does, and hardly anyone so unlocks the secret drawers of consciences.

Among the novelists he loved Scott, the Brontës, George Eliot, and Dickens—with reservations. ‘Pickwick helped to carry me through yesterday,’ he wrote in 1909 : ‘How I do love him, and how fearfully vulgar almost every page of him is.’ He had read and enjoyed a little of Stevenson and rather more of Meredith. Of Thackeray, the Trinity man, he wrote in 1889 :

To say the truth, I never at any time of my life very greatly cared for the Satirist’s, and still less for the Cynic’s, view of life. The hero’s view, the reformer’s, the redeemer’s, the martyr’s, the poet’s, even the mere philosopher’s and analyst’s—all these views are attractive to me, and so is the humorist’s. But something always repelled me from the Satirist’s, and I fear I am too old to acquire a taste which I never possessed. I have just come upon a beautiful passage in ‘The Newcomes,’ Chap. XIV., where the good Colonel gives Clive a little sermon on humility after leaving that odious Barnes, but even this cannot blind my nose (forgive the confusion of metaphors) to the tap-roomy reek of much that has gone before. I hardly care to ask, ‘Is it true to life?’ I prefer to ask, ‘Was it worth while to seek out such wretched characters to expend your genius upon—people in whom you find less to like every chapter you read?’ I know *nothing* of Thackeray’s youth and bringing up, but I should surmise a very worldly environment, with nothing of the best Christianity of his day near him ; then much dwelling with Bohemian actors and literary hacks ; then plenty of snubs from fashionable people ; then

his brilliant success and toadying *by* the great, and withal a very tender family heart with keen scorn of anything false or Pharisaic. But he cannot paint heroes, much less saints. A Gordon, a Bayard, a Sidney would be nowhere in his hands, and I cannot think his writings—with all their noble passages—very wholesome food for young people.

‘We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love,’

not by despising Honeymans and Sophias, Aletheas and Barneses. For myself—who know him far less than I ought—I like him better the farther he gets from his own country—The Clubs. I like him at Blenheim and in Virginia—though I haven’t yet read the ‘Virginians’—but far less well in London. Is that a heresy?

He often noted in particular Thackeray’s inability to create, or apparently to appreciate, a really fine woman’s character, wondering if perhaps he had never met one.

In the same vein, writing on June 2, 1893, to congratulate Ned Howson on the birth of his younger son, and thinking of names, he bursts out: ‘No Junius, by the bye. How I hate the flavour of that man’s style. It is diabolical.’

Of the arts of painting and music he had no expert’s knowledge, yet they played an important part in his life. He knew nothing of modern painting, and his interest in the works of the old Italian masters was biographical rather than technical, literary rather than strictly æsthetic. But his memory and reverence for their masterpieces in the galleries he had visited in his youth was remarkable; at least he knew enough to make his pupils believe that art mattered. So too with architecture. He loved to let his mind run over the great cathedrals and arrange and

rearrange them in orders of merit, and he often planned tours to show them to his children.

Music meant even more to him. He felt a special affection for some of the great symphonies, oratorios, and operas, and the occasions when his favourite anthems were given in the College Chapel were red-letter days. He was very fond, too, of old songs, particularly Scotch songs. The work he initiated at Gloucester, with the organist's help, in the way of popular organ recitals in the Cathedral has been already referred to. The scheme was an immediate and abiding success. Letters and sermons show the use which he believed might be made of the Cathedral and its organ.

To the Precentor, the Rev. B. K. Foster, June 12, 1885 :

These great meetings help to show the real power of our Cathedrals over the hearts of men, women and children of all classes. We can hardly do a more Christian or patriotic act than when we draw to them town and village—the humbler and more remote the better—‘smit by the love of sacred song.’

To the Precentor, March 25, 1886 :

There is one matter connected with the Anthems to which I would ask your attention. May we not make more of *Handel*? Putting Bach aside, I suppose we may say without fear of contradiction that no man has ever yet approached Handel in genius for *Sacred Music*, and that probably no man will ever approach him hereafter. He is an amazing and a unique gift to the Christian Church, and we can hardly ‘make full proof of our Ministry’ if we do not make our singers—boys and men—familiar with his works, and train each generation of our fellow citizens to know and love them. I suppose that in the course of a year we have in the Cathedral nearly 570 Anthems, *i.e.* on an average eleven a week. Would it, think you, be difficult to have

one from Handel *at least* once a fortnight? I should myself prefer one a week, but one a fortnight would be much.

Then, again, there are special parts of the year, and special days, at which Handel has almost a prerogative claim, so marked a hold has he gained on the religious heart of the nation.

He then mentions thirty-four anthems from Handel suitable for different occasions, and continues :

I am sure you will not for a moment imagine that I do not personally enjoy the many beautiful Anthems which day by day and Sunday by Sunday are brought before us, or that I should ever dream of asking that we should be denied the great benefit of variety and, so to speak, catholicity of composers and subjects, but it seems to me, after six months of observation, that we hardly avail ourselves sufficiently of the greatest of all, notably Handel, and in a less degree Mozart. And yet the popularisation of such divine gifts seems to be a special duty incumbent on Cathedrals.

In September 1886 he preached in the Cathedral at the Three Choirs' triennial musical festival on the text, 'Comfort ye my people.'

I would remind you on this great occasion that to *comfort the people*, as it is one of the main duties of life, so it is one of the main privileges of all true art, and not least, surely, of that noble art for which we are giving thanks to-day. . . . It is a most blessed truism that music possesses beyond all other branches of art—beyond indeed every gift of God except the felt presence and outflow of a sympathising soul, the power to soothe, to touch, to encourage, in a word to *comfort*.

Later on he turned to the professional musicians :

Use your divine gift of summoning tears, of recalling memories, of revealing sympathies, of kindling

hopes, of inspiring heroism, of ' bringing all Heaven before the eyes ' of the most sorrowful, aye, and even the most sin-stained—use this divine gift not only to please and thrill the prosperous but to ' comfort all that mourn,' to bring back to desolate hearts, however obscure, the presence and the consolations of Him Who has said, through the mouth of His servant, ' The poor shall not always be forgotten ; the patient abiding of the meek shall not perish for ever.' Ah ! if I could presume to people the vision of a great singer or composer with an audience worthy of his powers at their fullest and grandest, it would not be with the most refined and best instructed, nor again the most reverent and devout, nor again—if I may dare to accompany his imagination heavenwards—with Angels and Archangels, intent on their own rapt worship of the Most High ; but with such assemblies as Jesus loved, the ' common people,' who ' heard Him gladly ' ; the ' publicans and sinners,' who ' drew near unto Him for to hear Him ' ; the crowded multitudes from village and city who, as they listened to His words of comfort and marked His works of mercy, ' glorified God, Who had given such power unto men.'

## CHAPTER XII

### HEROES AND FRIENDS ; LETTERS

ALLUSIONS to historical and biographical incidents were as common in the Master's letters and conversation as was literary talk. To him the whole year was a chain of anniversaries, almost every day suggesting some dramatic or romantic memory, on which a story or a reflection might be hung. His heroes were very various. Among them were many fighting men like Epaminondas, Gustavus Adolphus, Bayard, Wolfe, Montcalm, Nelson, Sir John Moore, Wellington, Garibaldi, Gordon ; statesmen like Themistocles, Chatham, Pitt, Canning, Cavour ; saints and reformers like St. Francis, St. Louis, Savonarola, the two Wesleys, Wilberforce, Newman, Shaftesbury, F. D. Maurice, Patteson, Erskine of Linlathen. Of these all, perhaps Nelson, the younger Pitt, William Wilberforce, and Gordon were most often in his thoughts. With some of them there were family links. On October 21, 1905, he wrote :

How I have longed to live to see this anniversary. Fancy my dear Father giving the *first* Harrow Whaler for Trafalgar, but not of course on the day itself, for the news did not reach England till, I *think*, November 7. . . . My Mother, born 1796, was at the funeral at the end of 1805.

Every October 21 in later years he used to gather his wife and such children as were present into the study

at the Lodge, and read out to them the last chapters of Southey's Life of his hero—'the darling Hero of England'—from the departure from Merton onwards, until emotion mastered him.

Well done, dear old Nelson [he wrote on one of these anniversaries]. May you be always loved as much as now, and may posterity remember your thousand virtues and consuming patriotism, not your one deplorable error.

With Pitt the link was that Dr. George Butler had been present in the gallery of the House of Commons on February 17, 1800, when Pitt made the most telling of his impromptu replies. Tierney had challenged him to define in one sentence the object of the war, 'without any *ifs* and *buts* and special pleading ambiguity.' 'I know not,' said Pitt, 'whether I can do it in one sentence, but I can state it in one word. It is *security*—security against a danger, the greatest that ever threatened this country, the greatest that ever threatened mankind; a danger the more terrible because it is unexampled and novel.'<sup>1</sup> His father had also seen and heard Napoleon Bonaparte in Paris during the Peace of Amiens in 1802, as it was a pleasure to the Master to remember; for though Boney was by no means one of his heroes he took the deepest interest in his career and his campaigns, and always carried about in his purse five gold Napoleons of different dates on which the changes in his fortunes and features could be traced.

With Wellington the connection was closer. At an Oxford Encaenia Dr. George Butler, though a Cambridge man, had by virtue of the seniority of his *ad eundem* Doctor's degree sat next the Duke, then Chancellor of the University, and had the honour of helping

<sup>1</sup> See *Ten Great and Good Men*, p. 49.

him in his Latin pronunciation. 'What's this name, Doctor,' asked the Duke—'Jacōbus?' 'No, Your Grace, Jacōbus.' 'Then Jacōbus let it be. And I suppose this is Carōlus?' 'Carōlus, Your Grace.' 'Then Carōlus let it be.'

To Montagu Butler there was hardly a gap between the circles of his heroes and his friends. He had lived in a heroic age and many of the friends of his youth had attained Olympus. If he had only seen Wellington and Peel, he had talked with Palmerston and Russell and heard Dickens and Ruskin, Cavour and Garibaldi. He had known Tennyson and Browning, Matthew Arnold and William Johnson, Clerk Maxwell and Francis Galton, Fanny Kemble and Joachim, Gladstone and Bryce and Morley, Bayard and Choate and Page. Of all these he felt, perhaps, an especial reverence for Tennyson, whom he called the most remarkable man he had ever met.

Often when I was with him [he wrote], whether in long walks or in his study, and when I came to think of him silently afterwards, I used to recall his own lines on Wellington :

'Our greatest yet with least pretence, . . .  
Rich in saving common-sense,  
*And, as the greatest only are,*  
*In his simplicity sublime. . . .*'

To go to either of his beautiful homes, to see him as the husband of his wife and the father of his sons, was to me and mine for many years a true pilgrimage, both of the mind and of the heart.

Such visits occurred several times between 1886 and 1892. A letter of July 1890 describes a scene which followed on a Mansion House meeting in connection with the Gordon Boys' Home, at which the Master had moved a resolution :

After this, Hallam Tennyson most kindly carried me off to Mr. Knowles' house, Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, the house where Thackeray first met Becky Sharp ! Soon came in Princess Mary of Teck, and the old Poet read to us in his very best manner those two charming bits of 'Maud,' 'Come into the garden, Maud,' and 'I have led her home, my love, my only friend.' The latter was much in my mind just two years ago. Then there was a good chat with genial Princess M. and when she had left, lunch. . . . The Poet was in tip-top spirits—really I never saw him better—and there was a noble portrait of him by Millais over the mantelpiece which he described as 'a wretched old beast, without feeling or brain.' The *context* of this explosion pointed to *me* grammatically, not to the portrait, and explanations had to be asked for and given amid loud laughter.

In January 1895, after the poet's death, he wrote to his wife from Farringford :

I cannot attempt to analyse my strangely mixed feelings at being here again after the great change. The carriage was waiting for me at the station with every rug-comfort, and I tried, as we entered the well-known gate, to imagine the old tremulous hero-worship, perhaps the best and purest thing in my life, when we used to walk up there by day or drive in the evening. He seemed then to represent all that was most romantic in one's youth, most enquiring and serious in one's Cambridge days, and most interpretative of every present social, national or literary movement. Then the walk on the downs—not for a long time without some shyness and nervousness on my part—and the dinner at six, and the short adjournment for dessert in the drawing-room, and the chat upstairs in the old smoky den, still preserved, and finally the delightful read later on from 'Enoch Arden' or 'Aylmer's Field' or 'Maud' or 'Guinevere' or the 'D. of Wellington,' etc., etc. There is no *return* of such feelings. They

come once, and they go in a certain sense for ever, but I hope they leave something good behind.

In the course of his long life thousands of acquaintanceships ripened into friendships. For it was natural to him to love and to admire, sometimes without full discrimination, but such was his creed. 'Believe, even to credulity, in the preponderance of good among boys as well as men.' It is common to find in his letters such expressions as 'I love the man more than ever'—'One of the best Christian men and truest friends that I have ever known.'

Often his admiration is expressed at enthusiastic length, as for instance in the following letters, both, as it happens, evoked by sermons.

Of Farrar, July 27, 1890 :

I have just come back from a really magnificent sermon of Farrar's at the Abbey. . . . It was a *speech*, or rather an outburst of not unchastened or extravagant feeling, of nearly three-quarters of an hour. The subject was taking up the cross—effort, discipline, self-denial absolutely needed for the Christian life. This he enforced by *examples*, mainly of Saints Anthony, Benedict, Francis, all given with absolute ease and flexibility of voice, and at the same time with great emotion. It was addressed *chiefly* to the young, but any man or woman might be thankful to hear it. I have no patience with critics, whether at Cambridge or elsewhere, who disparage this highly gifted and highly strung man. They might thank their stars if on 'putting out to sea' they had done a thousandth part of the good granted to him.

Of Westcott, June 16, 1894 :

We have just had from Bishop Westcott one of those sermons which are beyond criticism. 'Via hominis visio Dei,' a saying of St. Augustine, applied

to St. Paul's words, Eph. i., 'the eyes of your heart being enlightened.' It would be difficult to analyse. Its real and unique value lay in its being a declaration of faith, or something closer than faith, beaming from the irradiated face of such a man. Charles Prior brings him to our Hall this evening. I feel ashamed to meet him after such a sermon. I *think* he meant it to be his farewell to us. I doubt whether we shall ever see him again either in University or College. Dear, good, great man—'of whom the world is not worthy.'

If the Master spoke thus of his friends, they did not fail in gratitude for what he gave them. One spoke of his 'affectionate faithfulness in friendship.' Another wrote of 'your unfailing kindness to me, kindness which has really added so much to the happiness of the last seven years of my life.' Another said : 'I think it is your life which has taught me more than any other to know that "kindness takes nothing from the strength of a character but only adds to it a new and tender beauty" like the sunlight on a mountain head.'

These innumerable friendships were cemented and perpetuated by the Master's genius for letter-writing. His letters were like his talk ; they make no surprising revelations, but they show the width of his sympathies, his amazing memory, his wisdom and his tenderness, his playfulness and his humour. One may despair of giving an idea of these two last qualities in particular. The delight of his letters lies not in quotable *mots*, or neatness in expression, but in the naturalness, the large profusion of his humour. His jokes are of the nonsensical order ; they were designed for the amusement of relations and intimate friends, and are full of ridiculous comment on his and their behaviour.

His daily letters or postcards to his daughter, Mrs. Howson, contain an endless flow of such jokes.

From North Wales, September 1894 :

Your *eggs* were perfect, and almost induced me, in spite of my horrible experience the other day, to begin boiled eggs again *generally*, but this I cannot quite do. 'Confidence is of slow growth in an aged bosom,' said Lord Chatham, with whom by the bye I had a good deal of chat last night in a dream ! I am dreaming wonderfully just now—had an ignominious 5' with Dizzy in a *day-dream* in my writing room, told him I was over sixty and that my children and I greatly enjoyed his novels. (Maud has just been reading 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil.') He looked as if I expected a pension. Last night I woke just as a young lady with whom we had been chatting pleasantly was ordered off to be shot by a file of soldiers. Mr. Oxenham and C. O. Eaton were among the company, besides Lord Chatham.

This letter was written in 1901 :

I am delighted to hear that you have begun to take little Jack Howson into Latin paths. How constantly you will be reminded of your own early wanderings in the labyrinths of that majestic language, and in particular of the progress which you made, under loving eyes, in the *curiosae felicitates* of Quintus Horatius Flaccus. How well can I fancy you imparting to the eager young student all the inspiration that you then so greedily drank in. It is generally held that Flaccus showed singular delicacy of insight in transferring, as he says, the Aeolian strains to the metres of Italy. You will delight in pointing this out to J. It can never be too late to suggest that, among all the cases which fall under notice of the student, the Nominative holds, by common consent, a more than prominent position ; while at the same time the respective rights of its five subordinates must be conscientiously observed. The remarkable relations of the Accusative with the Infinitive require a most scrupulous attention, and the

deference due to the feminine gender, especially in the case of trees and houses, demands the chivalry of a Bayard.

This from Hunstanton in April 1903 :

On Saturday I actually bowled out the Hope of the Harrow Fifth Form with a SNEAKER which BROKE ! The combination of two vices, as Canning puts it, produced one crushing virtue.

This to his sister Emily, on July 3, 1907, the day after his seventy-fourth birthday :

Nelson's chief ships were 74's. May the little thunder that still remains in me be turned to as good an account !

Letters or postcards in verse to his family were constantly celebrating birthdays and chance incidents, grave or comic, which had struck his fancy. His touch was equally light in either case, and perhaps most characteristic when both veins were blended. One version would follow another for days on end, suggesting Bentleian emendations or alternative readings. The birth of his youngest Morley-Fletcher grandson in March 1910, and his name David, inspired almost daily poems for a fortnight.<sup>1</sup>

The following lines announced to her eldest sister a crime committed by Mrs. Butler at a time when her other sister, Miss Liliás Ramsay, was staying in the house :

Last night she left the taps a-going ;  
This morn the bath was overflowing.  
I leave it to a sister's feeling  
To gauge the effect upon the ceiling.  
Lest someone should misjudge his *filias*  
I'm bound to add it was not Liliás.

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 272.

Here is an apology for an unposted letter :

If Memory oft finds her chosen seat  
 In lovely lady's locket,  
 Forgetfulness may seek a base retreat  
 In portly pater's pocket.

Once or twice Mrs. Howson was guilty of sending him a blank postcard ; this is one of many replies embroidering the theme :

How rare, in any written Composition,  
 To find the faults, if any, are Omission.  
 Once I received a blank unsullied letter,  
 And almost said ' She never wrote a better.'  
 No heartless jest, no lack of common sense,  
 But, like Herself, a blotless Innocence.  
 If Ministers of State would take the hint,  
 And write a safe Despatch, with nothing in't !

Sometimes he telegraphed in verse—the word ' telegram ' he would never allow. Here is a report after a journey :

Simply tempestuous Boreas roared  
 One imperturbable snoozled and snored.

And here a birthday greeting from Kinloch Rannoch :

Schiehallion loch and eight relations  
 Accumulate congratulations.

Besides the stream of letters to his children and brothers and sisters, he corresponded regularly with relations and friends in all parts of the world ; he never failed to congratulate or condole on events in the careers of his friends and pupils, or to keep anniversaries, both public and private, freshly remembered. And he was constantly engaged in writing for subscriptions to memorial funds or for information about candidates. His total output of letters was immense, and all, except during

his Vice-Chancellorship and one or two periods of temporary incapacity, were written by his own hand.

From Dr. G. H. Rendall :

I truly marvel how you are able to keep up with the doings and interests of old friends, *and tell them so*. I so often feel a glow of pleasure in some remembered name, which no winged word ever carries to its subject. But you seem never to fail.

From Professor Sir J. J. Thomson, his successor in the mastership :

My wife and I thank you most heartily for your very kind letter. One of our very greatest pleasures on occasions like this has always been the letter we have received from you and the good wishes it conveyed.

From Dean Inge :

One of our first remarks to each other was 'How delightful it will be to get a letter of congratulation from the Master of Trinity.' And so we are not surprised to receive from you the most delightful of all our letters.

From G. M. Trevelyan :

Thank you very much indeed for your charming letter such as no one but yourself can write. Whenever any pleasing event in my life takes place I always look forward to getting *your* letter about it, and I always get it.

His advice on important and difficult matters was constantly sought. The following is taken from one of many letters received from his old Harrow pupil, Archbishop Davidson :

A letter of characteristic kindness and help has reached me from you. You have from my boyhood onwards been a guide and a 'stand by' among all the

changes and chances of the passing years and the growing responsibilities, and there are few men on earth to whom I owe more than I owe to you.

A friend whose conduct had come in for strong condemnation, and who was resigning his post, wrote to him :

Your letter, so kind, so human, so full of the sympathetic care which pierces straight to the heart, came to me last night. No words of thanks can express my feelings ; let me only say that my thought and my spirit are touched at their innermost. . . . Regrets at the passing of the old life do not prevent me, at this moment, from looking forward in the spirit of your concluding words that bid me abound in hope.

There were some families in whose fortunes the Master took a peculiar interest, notably that of the Wordsworths :

Among his other enthusiasms [writes Mr. Gordon Wordsworth] he ranked my Grandfather and my Cousin Christopher, Bishop of Lincoln, and more than once told me that in his opinion Cambridge never produced a finer Classical Scholar than the latter. He was good enough to ask me to the Lodge where I spent four of the happiest and most interesting days of my life. . . . He put me in the Royal rooms and astonished me by his knowledge of all the ramifications of my family (as well as of the Arnolds) and seemed to take a real pride in points of resemblance and of contact between his family and mine.

Mention of the Arnold family recalls his reverence for the great headmaster of Rugby. Every year, on the anniversary of his death, it had been Dean Stanley's custom to write to Mrs. Arnold, and after her death to her daughter, Miss Francis Arnold of Fox How. When Stanley died, the Master inherited from him the annual letter and never forgot it.

Seventy years ago ! [he wrote on June 11, 1912]. And we are both alive to remember the solemn event and to recognise what I might almost call its increasingly solemn significance. The education of the English gentry would have been by now a very different thing if your illustrious Father had not given it its distinctively Christian direction. To his one surviving child it must of course mean much more, that he was taken away from earth as in a moment on this bright Summer day, but the public significance, the national significance, you also will deeply feel.

Miss Arnold wrote thus to thank him for his letter of June 1907 :

It would not be easy for me to express to you the deep and heartfelt pleasure and gratitude which your letter and telegram and your enclosures have given me this morning. I can but thank you from my heart, and most truly also do I thank God that with voice and pen you are enabled so to help and inspire and guide—in these 'difficult days'—onward and upward, in the very spirit of fearless and of loving faith which was the inspiration of my dear father's life.

The thought of death, his own and others', was never far from his mind. His letters of condolence on such occasions were never conventional, and only duty or infirmity could keep him from being present at the funeral of a friend. Here is one of his letters written to a lady on the day of her husband's funeral at Harrow :

I imagine that you must now be just leaving the Church, perhaps to the sound of 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' and slowly descending the Hill to the place of the final earthly home. There he will lie not very far from dear John Smith and others who have faithfully served us and will long be remembered at Harrow. And then you will all return to your quiet home 'with hearts new braced' and will look back

thankfully to the 'days that are no more,' and onward hopefully and trustfully to the 'years of the right hand of the Most Highest.' It is a wonderful expression, and though we can never give it *fulness* of meaning, we can clothe it with Christian visions.

To his brother-in-law, Francis Galton, August 16, 1897 :

We must all draw together more than ever for such years as may still remain. We have always felt so proud of you and so grateful for the happiness you have given to our dear sister. Thank God, in nearly forty-five years there has never been anything but love between us. Those happy walks before 1860 were but prophets of good. . . . You know how full my own belief is that we shall see our dear ones again in the new life, little as we may be able to imagine it, and impossible as it must always be to prove it. That bright hope I feel sure she has herself carried away into the darkness. God grant that it is no illusion. Surely neither brain nor heart, neither the love of truth, nor the love of goodness, nor the love of dear loving human hearts can be bounded by eighty or ninety years. 'Behind the veil ! Behind the veil !'

Out of many letters showing how deeply his sympathy was appreciated it will suffice to quote one from the father of a friend who had died in exceptionally sad circumstances :

If anything could temper the bitterness of this cup of sorrow, it would be the kindness and, as you are good enough to put it, the brotherly sympathy of the letter from you which greets me this morning. What greater consideration for me, or honour to him, could have been shown than by your making that long journey in order to be present yesterday in Chapel and at the cemetery ?

Here are letters of comfort written in the shadow of illness or approaching death.

To Dr. C. J. Vaughan, May 20, 1894 :

MY DEAR DEAR MASTER,—This last sacrifice goes to my heart, and that the thought that any writing from *your* pen should be an ‘ill-written scrawl’ has a pathos of its own. . . . I long for weeks of warm sun that you may get out and bask. There is nothing ignoble in such a physical inertia after all these years of intense labour and strain, mental and spiritual. Earth will never be *too* dear to you. I read every day some parts at least of your sermons, and love to think how close the tie which binds us still continues. If it is not eternal, it will be my fault alone.

To Henry Sidgwick, May 29, 1900 :

Your letter meets me on my return from a day in London. There has hardly been time to take in even a part of its solemn meaning—what it must in any case, what it may possibly mean. But I cannot delay sending just one most inadequate word of deep affection and gratitude for all you have been to me ever since you came up here at seventeen—in those blessed golden days. You have played a large part in many lives as well as in many great causes, and I seem to feel that many choice spirits must somehow be near you at this sacred point in your career. I shall venture to look in some time to-morrow for just the *chance* of a few brotherly words, but of course I shall be in no way surprised if it is thought better that you should be quite quiet. Silence and prayer are not weak weapons. ‘*Plura preces possunt hominum quam incredula corda Fingunt posse preces.*’<sup>1</sup> So Alfred Blomfield translated in ‘the Book’ at Harrow long years ago, and surely, though we cannot—can never—explain, we can heartily believe this. I will say no more now—I want a quiet interval to think, hope, be thankful, pray.

<sup>1</sup> More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of.

To his son-in-law, E. W. Howson, January 8, 1905 :

Agnes tells me that yesterday Mr. Robson made to you that grave and solemn disclosure which may at any moment be made to any of us—to *me* how very easily!—and which has from time to time troubled so many loving hearts. And yet there remains for all and each of us, high and lifted up, ‘Let not your heart be troubled.’

All that love and prayer and human wisdom can do is fighting on your side to keep you with us and us with you, and we will hour by hour eagerly hope that you may be granted to our prayers. But there is an ‘if not’ in all human things, and no one knows that more bravely or more piously than you, dearest Ned. You cannot but know what an unspeakable blessing you have been to us all ever since I knew you, for I need not go back to still earlier days, often as they will now be crowding on your own memory. But for now more than twenty-three years what have you not been to all of us—

1. To Harrow.

2. To dearest Agnes.

3. To so many of all our families, young and old? You know at least what deep gratitude from us *all* breathes forth its blessings upon you, and you know that as long as any one of us survives, there is not one who will not do his and her utmost to keep the sacred bond unbroken and to keep alive not your dear memory only but your powerful influence, with its ‘Sursum Corda’ to all good.

Dearest Ned, the time must be very near when I must myself be *certainly* in the position which may *possibly* be soon yours, and may have to take ‘for a little while’ farewell of those who have so tenderly loved me. At such a time I believe that no human words, outside family affection, would speak to me with quite so much comfort as a few of the great sayings of the Master Himself, and then the ‘Rock of Ages, cleft for me.’ All these words and thoughts go to the ‘root

of the matter.' They bring us not necessarily 'joy'—that may have to wait—but peace, and reverence, and hope, and trust, and certainty of being not in any homeless loveless void but in the 'everlasting Arms of perfect Love and Wisdom'—that love which has led us all our life long, as it led dear Parents and Brothers and Sisters, and now *may* be 'providing some even better thing for us.' Therefore θάρσει, dearest friend and son, always  $\epsilon\nu$  Χριστῷ.

## CHAPTER XIII

### LIFE AT THE LODGE

THE Master's marriage—his escapade, as one stern Fellow called it—brought an unwonted brightness to the Lodge. To his bride of twenty-one much of the new life must have been formidable. From the drawing-room she would spy, approaching across the Court to pay their calls, a stream of elderly dons and their ladies, and at parties she was usually taken into dinner by the Head of a College. But these terrors had their humorous side, and a sister was often available to share them. The first dinner party they gave set a worthy note : no less than seven Senior Wranglers were bidden to welcome another newly married pair ; and from then onwards nearly every Saturday in term time saw a largish dinner party at the Lodge—announced, in wet weather, by the appearance at the Great Gate of a miniature yellow coach of antique pattern, designed to convey lady guests across the Court. In October 1889 began the Master's two years of office as Vice-Chancellor, meaning even more entertainment than usual. Yet in this term he started the custom of inviting Scholars to breakfast in the hope of getting to know them better than was possible at the formal Scholars' parties. Towards the end of the May term, as Cambridge put on its full loveliness, the duties of hospitality thickened, and on one or two evenings the rooms and illuminated garden of the Lodge were thrown open to a large assemblage of guests.

We dined twenty-five [he wrote one Sunday in May to his daughter] and the candelabrum appeared in the singular beauty of its bridal dress. It had been re-frosted during the week. Much as I enjoy these big gatherings, I shall be glad if we all live to be quiet again five weeks hence. Our two 'Receptions,' 26th and 27th, will be enormous affairs, possibly three hundred or four hundred at each. They include all our Third Year men, so that in future we hope none of our undergraduates will go down without having seen the inside of the Lodge *at least once*. I feel less entirely unworthy of such a palace when our young men get to know it.

In February 1889 his first grandchild, Hugh Howson, was born at Harrow, and in the following July appeared the eldest of his three sons by his second marriage ; the second, Gordon, named after General Gordon, was born in October 1891 ; the youngest, born in December 1893, was given the name of Nevile, the great Master who built the Old Court, the Cloisters, the Fountain and the Hall. The first of these babies was vulgarly known as Herodotus, in honour of his mother's edition of the seventh book of the History<sup>1</sup> ; the second was called Cato, since his arrival on a day when his father voted in a minority in the Senate House clearly showed support of a defeated cause<sup>2</sup> ; and the third, Tacitus, *a non tacendo*.

The Master's letters show how happy his life had now become. On his birthday in 1894 he wrote to his sister Emily :

Truly our years accumulate, and with wonderful swiftness, but I do not think our hearts are losing their

<sup>1</sup> See *Punch*, Dec. 7, 1889, 'A Pardonable Mistake' (with illustration by du Maurier). 'Young Mother (lately from Girton) : "Come in, dear. Excuse me for one moment. I'm just ordering a crib for Herodotus." Fair Friend (not from Girton) : "Oh, that's what you're going to call dear Baby, is it ?"'

<sup>2</sup> The motion to appoint a Syndicate to consider the abolition of compulsory Greek.

youth. . . . How few men of sixty-one can have so much youth in their house and garden as I am allowed to see.

In 1897 he wrote :

Truly we have all been marvellously blessed in home happiness, and some of us in such strangely unexpected ways ! No novelist would have dared to imagine what has actually happened and become firmly consolidated.

Apart from the happiness flowing in to him as husband, father, grandfather, and brother, he found great enjoyment in the ordinary social life of Cambridge. He was naturally extremely sociable, and on returning from a party at a friend's house he would sometimes throw himself down in a chair and remark comfortably 'I like my kind.' After a friend's visit he wrote :

We must try to catch that good Dean again and keep him a little longer. Surely he is one of the brightest and most reposeful of visitors, fresh of mind, fluent in quiet speech, interested in great and good men and people. One could imagine a delightful series of coses round a fire with him, in slippers and dressing-gown.

But he could confess to enjoying big gatherings too, and was in his element on such occasions in spite of his admitted inability to remember the names of well-known friends. Moving from guest to guest and contriving always to show his real individual interest in them all, he looked a stately figure in the decanal apron and breeches he wore of an evening, to which on academic festivals his scarlet gown added splendour.

Some occasions of course had a special interest, and none more so than the Harrow party which he gave every year on or about November 5, the day his father first took

him to the school in 1846. This party, as Mr. Graham has explained, has a long ancestry. It took the place, in the Master's calendar, of the Monitors' dinner given at Harrow by the headmaster, itself deriving from the oyster supper to which Longley<sup>1</sup> used to entertain the Monitors as a reward for their labours in patrolling the streets on the evening of Guy Fawkes Day. At Cambridge unworthy rumours were once current that the party was instituted to keep Harrovian undergraduates out of mischief. The custom was to invite all Harrow men for whom there was not room at dinner to come in afterwards to sing school songs under the auspices of John Farmer or, after his death, Professor F. C. Burkitt or some other Harrow musician. The following letter refers to the Harrow party of 1892:

The gathering last night was a *very* great success, thanks to dear Mr. Farmer and all. I don't know that I ever enjoyed one quite so much. We were *nearly* one hundred strong, and we ended—or nearly ended—by singing 'Auld Lang Syne' standing in a long circle all round the big drawing-room, arm linked in arm. I was between Agnata and Walter Headlam. When it was ended, I said a few words of thanks to him and asked him to end with 'God save the Queen,' but he electrified us by asking first for 'O God, our Help in Ages past,' and we sang three verses of the noble Hymn, as by inspiration. Really it seemed a sort of prophet's voice from our dear heretic friend. We had shortly before sung Ned's 'Five Hundred Faces,' which I explained to old Sir Thos. Wade. As old Ben Drury left, he said to me *con espressione*, 'the happiest day in the whole year.'

The Master valued highly the opportunities his position gave him of entertaining foreigners. Never, perhaps, was he more delighted by any remark than by the parting

<sup>1</sup> Headmaster of Harrow 1829-36; afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

question of a Scandinavian guest who had spent some time at Cambridge acquiring information about the University. The Master asked him whether there was any further matter on which he desired enlightenment. He replied : ' I should like to ask just this : have you at Cambridge any strong points ? I know your weak points. I come from Oxford.' Sometimes his efforts to make foreign visitors feel at home were not wholly successful ; as when he hummed the Austrian national anthem for the benefit of a Hungarian theologian. The Magyar however took no offence, and said later that the Master represented in appearance his ideal of Moses and St. John. After returning to his own country he wrote thus :

I am grateful to God that he let me know you and your family : my soul became richer by your valuable acquaintance, and I am very thankful to you for your kindness towards me.

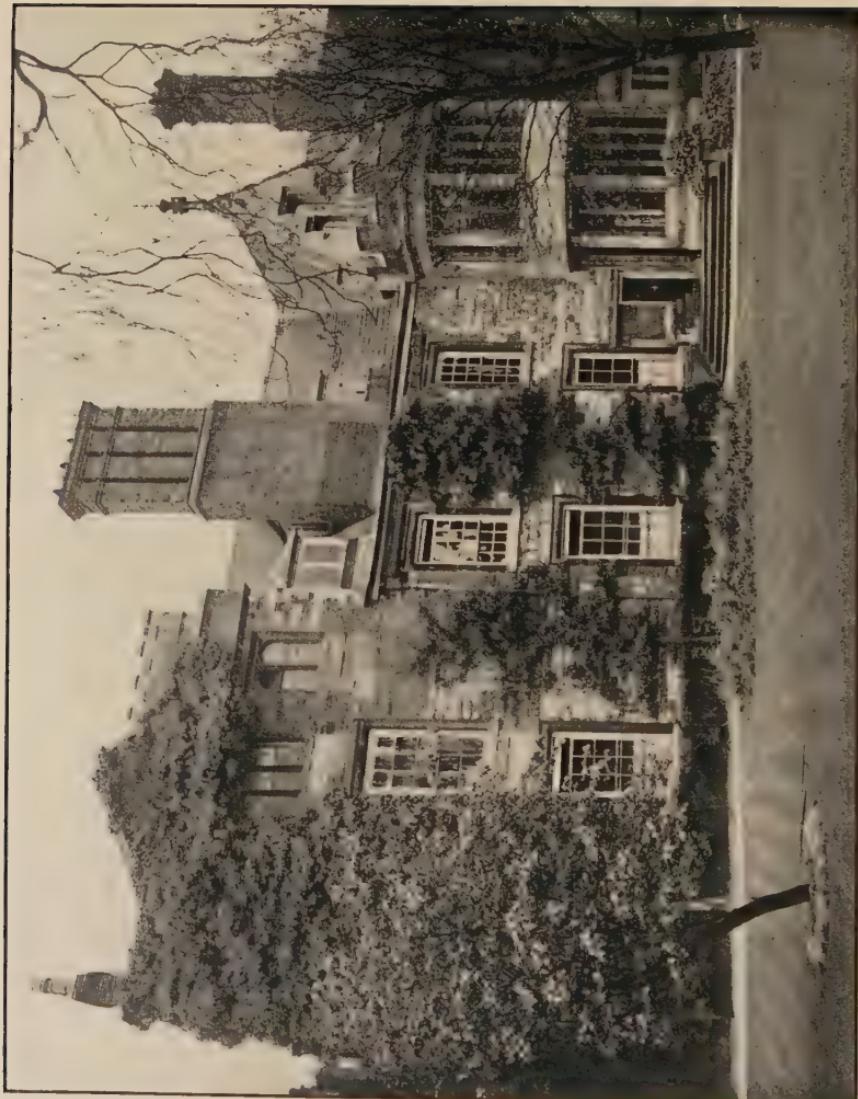
Many years earlier George von Bunsen had written :

I have been so tossed about on English railways and at English firesides since we enjoyed those incomparable days at Trinity Lodge that the moments were not forthcoming when I could welcome pen and ink and paper for writing. And yet I have it much on my heart to tell yourself and Mrs. Butler of all the kindness we experienced at your hands. The whole thing—your invitation, your ways and views of life, your thoughtfulness about everything that could bring Cambridge nearer our understanding and our hearts, the persons to whom you made us known—all was like a blessed fairy tale to each and all of us.

In the treasures and associations of the Lodge he took great interest, and he did much to increase them. He gave careful thought to the lighting of the pictures and restored a worthy fireplace to the great drawing-room. Bentley's staircase was adorned with a multitude



TRINITY LODGE, FROM THE MASTER'S GARDEN



of portraits of distinguished Trinity men, clerics on the one wall, laymen on the other, and a representative collection of judicial portraits was assembled in the chambers consecrated to the judges of assize. Walls, in the Master's view, were wasted unless every square foot was hidden by pictures—he had brought from abroad a number of engravings of famous works—and in his own study portraits hung and swung even on the doors. And there was besides a long table bristling with family photographs. The rest of the room was so flooded with books and loose papers that for any special piece of work he was forced to migrate elsewhere, either to a sunless bedroom near by or to a cosy little room in the new wing built for the accommodation of the judges' clerks.

He loved the quiet beauty of the Lodge garden, and might often be seen pacing the lawn in converse with an undergraduate or a colleague. It was one of his favourite customs to lead his guests, under strict orders to keep their eyes shut till the word was given, to a cleared space in the ivied wall overhanging the smooth green river, and then to bid them open them on the lawns and buildings of St. John's.

Of exercise in term time he had little, but he loved a drive along the Backs and into the country, particularly up the Coton Hill on the St. Neots road to a chosen turning known, from its multitude of thistles, as Happy Ass Corner. Here in early days it was his habit to get out and walk, coatless and happy—as soon as the Backs were left behind the decanal silk hat had been discarded for a wideawake—and tradition told of an interview with a farmer to whom he proposed a pact on equal terms. If the Master of Trinity might be allowed to trespass in his shirtsleeves on the farmer's land, the farmer was to feel at liberty to walk in his shirtsleeves, whenever the fancy took him, in the garden at Trinity Lodge.

At Harrow he had ridden and had possessed a carriage, and in 1886 Trinity Lodge boasted stables. Hearing that the new Master did not intend to use these for their natural purpose, an enterprising undergraduate once asked for permission to keep his ferrets in them. They eventually disappeared in the building alterations of 1892. The Master's Cambridge drives were taken in a hired landau drawn by a succession of steeds who had seen better days, and whose peculiarities formed an endless topic of jocular conversation with their blushing driver.

Friends often commented with admiration on the Master's relationship with servants. His invariable courtesy to them, his kindness and justice, and the close personal interest he took in their characters and welfare won their affection, and he could joke with them without embarrassment on either side. A visitor whose conversation with the Master in the garden was once disturbed by peals of merriment from the servants' hall noted that his host showed no annoyance but rather pleasure : 'I like to hear them happy,' he said, and suggested moving to a quieter part of the garden. His humour and tact did not fail at awkward moments. In 1888 a crisis had occurred in relations with the rather exacting butler, who had threatened departure but had been dissuaded.

Agnata and I are immensely relieved [wrote the Master]. I had feared that he might insist on my parting with *her*, but he drew the line at John. I always thought he was a reasonable man.

Of a footman's departure he wrote :

Joseph of course leaves us solely by his own desire. We would have kept him till he was white in the head and black in the face.

One of the chief features of the household at the Lodge was the long service of many of its members.

With the College servants too he was on excellent terms. The daughter of his former bedmaker was a regular visitor in the housekeeper's room and used to tell of instances of his courtesy to her mother long remembered and cherished. His sermons at the special services held for the College servants before the beginning of term were highly appreciated. In June 1887, two days after his daughter's death, he wrote a letter to be read at their Jubilee dinner in the Hall. Pointing to the Queen's example,

Let it help us all [he said] to remember that, though very few of us can be either great or clever, there is not one of us, man or woman, who may not serve this great College with heart and mind and soul and strength, so that, when our turn comes to be no more seen, those who remain may bear witness that we have not laboured in vain for the common good.

In those days it was one of the Master's official duties to appoint to the dignity of bedmaking. In 1890 he added at the end of a letter to his wife :

Since I wrote the above, I have formally appointed four 'Helps' to be henceforward 'Bedmakers.' It is equivalent to turning Viscountesses into Duchesses or raw St. Andrews Scholaresses into Senior Classics. I had them in the Drawing-room. They seemed so happy, poor things. Life had hitherto been so 'on-regular'; *i.e.*, they had been *obnoxiae* to the autocratic Bedmaker, and now they were autocratic in their turn. They had 'got their blue,' or in Hughie's graceful words of a boy who gets into the Harrow Eleven, they had 'got their flannels.' Human nature is much the same all the world over. This part of my work, the appointment and dismissal of poor Helps and Bedmakers, is one in which you can help me. You shall dismiss and I appoint. You shall do the Judgment and I the Mercy. Then I need never

become unpopular. Then they will always continue to say 'The Master would have been a perfect angel but for that Xanthippe of a wife !' Lightning conductors are most useful to men in public positions !

Among the household at the Lodge the Master's oldest and greatest friend was Emma Wale, the house-keeper. As the nurse of his elder children she was a link with Harrow, and she remained in his service till her death. Emma Wale was a very remarkable woman. She had dignity and refinement, ability and resource, and was beloved above all by children. Her official abode looked out on the Great Court between the porch and the College Hall. Here she sat and dispensed happiness to one generation of children after another, talking, telling stories, singing, showing pictures, filling stamp albums, teaching card games, and producing from her cupboard edible 'good things' and occasionally a mysterious nectar brewed by herself. Always patient and just, she was a perfect friend, and her letters were unrivalled. Her loyalty and love to the Master included all his family, those of the later as well as of the earlier flock. With the cook, a simple kindly Welsh woman who had never learnt to read or write, her relations were particularly charming. She was Miss Jones' guide and protector, and it was a noble sight to see the two venerable ladies proceeding across the Court in black cloaks and bonnets, on shopping intent, or, like stately three-deckers, leading the line of servants into family prayers.

In January 1905 some of the Master's grown-up children presented him with a magnificent fur coat ; Miss Wale thus described the scene to one of the donors :

The coat arrived this morning, and I can't tell you the amount of pleasure it has given dear old Papa ! I wish with all my heart you had all been here to see him ; he was quite overcome, and his voice was full of

tears though his face was beaming with joy, and he said 'Well, all I can say is, God bless them. No ! I'm not going to call him "The Grand Duke." Barnes, mind you hang him a peg away from the Field-Marshal,<sup>1</sup> or he'll be jealous of him !' It fits beautifully, it is loose and comfortable and right length in the sleeves and everywhere. It could not be better. It suits him *so* well ! He asked what he looked like in it, so I told him to look at himself in the glass, and after surveying himself for a second or two, he said 'Good kind people ! All *I* can say is, God bless them !'

On Miss Wale's birthday that year, June 4, the Master wrote :

The Old Woman looks flourishing on her birthday, and broods in thought over (1) George III<sup>2</sup>; (2) all her children and grandchildren. What a Queen Emma I she would have made either at Windsor or Otaheite !

On her death in 1910 he wrote :

The loss of our beloved Nana—Wawa to the young grandchildren and the parrot—is keenly felt by us all. She is among the very best and most noble-hearted women that I have ever known.

In the stressful early days of Dr. Butler's headmastership, his opportunities of showing his playful side to his children were sadly limited, at least in term time, and though there were hours of delightful companionship their love was tinged at times with something of the awe which boys and even masters felt for him. At Cambridge his responsibility was of a far less trying order, and emergencies rarely disturbed his natural serenity. The stern side of his character was practically never seen by his younger children. To them he stood only for tenderness,

<sup>1</sup> The fur coat's less splendid predecessor.

<sup>2</sup> Born on June 4, 1738.

but a tenderness which never concealed his admiration for the virtues of courage and endurance. Here is a letter of 1899 to his two youngest sons, then aged eight and six, addressed

To the Two Red-Coats : My dear little Boys, I want you to ask dear Mummy to read to you part of what we call the Epistle and Gospel of this Sunday, because they say so much of the Good *Shepherd*. In the Gospel Jesus speaks of the bad *wolves*, and how some *bad* shepherds run away like cowards and leave the poor sheep to fall into the hands of the wolves. You would not like to be shepherds of that sort, would you? I know what one of you would wish to do to the wolves before they got hold of any sheep or any dear little lamb.<sup>1</sup> One of the *Psalms* of to-day begins, 'Hear O Thou *Shepherd* of Israel.' Who do you think is meant by that?

He was always a desirable companion to his sons, and they loved his endless reminiscences of cricket and dogs. Knowing well his early prowess at Point, where at imminent risk he had been in the habit of making catches 'off the bat,' they were delighted when one afternoon in the Lodge garden he came for a few minutes to field in that position and crowned all by catching one of them out. With dogs unfortunately, owing to College rules, they never made real acquaintance, but the incidents, some true, more apocryphal, in the lives of Jet and the other Butler dogs were always in their minds.<sup>2</sup> Their father was continually composing rhymes for their benefit, and no one could be more skilful in making instruction entertaining. He rejoiced in many of their mistakes, in none more so than when he himself was the sufferer.

<sup>1</sup> His son Gordon, on hearing that 'the wolf shall dwell with the lamb,' had once said : 'He shan't, I won't let him.'

<sup>2</sup> See below, p. 266.

One of the boys, at a very early age, had heard Macaulay's lines in the 'Prophecy of Capys':

'The Greek shall come against thee,  
The Conqueror of the East;  
Beside him stalks to battle  
The great earth-shaking beast.'

His father asked him what the last line referred to. 'You,' he answered gravely. The mistake was almost excused by the Master's passionate devotion to elephants, or 'gomphs,' alive or imitation.

For donkeys he had possibly an even greater affection. 'I always take off my hat to a Donkey,' he wrote in a letter which Mr. Graham has quoted, and his Latin hendecasyllables, composed in honour of the discovery, after many days, of a stuff donkey named Como (twin-brother to Moco), almost breathe passion.<sup>1</sup> He delighted in a book by the Comtesse de Ségur entitled 'Mémoires d'un Âne,' and the name of its hero, 'Cadichon,' was frequently on his lips.

The earlier and the chief part of all three boys' home education was undertaken by their mother, who first implanted in them the love of Virgil and of Greek. It was only occasionally that their father taught them or their half-sister. It was a new experiment when in 1905 he began taking his son Gordon regularly in Classical composition and translation; it was repeated in the case of his younger brother.

My ears have been visibly growing by daily contact with Nevile [he wrote in 1907]. Old Jet helps us through labyrinths of grammar. Whomsoever he sees, he bites/will bite. Whomsoever he saw, he bit/used to bite.

His ludicrous Alcaic ode on Jet's father Carlo, and

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 259.

the audacious rhymes on the Greek particles, had also an educational purpose.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. R. S. Goodchild, the headmaster of the preparatory day-school to which all the three boys were sent, wrote thus to one of them after the Master's death :

In your early schooldays your Father was always the most kind and considerate of Parents : whenever he felt a criticism was needed it was always expressed in such kindly terms that I felt it was the advice of a friend ; he never missed the occasion of writing a word of encouragement when a boy's name appeared in a school list ; these letters are read from time to time, and each time my pleasure is renewed.

In his sons' and grandsons' Harrow careers the Master largely relived his own. 'Harrow, our dear Harrow,' he wrote, 'is again becoming a constant source of happiness to me.'

His second son, Hugh, joined the school in 1887 as an Entrance Scholar, and played for two years in the Cricket XI. His grandson Hugh Howson entered the school in 1902, was Head of his House, and left as a Scholar of King's in 1907. His three younger sons' Harrow lives covered the years 1902-1912. He wrote in 1903 :

It would be almost too great a happiness to be allowed to see the three dear little fellows at Harrow together.

Yet this happiness was granted to him for one term in 1907. With what sympathetic and imaginative attention he followed every moment of their school lives is shown by his daily letters or postcards. Their progress in Classical studies of course interested him profoundly ; he showered books upon them, as loans or gifts, drew their attention to small points of scholarship and great

<sup>1</sup> See below, pp. 262-6.

points of literature, and supplied perpetually encouragement and inspiration. But he took a similar interest in the other sides of their work, and no less in their play, suggesting new forms of enterprise such as fencing, rackets, and riding. All three boys, like their father and eldest brother, were Head of the Headmaster's House ; two of them, like their father, were Head of the School, and they received their prize from his hands after delivering the Latin *Contio* on Governors' Speechday. In 1917 he had the delight of giving this prize to his grandson Guy, Head of the School and, like his father before him, Captain of both Elevens.

Naturally interested in all anniversaries, he rejoiced greatly to see the centenary of his father's appointment as Headmaster in 1805.

*If we all live till next Easter* [he wrote to Mrs. Howson in October 1904] *when the Century will be fulfilled, there will be room for ever increased gratitude. If only some of you could have known our very dear Father, with whom I imagine his youngest son was a bit of a pet—what we called at Gayton a 'cade.'* George Grey B. of Ewart<sup>1</sup> is the only Grand Child—not Great Nephew—born before he died on April 30, 1853, but I think he was barely five months old. Perhaps dear little Sibell may remember a certain Beard in her dreams.

As during the whole of this period his eldest son, and during the earlier part of it his eldest daughter also, was living at Harrow, he had no lack of excuses or opportunities for returning to the Hill. He writes thus to the Howsons on June 20, 1905, when visiting Harrow in their absence :

I have mounted your stairs, I have sat in your beautiful bright drawing-room, with three females of

<sup>1</sup> The eldest son of George Butler II.

various ages—from two of whom I stole not unwilling kisses. I have taken one grandson and two sons to *Hance*, and had Tea, Cakes, Jam, Strawberries, Cream, Sugar. I have bored them to death, while sitting there, with a series of lectures on the Heroic Metre, Monitors' Exercises, *Prolusiones*, *Jet v. Turk*,<sup>1</sup> Goshawk's professional preference for a little hair taken off at short intervals of time as compared with a large amount of hair taken off at long intervals—sagacious and veracious Goshawk. I have seen my House beat Kemp's into a cocked hat ! I have seen my grandson flushed with conquest after making eighteen, but as modest as *Togo*. I have heard and seen Tallents recite a very prepossessing *Contio*, which I hope to study demain.<sup>2</sup>

The following are extracts from letters written to his sons at school :

*January 28, 1902.*—Keep warm at football by constant rushings. That is how bears keep so warm at the North Pole. They never stay in goal more than five minutes at a time, and the little bears bring them hot chocolate every time the clock strikes anything.

*February 14, 1903.*—I am sure you will never go in for any prize without a real thorough preparation for it. . . . It is the effort, the will, the student-like love of growing knowledge and growing mastery that gives value to these Prizes.

*March 13, 1903.*—I see sixteen Harrovians and thirteen Etonians are in for our Entrance Examination next Monday, but hardly any from either great school for our College Scholarships. Is that right ? What is the use of long years of traditions, Chapels, Libraries, Laboratories, Playgrounds, etc., etc., unless they feed a noble ambition *αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν* ?

<sup>1</sup> Jet's enemy, who used to lie in wait for him at the entrance to Moretons.

<sup>2</sup> P. C. Tallents, Head of the School. His father, G. W. Tallents, was Head of the School in 1874, and his brother, T. F. Tallents—now married to the youngest of the three females referred to above—in 1914.

October 23, 1904.—We have just had an excellent sermon from Dr. James, the H.M. of Rugby, on 'Covet earnestly the best gifts.' His point was the vast importance of high ideals. We might often, nay in some sense always, fall below them in our action ; still we must keep them high and never allow them to sink to the level that satisfies the majority. You have been at Harrow, dear boy, little more than two years, and yet how many proofs you must have seen, in House and Form, of the soundness of this counsel. What poor ideals must boys at School have of duty, of the dignity of learning, of effort, of self-training, of wrestling with difficulty, of unpopular studies, of sympathy with masters, of opportunities of *worship* in Chapel and in the room ! what idolatry of mere athletics, of merely popular superficial gifts, of success without swotting, etc., etc. It is just the same at College and in later life. What we have to try and to *pray* to do is to 'covet earnestly' God's 'better gifts'—to keep our heads cool and our hearts warm, and to 'buy up' every *καιρὸν*<sup>1</sup> of helping others and showing them some kindness—making every younger schoolfellow a sort of Neville !

November 5, 1904.—I could envy you the evisceration for the first time of Thuc. III, 82, 83, 84; 83 contains one memorable sentence which I have always loved and half dreaded as expressing perhaps the greatest moral danger of a public school—τὸ εὔθες, οὐ τὸ γενναῖον πλεῖστον μετέχει, καταγελασθὲν ἡφανίσθῃ.<sup>2</sup> Woe be to any Harrovian who laughs down another's 'simplicity.' It is boyhood's chief treasure.

July 23, 1906.—We are all greatly pleased at the result of the marks, and hope that after Thursday and Friday you may have a good heel-kicking and back-rolling on the sward. That's how *They*<sup>3</sup> recover from their term's labour.

<sup>1</sup> Ephesians v. 16.

<sup>2</sup> Simplicity, of which more than aught else nobleness is made up, was laughed down and killed.

<sup>3</sup> His favourite animals ; see above, p. 159.

*July 25, 1906.*—Some day Jim must do a fine poem in the style of Lucretius, but Virgil is much the safer and richer model—much more of the consummate artist. Still there are times in the lives of most of us when Lucretius and Catullus are our chief favourites, because of their Burns-like veracity and simplicity. But they have not such stately and royal utterances as ‘*Tu regere imperio*—’ or ‘*Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque labore, Fortunam ex aliis.*’

*November 19, 1906.*

There was once a little ὄνος  
Who learned his verbs with pain and πόνος ;  
His too-forgetful conscience dogged him,  
And made him wish his sire had fl——d him.

*December 2, 1906* (after reading a school essay on The Golden Age) :

My own tendency is to be a laudator—or shall we say a *sperator*—temporis futuri, and to be willing to be more or less disappointed with each stage of it as it discloses its offspring. Bishop Creighton, a wise man and wonderfully rich in knowledge of the past, had, so to speak, three favourite ages : (1) The thirteenth century, *i.e.* Dante, Giotto, St. Francis, St. Dominic, Roger Bacon, Edward I and Simon de Montfort, etc., etc. ; (2) The Elizabethan ; (3) The Victorian. I confess, with *pain*, I am more struck with the meanesses of our own time than with what I can divine as to its ‘promise and potency.’ In politics party spirit leads to so much lying and bitterness.’ In poetry, one of the best tests of an ‘age,’ there is, so far as I know it—which is not much—so little ‘faith,’ though much grace of technique. But I try to hope that I am blind, and that much real unselfish enthusiasm and brotherly *love* exists outside my poor ken.

In due time his sons proceeded to Trinity, and all in turn occupied the same rooms on a staircase separated

from the Lodge only by the length of the College Hall. The Master made their undergraduate friends his own without an effort, and greatly enjoyed their conversation when they came to meals at the Lodge.

A postcard of 1912 describes a birthday tea with his son Gordon :

Our tea with dear G——n in his tiny room, not the big one, was charmingly cosy and characteristic. A mother cat and her daughter obviously in fullest accord with him, always jumping into his easy chair without fear of being squashed, and making furtive noiseless advances to the hot toast and milk. It was thoroughly Gordonian.

It was 'a huge delight' to him when in 1913 Gordon won, in addition to many other distinctions—including the Presidency of the Union, the Porson Prize, and the highest possible honours in the Classical and Historical Triposes, the prize for Latin Hexameters founded by himself two years before.

It is a good Latin poem on 'Tame Beasts.' Pluto and Proserpine telephone that Jet's joy is indescribable, and that they have allowed him a week-end exeat with his Parents in Elysium. Faithful old 'tame beast.' He had his faults whether on football field or in drawing-room, but who has not, except 'Middies' of nineteen and a half? <sup>1</sup>

Officially the Master took no part in the boys' education, but his counsel and encouragement were always at hand. In the choice of their later subjects of study, as later on of their professions, he confined himself to advice, never attempting to force their decision. And in everything connected with religion he showed the same restraint, choosing for them until they came to years

<sup>1</sup> Written to Mrs. Howson, whose younger son was in the Royal Navy.

of responsibility and then leaving the choice to them. His faith was serene and strong enough to realise that divergences of view, even with his dearest, need cause no breach of essential unity where both sides were sincere.

The Master was gratefully conscious of the singularly harmonious relations that prevailed between the branches of his own large family, and there was no more sedulous cultivator of all family ties. 'Let us make the very most of all cousinhoods that remain' was one of his aphorisms, and he received high testimonials as grandfather and as uncle. His brother Spencer's son Geoffrey has thus described a long motor drive to the funeral of Francis Galton on which he 'was fortunate enough to be, as it were, his squire.'

The funeral took place in the Lent Term—Saturday, January 21, 1911, to be precise—at Claverdon near Warwick. I remember coming round to the Lodge for an early breakfast (it was just ceasing to be dark) and a well-appointed Cambridge taxi picked us up just afterwards. The route we took I reconstruct as St. Neots, Bedford, Northampton, Weedon, Daventry, Leamington, Warwick, Claverdon. The distance by this route would be some eighty-seven miles. We went without a pause : took luncheon with us which we ate on the way. I forget the hour of the funeral, but I do remember that after waiting twenty minutes they had just begun. Uncle Montagu slipped directly into the Vestry and was able to take his place and conduct his part of the service. Directly it was over, although he was pressed to go up to the house, he set his face against it. There was some distinguished man, or men, staying with him for the week-end and he wished to be back in time for the usual dinner party given at the Lodge. . . . I fancy he arrived just as they had gone down to dinner and, after a few preparations, he was able to sit this through too. A wonderful day for a seventy-eighth year. He

pressed me to stay but I slipped away and called somewhat anxiously to enquire next morning. He had been up for the early service and was full of enthusiasm and perhaps a little triumphant.

I was with him therefore about twelve hours and the day has always left a great impression upon me. I suggested more than once that he should try to sleep, and we had covenanted that he should go to sleep whenever 'so dispoged,' subject to the proviso that I should wake him without fail if he was asleep when we got to Gayton country. . . .

It was however not only family stories that he touched on. I remember he spoke of private reading —that men were divided into those who found it best to work on late into the night and those who liked to get up for work early in the morning, quoting Westcott and my own Father as examples of the latter, and saying that the only people he had met, who could consistently do both, were some of the great judges and law officers ; which reflection suggested a practical test as to the suitability for a career at the Bar ! He advised me to keep a note-book to jot down the name of books which I intended to read, as one came across their titles in one's reading, lectures or conversation. Only so would one prevent them slipping out of the mind. 'This,' he added, 'I have never done but always meant to.' He did suggest that there were certain books one should re-read at regular intervals, as one should have a piano tuned from time to time. Arnold's chapters on Hannibal was one suggestion, I remember. He spoke of the pleasure he had got from having Burke always by him to turn to, especially in vacations, advised constant analysis as a method, but said that he never really found the analyses he had written out any real good afterwards, at least as a substitute for turning to the pages to verify a trend of argument.

He spoke of Cambridge and of having to live a life in it. He said that it was a place of infinite kindnesses but perhaps lacking in the little politenesses. Spoke

of J.'s <sup>1</sup> house as of the last house conducted in the grand manner, and of Mrs. J. as the last *grande dame* of Cambridge. He had apprehensions that the Theological Colleges would form no substitute for the practice by which able Clergymen (he was thinking of Vaughan) had ordinands to stay in their houses and read with them.

He talked of America, which was somewhat in my mind as I had recently returned from a visit ; it was to him a *terra incognita* regarded with kindly incredulity. Everett stood out in his mind and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. Choate and Phillips Brooks were realities. He was interested to hear how, at Uncle Frank's <sup>2</sup> advice, I had watched in the picture gallery at Independence Hall the modern type of American physiognomy develop. He quoted some lines from Whittier which had appealed to Dean Vaughan on his death-bed and repeated a story with great appreciation told him by Gildersleeve, the editor of Pindar ; but undoubtedly his favourite story was of the depressed Bostonian, who, being questioned, replied that Boston wasn't what it had been ; ' he didn't suppose there were more than three men there now who could write the works of William Shakespeare. . . . '

It was not however so much any one remark he made throughout these hours, though the conversation was a very happy one and the memory of it precious to me, as the general influence it had then and still has upon me. I had recently gone as a junior fellow to a college other than that of my undergraduate days. I was passing through a situation which many have been through before and since, but a situation in which to be without a sympathetic guide and adviser has its difficulties. He entered into my feelings in a way that no one who had not his experience could possibly have done, showed an acquaintance with the tradition and past history of my College which has often since struck me as amazing and gave me advice as to

<sup>1</sup> J. W. Clark.

<sup>2</sup> Francis Galton.

principles of conduct which I have found to contain ever fresh meaning. It was the talk of a man, the acknowledged doyen of a great profession which he loved, captivating and inspiring—without effort, unconsciously—a very young man whom he saw taking the first steps along a path which few knew as well as he. It was concrete, as was his habit, for his mind was so richly stored with knowledge of the leading events and personalities of the academic and school past and present world, that his method was always to deal with the particular occurrence, putting it in its true perspective, illuminating it by analogy, enforcing its lesson by comparison, rather than to give one the results of an induction which it was within the power of each individual hearer to make for himself. But he could and did sometimes sum up the fruit of his experience. ‘The second year at a University is the *hardening year*,’ ‘the three years after a man has taken his degree test a man more even than the three years before.’ ‘Admiration must play a part in education—even mutual admiration has its uses.’ Those were three ideas, if not three actual utterances, of that memorable journey. Can anyone who has had any touch with higher education doubt the *mitis sapientia* which lies behind them? The sincerity, the loftiness and the playfulness of his conversation no mere description can recapture.

## CHAPTER XIV

### VACATIONS

SOON after Montagu Butler's election to the Mastership he received a letter of wise advice from his brother Arthur, formerly headmaster of Haileybury, then Fellow of Oriel. It ended : ' You will be, ere long, busier than you have ever been before ; but it only lasts eight weeks.' In point of fact the Master's busiest days usually began just after the eight weeks of full term ; in December and March he plunged forthwith into College scholarship examinations, and in the summer, following on honorary degree and May-week hospitalities, came floods of correspondence with the victors and victims of the Tripos lists, followed in turn by the Annual Gathering of old Trinity men. In July there would be a sequence of functions at Cambridge and away : meetings of University Extension students, congresses of learned associations, pilgrimages about the country to preach and speak at prize-givings. July was also a time for visits from factory workers and other parties on holiday. Mrs. Edward Conybeare has described one of these occasions :

Every summer the women from the Trinity College Mission in Camberwell used to spend a day in Cambridge accompanied by the Warden of the Mission and other workers. . . . They were very happy days for all concerned. . . . One of these excursions took place on June 25, 1912, when all assembled for

luncheon in the dining-room of Trinity Lodge. It was a very pretty scene : the double rows of narrow tables, with one across at the end, were set out daintily, adorned with abundant sweet peas in vases, and many ladies, including Mrs. Butler, took pleasure in waiting on the guests. All being assembled, the Master, Dr. Butler, came in, dressed in his black silk gown and velvet skull cap, and with his own air of benignity walked round the room. Then he stood still and in his clear musical voice, with slow distinct utterance, he spoke to us informally, saying that he hoped all present would enjoy their day in Trinity College as much as Queen Victoria did when she stayed at the Lodge in 1847 to see her husband installed as Chancellor of the University. He had written to her in her Jubilee year, forty years later, venturing to recall this day to her, and she had dictated a letter back to him saying that she remembered every incident of the visit perfectly and that it had been one of the happiest times of her life. Then he expressed his hope that all present might be able to say the same of their day in Cambridge. He talked to us and listened to what we had to say, but when some slang expression was used a look of non-comprehension passed over his face.

Luncheon over, the Master led us upstairs to the great drawing-room overhead and explained the portraits to us. He pointed to Sir Isaac Newton, but said he doubted the truth of the cat and kitten story told by the bedmakers when showing people round Sir Isaac's rooms seen from the windows where we were. . . . Next we were shown the portrait of Bishop Hinchcliffe in wig and lawn sleeves, once Master of Trinity College, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. His wife about the year 1760 set in the centre of the Master's garden an Ailanthus seed given her by a pious Jesuit missionary priest who had brought it from China. In the middle of the garden it grew till it became the beautiful Ailanthus tree still the ornament of the spot.

‘It is now losing its branches one by one through old age,’ added the Master, as he pointed to the tree through the garden window, ‘but I think it will last out my time.’

He told us how the portrait of Henry VIII ascribed to Holbein had hung in this drawing-room for over three hundred years, till the Fellows of the College not long before had claimed it for the Hall. ‘Henry VIII was a very formidable man,’ continued Dr. Butler, ‘and his portrait proved so heavy, I saw it removed myself, that it took six men to carry it downstairs ; one for each of his wives.’

Then he pointed to the portrait of Francis Bacon hanging there, and one of the women asked him, ‘Do you think, Sir, that he wrote Shakespeare?’ ‘It is well,’ replied the Master, ‘that you asked the Master and not the Vice-Master<sup>1</sup> that question, for he would have lost his temper over it, but I don’t think I shall.’ Maisie<sup>2</sup> among other songs sang us ‘Annie Laurie,’ and the Master told us how he had stayed in Scotland in Maxwelton, the house where she lived, now the property of the aged Sir Æmilius Bayley who had to take the name of Laurie. He playing for Eton beat Harrow off his own bat. The Master had been shown the portrait of Annie Laurie—‘not quite equal to the description known through the song.’ He told me how once when at Windsor he was shown a miniature painted for Charles I representing his grandmother, and how at first he (Dr. Butler) did not realise who she was. Then he asked me one of his favourite historical questions, ‘How many of Charles I’s grandchildren sat on the throne of England?’ to which I happened to know the answer. . . .

Later came tea like luncheon in the dining-room of the Lodge, and when this was over the Master and Mrs. Butler accompanied the Camberwell women to the Great Gate of the College, where he handed them

<sup>1</sup> Dr. W. Aldis Wright, joint-editor of the Cambridge Shakespeare.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Fletcher.





VISIT FROM CAMBERWELL, 23rd JULY, 1914

*From a Photograph by Miss A. S. Graham*

into their omnibuses, one by one, as if they had been Queens, with a gracious good-bye to each. . . .

The Master greatly appreciated the letters of thanks he received from his guests. One wrote to him :

You do not know me by name, but I feel sure you will remember the *lame* member of the party from Norwich who visited your College yesterday. Permit me to thank you most warmly for all your kindness to us. I shall never forget such kindness from a perfect stranger. Owing to my life-long affliction I have been about very little indeed, so Thursday last will always remain a red-letter day in my life.

Some time after one of these visits, the Secretary of the Working Women's College, writing on another matter, said how often the students talked of him. 'Indeed everything very "nice" reminds them of Dr. Butler and of Mrs. Butler and the son who took them on the river and told them how often he had fallen into it.'

In Harrow days holidays abroad had been frequent : summer after summer he had returned to the well-loved heights of Mürren. Now they became the exception. In 1888 and 1890 he took his wife to Switzerland, and at Easter 1892 there was a memorable tour in Greece, which he had the delight of showing to her for the first time ; Aeschylus was duly read at Salamis, Pericles—to an accompaniment of donkeys—on the Acropolis, and St. Paul on Mars' Hill. He had not been in Greece himself since 1857 ; at that time nothing was visible at Delphi or Olympia and the Turkish tower still disfigured the Acropolis. His last journey abroad was in 1905, when an extra week added to the Harrow holidays gave him an opportunity of introducing his younger children to his ancient Swiss haunts. An incident of this vacation showed that, though in matters of small moment he could

be unduly, as it sometimes seemed, perturbed by an actual or possible hitch in arrangements, real emergencies found him calm. One Sunday at Chamonix a shock of earthquake cracked hotel ceilings and for some seconds rocked the walls of the small church in which he was sitting with his sons, waiting for the service to begin. The rest of the congregation hurried out, but the Master sat on quietly, pointing out to his sons hymns of special interest.

About the time of their engagement, he promised Miss Ramsay that she would never have any difficulty in beguiling him to Scotland. His romantic nature had taught him to love the country ever since his earliest visit in 1850, and he rejoiced in the strengthening of the tie. Summer holidays were now generally spent in some quiet Scottish manse or lodgings, often ending with delightful visits to Newhailes, Duncrub, and in later years Blair Atholl, but it was rare if in any place, however secluded, he failed to discover some link of friendship. 'One of the delights of our post,' he wrote in 1888, 'is that *everywhere*, go where we may, the Trinity tie secures us sympathy and brotherhood.' In 1901 he had the pleasure of finding Mr. Hubert Holden, the editor of *Aristophanes*, at Kinloch Rannoch, and the pride of saying over to him the sixty-four lines of Greek Sapphics into which the veteran scholar had translated Campbell's 'The Last Man' long years before. Gray's 'Elegy,' also, he could repeat to himself without a mistake till the end of his life.

It was in the summer of 1891 that he first made the acquaintance of Bamff, his wife's Perthshire home, and from that time onwards he and his delighted, year after year, in its noble hospitality. Apart from the beauty of the place it was a joy to him to find in this Highland neighbourhood the conversation and the libraries of

scholars. Sir James Ramsay had become a Senior Student of Christ Church after taking first classes in Greats and Modern History, and had devoted the larger part of his life to historical writing ; his youngest brother George, who succeeded his uncle, William Ramsay, in the Chair of the Humanities at Glasgow, had a house only four miles away, and later bought the beautiful property of Drumore nine miles across the moor from Bamff. At Rannagulzion, again but a few miles away, lived the daughter of Professor William Ramsay ; one of her guests, a Balliol Professor, was once unlucky enough to allude, in her presence, to Benjamin Jowett as 'The Master.' He was promptly corrected : 'The Master *here* is the Master of Trinity.'

Escaped from the atmosphere of Cambridge, the Master would achieve a great amount of holiday reading, theological, Classical, biographical, varied with poetry and novels. Portions, at any rate, of Horace, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Tennyson were always included, and these were supplemented, as his three sons reached years of scholarship, by the Classical authors destined for their instruction. Imposed humorously and with moderation—a period of sanctuary being always allowed at the beginning and end of each holidays—and accepted by the victims with mixed feelings, these morning hours of paternal teaching were of inestimable value to them, and as they grew older gave them some idea of what the zest of the Sixth Form at Harrow must have been in the years of his headmastership ; as for him, it may be imagined with what delight he introduced his descendants to the literature which he adored and renewed the memories of that golden prime.

On holidays, as at Cambridge, he was an early riser, and long before breakfast would be out reading, or pacing some selected 'quarter-deck.' On these outings he

made frequent friends, human or animal, and he would report, as often as not in verse, to the family an encounter with a local 'nymph' or 'Jet.' The rest of the morning would be spent in reading and letters, except when the weather or the occasion demanded an all-day expedition.

In the afternoon he walked, in early years with the grown-up members of his family, then, as his powers grew less, more often alone or with his wife, or sometimes with one of his small sons, to whom a *tête-à-tête* devoted to stories of Nelson or Pitt was an event of delightful importance. Many of his friends will remember the slow stride of his tall black-garbed figure, conspicuous in grey shirt-sleeves and scarlet braces, umbrella in hand, wide-awake hat slung round his neck, and coat and waterproof affixed to his arm by a short black strap—an invention of which he was proud. There had been times when he would be convicted of unabashed trespassing—sometimes on the land of former pupils, whose embarrassment, when their keepers reported the incident, was as great as his own ; but in later years his walks became shortened and were perhaps confined to reaching some choice 'beauty point' where he would establish himself and read. It was characteristic of him to insist on being left alone, while his family achieved the longer expeditions he delighted in devising for their benefit. He seemed to enjoy them as much by proxy as he had in his days of strength, and he could be descried afar off with levelled opera-glasses awaiting the travellers' return. On such occasions he rarely returned without recording some fresh translation from or into Greek or Latin verse.

In the evenings there was often reading aloud, sometimes by himself, more usually by his wife, he listening until ineluctable sleep subdued him. Occasionally there was Shakespeare reading, in which all took parts ; nor did the Master follow Chatham's example in refusing to

lower his dignity by reading the comic passages. Sometimes whist was played, and sometimes chess, the father pitted against his three sons in coalition. On one glorious occasion they contrived to induce him to stalemate them ; he was very nearly as much pleased as they were. The day ended, as it had begun, with family prayers read from the 'Church Service' given him as a wedding present by Dr. Vaughan, which travelled, in its brown paper cover, as his inseparable companion.

In the Easter vacation after he became Vice-Chancellor he went by himself for a few days to take the air of Newmarket, giving rise to a paragraph in some of the London papers to the effect that the latest disguise for obtaining secret information as to the form of horses at exercise was a black beard and clerical costume with dean's gaiters. He wrote to his wife :

This is a wonderful place. I begin to believe in Pheidippides and Alcibiades. If the College would grant me two or three additional 'moduli,' I should be strongly tempted to descend into the  $\alpha\gamma\omega\nu\alpha$  next year with a few  $\tau\acute{e}\theta\rho\iota\pi\pi\omega\iota$ . The beautiful sleek creatures are *passim*, with their silky coats and gentle necks—on walls, in stables, out on the heath, ridden without stirrups. There is a gentleness even in their jockeys, and a sympathetic curiosity which 'arrides' me after the blank indifference of the Swiss boors. *There* no one ever seemed to be interested in my walking costume, but to-day a bright young horseman,  $\tau\acute{e}\tau\alpha\rho\tau\omega\varsigma\alpha\omega\tau\varsigma$ , broke the ice at once with : 'Rather warm, Governor ; you can take any path. Put on your hat ; you'll catch cold,' reminding one of Ovid in the cold Crimea,

Anne, Gubernator, nimius calor esse videtur ?

Ne dubites, licitum est quamlibet ire viam.

Noli ferre caput tuto sine tegmine nudum :

Febris adest ; tangat ne rigor ossa, cave.

Could there be a more delicate, almost feminine, consideration for my health? I love these sons of Poseidon. 'Equinum nihil a me alienum puto.' I have had a splendid two and a quarter hours on the high heath this morning, before noon, and hope for three hours more in the afternoon. The air is really first-rate, and I look forward to many little pilgrimages of this kind, not always alone, hereafter. . . .

In my bedroom hangs the lovely Bendigo, who seems to have divided with one Agnata all the honours of the Jubilee year. I believe he has since brought in oceans of wealth to the Master with whom he has linked his fate, while 'Agnata,' they tell me, has just done nothing in this direction, 'if anything rather the reverse.' So the race is not always to the strong.<sup>1</sup>

On September 3, 1890, he writes to his wife from Stresa, describing a day on Motterone with his son Hugh :

We are just back from the noblest of expeditions on a *perfect* day. We started on our *övö* at 6.45, but they were frightfully slow animals, not to be named beside our Brieg steeds, and we did not reach the top till about 11 or 11.15. The early views of the lake through the chestnuts were divine. Some day, with or without me, you *must* see them. The water was unruffled; the shadows of the buildings on the three islands close by hung vertical and unerring, and the noble trees, with their high-bred bark and tapering leaves, formed a perfect frame. It will live among my visions of beauty. At the top—not till then—we came upon my old friend, Monte Rosa. (Hughie, in his filial enthusiasm, reminded of my *beaux jours*, spells it henceforward Monty Rosa.<sup>2</sup>) A mighty mass, not

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to C. S. Calverley's hopeful answer when in an Oxford Viva a Protestant examiner asked him the leading question : 'And is there *any* reason *whatever*, Mr. Blayds, to suppose that *Saint Peter* enjoyed a position of *pre-eminence* over the other apostles?' 'Certainly not, Sir; if anything, rather the reverse.'

<sup>2</sup> Montagu Butler, with his friend, Henry Cunningham, climbed Monte Rosa in 1856. On the strength of his ascents of this mountain, Parnassus, and Jebel-Musa in Sinai, he was elected a member of the Alpine Club.

quite such a sheer *wall* as I had imagined, for there are lower dark ranges in the foreground which I had forgotten—still huge and massive, clearly dominating even the Misshabel Hörner. The extent of snow peaks is prodigious, from Col di Tenda on the far W. to mountains not very far from Venice on the East, but of course it is the nearer objects which give the special interest. H. and I agree, I think, in this—that Lucerne lake from the Rigi is much less striking than Maggiore lake from Motterone. *Per contra*, L. Zug is much more effective from the top than L. Orta. On the whole, taking all into account—range of mountains, lakes, rivers, and the wonderful mysterious steamy plains of Lombardy, not exactly beautiful but stretching away into infinite distance, I should, I think, give the Senior Medal to Motterone, my fellow-examiner to Rigi. They are fairly matched, both certainly in First Division of First Class.

It was during this year that he was engaged on his translations of Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' into twelve Latin metres, and seven Greek.

I am haunted by the lovely 'Crossing the Bar.' It is my companion in solitary walks. I want to get closer to the heart and inner meaning of the lines, *e.g.* the first, so mysterious, and therefore difficult to catch.

A letter describes an incident during the Dresden visit in 1897 :

Yesterday we had to me a touching link with the old past. We all took Q.<sup>1</sup> to the great Scholtz, the pupil of Bülow, who was the pupil of Liszt. Was she good enough for him to take her? And if so, as a *once* a week pupil or *twice* a week? She was somewhat 'trepida' beforehand. Hugh took her to a great music shop, where she practised on a beautiful piano

<sup>1</sup> The Master's youngest daughter, now Mrs. Morley-Fletcher.

for half an hour. The man would take no payment. Then on to Scholtz. . . . Q. wanted no one to be present but Hugh, but Sch. brought us all in, and after a few civilities set her down to a piece of Chopin. Then followed a fearfully hard bit of Brahms, which he partially accompanied on a different piano, and then, thirdly, an Etude of Chopin. . . . Sch. was quite delighted—much more than approval. She is to go *once* a week, every Thursday at 11. I could not help thinking how pleased and proud her dear Mother would have been—herself so ambitious and diligent about first-class playing. . . .

We are living a wondrously full intellectual life—*Siegfried*, *Götterdämmerung*, the latter last night, almost too dreadful, the hero being dis-heroed by a horrid potion. To-morrow, *Faust*! Then the divine Gallery!

From Braemar, August 29, 1892 :

It amuses me here to be asked by the *habitués*, ‘I suppose you were never here before?’ I reply, with infinite dignity, ‘Well, in 1850, I walked from Ballater to Braemar with a knapsack on my back. In 1854 I came through Glen Tilt, wading the river Tarf. In 1882 I walked up Lochnagar with Bishop Lightfoot, and last year did the same with Mrs. Drew.’ Then they bow down to me as a veteran.

In 1900 a sudden attack of angina pectoris disabled him, βλαβέντα λοισθίων δρόμων, for a considerable time, and he often alludes to it. To Mrs. Howson, March 24, 1901, from the Lodge :

I have been giving myself a reposeful day after the busy examination fortnight, sipping the honey of Burkitt, Westcott, Sanday, Lightfoot, etc., on the great subject of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, a matter on which I have never had any doubts, though I am not an expert in such high matters. I hope to

take Lightfoot with me to-morrow with many other books, and to be a 'worm' again at Woburn Sands, only in a much less comfortable chair and study. Our anchors are almost 'up.' My portmanteau is all but fully packed, and unless snow or blizzard or any other ally of the great Bronchial Dynasty interferes unexpectedly, off we all go at 1.15 to-morrow. Thank God, I never felt inwardly better, though it needs only a few yards of *hurry* to remind me that the Inhabitant is still 'there.'

It was long a cherished idea with him to take his wife and three boys to see his first home, Gayton in Northamptonshire, of which his father had been Rector. The dream was at length realised in 1902. Some years afterwards he wrote thus to his sister Emily, a few days after the death of their brother Arthur :

This must be the saddest of all your birthdays. How you and he have loved one another for more than seventy years, and how much you have each been to the other! All Gayton, with much else, seems to come back upon us—the lawn, the Scotch Fir, the dear Oak with its different watch-towers—yours included—the garden with its fruit-trees, old Merlin's grave, the Terrace with our dear Father's profile carved by George, the dear Rectory itself, the Church with its graves and its Tower—and then the thousand human ties that the place brings back, dear Arty being everywhere conspicuous, full of fun, venture, seriousness, love. Let us hope that in long years to come other children at that dear home may be as happy and as tenderly cared for as we were!

In February 1903 a lovely morning makes him sigh for the Perthshire hills, and reminds him how after decoying a son to the top of one of them he had treacherously produced a Horace and read with him a difficult ode.

O what a lovely morn ! [he wrote to that son at Harrow]

O qui me gelidis in vallibus Haemi  
Sistat et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra !

Mount Blair, dear Mount Blair, would do almost as well as Haemus, and still better Mount Archytas with that unexpected Horace Library on his summit. How I should love a walk up there to-day, with coat strapped to arm, hat off, scones in pocket, and perhaps a victim or two as a companion. I should not ask for Trigonometry or 'Stinks' of any kind in that glorious atmosphere. I could do even without the *Bacchae*.<sup>1</sup>

Sufficeret comes ipse Canis : si Iettus adesset  
Hoc foret in votis—verba dedisse Cani.

Would 'verbera dare' do ?

I never expected [he wrote that summer] after my serious angina pectoris on August 7, 1900, to find myself at seventy so very much stronger. I have been returning in a great degree, not wholly, to the full work of past decades, and I have now in prospect between October 8 and December 1 four Founder's Day sermons—Harrow, Cambridge University, Trinity College, Eton. Also I have to write a short chapter of a memoir of dear Dean Farrar.

Unfortunately, he soon afterwards sprained his ankle badly in getting out of a carriage, and was immobilised for some months. He wrote to his wife from Duncrub on September 18 :

I got to chapel this morning at 9, and about 11 the good Bernard (Rollo) gave me his first splendid rubbing—it seems he was first trained for a Sawbones—and did his work in the most scientific, and at the

<sup>1</sup> He had been reading the *Bacchae* with his son at Christmas.

same time tender, way. At every fresh *crack* of the ligament he fired a *feu de joie*, as the crew of the *Victory* huzzaed at Trafalgar whenever a French ship struck.

This postcard, written from Loch Alvey, near Aviemore, where he spent 'a perfectly wonderful thirty-one days' in 1908, describes a call on George Henschel the singer and his wife, who lived near by :

He played the Luther's Hymn and Nun danket, etc., and, singing to them, some of the tenderest of Scotch melodies. It was Scott's birthday, and he worships Scott as seen through Lockhart's Life. He plays the organ every Sunday here in the kirk, and his noble voice—so famous once in London—and his wife's lead the singing. My heart goes out to him as it did to Joachim. A noble, pious, unworldly spirit.

That summer he was preparing for the press the collection of biographical lectures to which he gave the title of 'Ten Great and Good Men.' He writes :

I have almost finished the 'Opus Magnum.' Wilberforce was revised yesterday, and now little remains but a preface and lists of books prefixed to each life. The publishers are, as in [the case of] Macaulay's IV and V,<sup>1</sup> building extra rooms, and getting ready the £20,000 cheque. Then, like him, I may set up a carriage.

In 1911, before repairing to Loch Alvey for the last time, he spent some days at Bamff, and doubted whether he had 'ever felt stronger or brighter in a long life.' His letters suggest as much.

It was almost a point of honour with the Master to keep his gold watch several hours fast or slow, so that the time could only be discovered by an elaborate calculation.

<sup>1</sup> More correctly, Vols. III and IV of the History.

But sometimes, even in spite of this humouring, his old friend defaulted, and in August 1911 his vagaries were so wild that the Master asked his wife, who was still in the south, to buy him a cheap watch and send it to him at Bamff. This letter describes its arrival :

Many many thanks for sending the young watch so promptly ! He has arrived this morning in a warm padded little box, and has been deftly introduced to the veteran *Emeritus*. I have given suitable advice to each, τῷ μὲν not to be cast down on being put out to grass after so many years of well-meant even if not quite faultless service, τῷ δὲ not to presume or ὑβρίζειν at having eclipsed for the moment the older steed. In short it seems a suitable allegory for August 9.

The two rivals were started level, and for several days his letters told excitedly of the progress of the race. On August 17 he writes :

Another day its course begins,  
Again they shout 'The Old 'Un wins' ;  
He's nearly half-an-hour ahead ;  
The Young 'Un's hardly out of bed,  
The Old 'Un leaves him well behind him—  
Has somebody forgot to wind him ?  
So in my earthly pilgrimage  
I've marked the course of Youth and Age.  
If Youth begins with blush and bloom,  
Its stream oft ends in froth and spume.  
The aged Dame, so mild and meek,  
Spite of her learning, wealth, and Greek,  
Winning each race, though not too fast,  
Is Senior Medallist at last !

On the previous day he had thus mocked at himself for failing to recognise his niece Isabel's husband when he hailed him on the road.

## The Two Kinsmen : an Incident.

‘I’m pretty sure I’ve seen your face before,  
But cannot put a name.’ I spake no more.  
‘My name’s Erle Richards,’ he astutely said.  
From lip, cheek, nose, and brow the colour fled ;  
I pressed th’ extended palm and bowed th’ averted  
head.  
‘My Masterpiece,’ I inwardly observed ;  
His lip, I thought, was just a little curved ;  
We parted—he with kindly words of peace,  
I to implore forgiveness of my niece.

If the Master was seen at his happiest and freest in the summer vacation, it was at Christmas that he was most majestic. It became the custom that as many of his married sons and daughters, with their families, as place could be found for, should spend Christmas at the Lodge. In their society, surrounded by children and babies, undaunted by noise that would at ordinary times have appalled him, presiding at table or standing before the great fireplace upstairs, and giving himself freely to old and young, he appeared as a very king of men, reigning in patriarchal state. The climax came when at dinner on Christmas night, resplendent in his medals and his Italian decoration, he rose to give the toast of the evening. Glass in hand he recalled the names, with an occasional word of sympathy or humour, of relations and friends not present, and at length recited the traditional formula :

Here’s a health to all those that we love ;  
Here’s a health to all those that love us ;  
Here’s a health to all those that love them that love those  
That love those that love them that love us.

In 1904 Ned Howson’s illness kept him and his wife away ; the Master wrote them this Christmas Day letter :

Here we are, on this great and sacred Day, within half an hour of the Bran-tub, and within some three

hours of the Carols in Chapel. I hope there is nothing really incongruous. The intense happiness of these sweet innocent children cannot but be pleasing to their Maker and to Him who lay in the Manger.

It has been so far a bright happy day inwardly, though *most* foggy and chilly and cheerless outside. We really *cannot* make the large drawing-room warm, though there is a big fire from early morn to late night. . . .

In the Senate House, just before the University Sermon, I mentioned Ned's name to the Public Orator, who immediately quoted his pretty line

O it is Christmas night in England now.

This has led me to read right through dear Ned's earnest and pathetic Prize Poem of 1877. It is full of poetry and true feeling, and sympathy with the heroic. . . .

And now I hear infant voices outside calling out, 'Bran-tub,' and feet hurrying through the passage to the stairs head, and I know what I shall soon see, the great

W. W.<sup>1</sup>

in her glory. I have nailed one lie to the counter ! I asked her plainly if it was true that she had said 'All these children are a frightful bore, specially the four Howsons,' and she swears there is not a word of truth in it. I believe her. The rest must wait till I come up again.

Well, it has been the sweetest of scenes, and if it were to be my last, I think even the youngest present would remember it as a kind of Fairy Vision, except of course little Edward and Diana. Sibell, Elliot, and even Ursula seemed quite 'native to the place.' Elliot, strangely like Guy in past years, kept jumping about in the Bran-tub after the presents were gone,

<sup>1</sup> Miss Wale ; see above, p. 156.

crying out 'I full of brandy' ! And now your dear presents ! Those splendid pens ought to make me write clearer, hardly perhaps oftener, than ever. How long they are ! Do they claim the Swan as their ancestress or the She Goose ? And then dear Ned's singularly happy choice for me. I had been reading about Prothero in a volume of Henson's 'Sermons,' and I gave myself the book to Bernard. I have just dipped enough into it to know that it will be a favourite. The gifts too of your dear little ones are, you may be sure, duly valued. They beamed so when I thanked them ! Your letter to be opened at dinner still remains of course *in statu quo*. I wonder what it will say. The best 'say' of all would be that dearest Ned was a little stronger. . . .

Not the least memorable feature of these gatherings was his majestic reading, morning and evening, before the assembled household, of the noble lessons that close the year in the Church of England Lectionary. 'Set before yourself "good reading" as one of life's treasures,' he once advised a son. More than one friend declared that the Master's venerable figure expressed his own ideal of the aged St. John, and the last chapters of the Revelation, as he read them, seemed the quintessence of grandeur and finality. On New Year's Eve he always read Tennyson's 'Ring out, wild bells,' to the family before they retired to bed.

God make us thankful [he wrote at the end of 1901] for such reunions, and grant us if He will, a few more—they cannot be many. . . . And long after these meetings cease, may the dear cousins, uncles, nephews, nieces, etc., etc., etc., live together in perfect family love 'unto their lives' ends.'

It was after this same 1901 gathering that Ned Howson wrote these lines :

Christmas, MDCCCCI, Trinity Lodge, Cambridge :

*Haec olim meminisse iuvabit.*

Silent lies the great Quadrangle,  
 And the breathless winter moonlight  
 Sparkles on the frosty pathways,  
 Blackens corner, eave and casement,  
 Sheds a flood of ghostly splendour  
 Round the Chapel and the Gateway,  
 Lays a spell of strange enchantment  
 On the vast and vacant College.  
 Silent lies the great Quadrangle,  
 Save at times a hurried footfall,  
 As some solitary scholar,  
 Some belated hermit-scholar,  
 Wakes the echoes as he hastens  
 Through the Court and up the staircase,  
 Up the creaking winding staircase,  
 To his chamber in the turret.

All without is chill and cheerless,  
 But within yon oriel-window  
 What a scene of festal glory !  
 How the ruddy firelights flicker,  
 Flashing hospitable welcome  
 From the spacious carven chimney !  
 How the mistletoe and holly,  
 Panelled wall and fretted ceiling,  
 Gaily glint at one another  
 In the bright illumination !  
 Gazing from the pictured canvas  
 Kings and Queens and gartered nobles,  
 Doctors grave, and ermined Judges,  
 Watch the merry Christmas revels.

Burly Henry stands a-straddle,  
 Seems to slap his thigh exclaiming  
 ' Bless our soul, it was a pity  
 That we had more wives than children ! '

Great Eliza, ruffed and jewelled,  
Murmurs, with a sigh regretful,  
' O that I had married Robin ! '  
E'en a sympathetic twinkle  
Hovers round the heavy eyelids  
On the grimy face of Porson.  
Smiles of somnolent approval  
Play upon the lips of Bacon,  
(Pardon, I should call him Shakespeare)  
As he sits for ever thinking,  
Thinking, thinking on his elbow.  
Look how yonder pious Prelate  
Lifts his hand in benediction  
O'er the spectacle unwonted,  
Saying, plain as lips can say it,  
' Happy children, may a Bishop  
Wish you all a merry Christmas.'

Children, life is full of visions,  
Some behind and some before us.  
Rich are those who in the future  
Visions such as these can cherish.  
When the days of mirth are rarer,  
When the golden curls are grizzled,  
When you grow from boys and maidens  
Into sober men and women,  
Call to mind, and tell your children,  
How you spent a certain Christmas,  
Carolled, played, and danced together,  
By the bounty of the Master,  
In the stately house at Cambridge,  
When the century was dawning,  
And the seventh Edward mounted  
To the mighty throne of England !

## CHAPTER XV

### LAST YEARS BEFORE THE WAR

ONE or two incidents which marked the years just before the war deserve special mention.

In 1911 a fund was raised among old Harrow and Cambridge men to secure a portrait of the Master for the College. The two Fellows particularly active in the matter were Mr. Rouse Ball and Sir Walter Fletcher. Eventually over 700 friends subscribed, and two portraits were painted by Orpen, of which one was hung in the Hall and the other presented to Mrs. Butler. There was a ceremony in the Hall on November 25. Mr. Vernon Lushington wrote of the pleasure it had been 'to see my old Friend in his glory, in that great Hall surrounded by affectionate Colleagues and old Friends, to hear him speak with his old dignity and grace and ease, and to receive myself the greetings of the ancient tribe and to browse for a few happy moments on ancient memories.' A few months before the Master had written to his friend Barrett Wendell :

God has been very good to us as a family at Cambridge, and the Fellows continue to treat me with touching kindness, though they have long seen that I can do nothing for them in the way of literature or science.

In 1912 it was decided to hold the Army Manœuvres in the Eastern Counties, and to make Cambridge the

headquarters of the inspecting staff. Trinity was asked if it could accommodate some of the leading officers, and it was suggested that the King might take up his quarters in the Lodge. Eventually the King arrived on September 17, and stayed for two nights. Among other distinguished guests whom the College welcomed were Lord Roberts, Sir John French, and General Robertson.<sup>1</sup>

Every night a number of officers dined at the High Table, hosts and guests eyeing one another rather nervously at first, like specimens of some strange and curious animal type, but before long very friendly relations were established. At the close of the manœuvres the King presided at the pow-wow held in the College Hall, at which the leaders of the rival armies, Generals Haig and Grierson, explained the action they had taken. Not the least interesting feature of these manœuvres was the presence of General Ferdinand Foch as chief representative of the French army. In the Master devotion to the Royal House was no affectation but a deeply rooted sentiment ; he was greatly moved by the personal kindness of the King during these memorable days, and by the gracious words of a letter with which he was honoured shortly afterwards. The letter ended :

I shall always remember with satisfaction that my first Headquarters in Military Manœuvres were established within the ancient walls of Trinity College and as the guest of its distinguished Master.

After the manœuvres Sir John French wrote :

This is indeed a kind thought of yours and I shall carry away a memento of the 1912 Manœuvres which—with your letter in its leaves—will ever remind me of the really *historic* point we have reached in our military advance. For the great military discussion

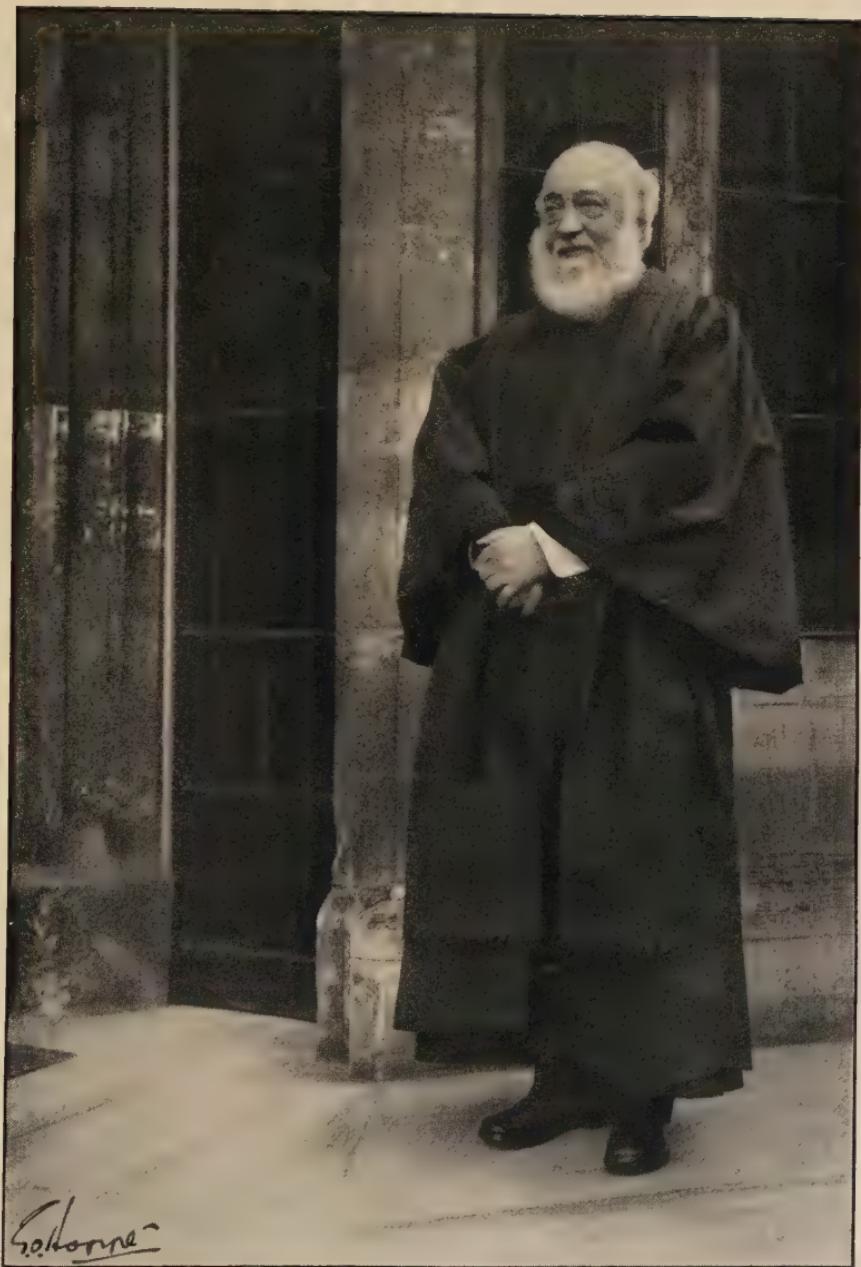
<sup>1</sup> Now Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson.

of the year has been held within the precincts and under the auspices of the greatest seat of learning in the world; it was presided over (for the first time !) by His Majesty in person and was attended by you and your colleagues.

I have always held and constantly proclaimed that we soldiers have been for a long time under a deep debt of gratitude to yourself. Whether in the pulpit or on the platform you have constantly tried to advance the true interests of His Majesty's Forces and keep the Nation awake to the necessity of providing properly for National Defence. And now, dear Master, you have placed us all under another deep obligation, not only having regard to all that has been done for us at Trinity this year but for the *manner* in which it has been done.

This must have put you and all to great inconvenience and trouble in the midst of your time of rest and holiday, and yet our reception has been such as to convey the idea that you were in the habit of receiving bands of soldiers every day at a moment's notice, and that our pleasure gave you pleasure.

The summer of 1913 had the distinction of combining two notable anniversaries. July 2 was the Master's eightieth birthday, and on August 9 he celebrated his silver wedding. There was a wonderful expression of affection and gratitude from hosts of friends. 'The Psalmist would have to revise his epithets,' wrote one of them, 'if he could see you the youngest of us at fourscore.' On April 16 he was entertained in Magdalene College, on the initiative of Mr. H. J. Edwards and with the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Donaldson, as chairman, by twenty-seven old Trinity men who had migrated to other colleges. On July 9 the Harrow Association held a dinner in his honour; an address was presented to him by the chairman, Lord Lichfield, and his health was proposed by his old pupil, Archbishop Davidson. His reply was in his



*Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.*

IN THE MASTER'S GARDEN



happiest blend of grave and gay, and he impressed his hearers by his vigour and freshness of mind.

Shortly before this Harrow celebration he had been amazed at receiving an address of congratulation signed by the Vice-Master and the whole body of the Fellows of the College. This crowning proof of the honour and affection in which he was held by a body of men so far from demonstrative and whom he so greatly respected almost overwhelmed him. The exquisite phrasing of the address betrayed the hand of Professor A. E. Housman. It ran :

It would not be fitting that the completion of your eightieth year, an event which evokes congratulation from so many quarters, should be let pass without recognition and celebration by the society which for nearly twenty-seven years has known you as its Master. But ceremony and circumstance are ill suited to the close and domestic tie by which you are bound to those who now address you, and they have chosen the simplest fashion of expressing what they sincerely feel. They remember the distinction of your young life within these walls, your active services during the tenure of your fellowship, your prosperous labours and eminent success at Harrow, and, above all, the years of genial and dignified maturity during which you have presided over Trinity College, your ardent zeal for its common welfare, your considerate kindness towards its individual members, young and old, and the union of charm and authority with which you have represented it within the University and before the world ; they recall the wisdom and tact with which you have fulfilled the duties of your office, and the prompt and graceful eloquence, issuing from rich stores of reading and memory, with which you have adorned it ; and to their felicitations upon the just contentment which must on this anniversary be afforded you by the retrospect of your career, the happiness of your home, and

the promise of your descendants, they add the assurance of their admiring and affectionate regard.

The Master's reply took the form of a sequence of sonnets, which express his mingled feelings at this time of harvest.<sup>1</sup>

*Ecce quam bonum et quam iucundum, habitare Fratres in unum !*

PSALM CXXXIII.

I

Friends of my life, Friends some of long-tried years,  
Some freshly found, all linked by one dear tie  
Of love and service to our Trinity,  
I long to tell you how your kindness cheers  
My inmost heart, but language disappears  
When needed most. I read the Roll that claims  
My grateful reverence ; your serried names  
Move me to wonderment, almost to tears.

You know it, and I know, ' in me there dwells  
' No greatness,' no, nor ' touch of greatness,' nought  
T'illum the Future or recall the Past.  
If oft in our grand Courts my spirit swells  
With joy and pride, soon comes th' all-hallowing  
thought,  
' My gift how scant, my debt unpaid how vast ! '

*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*

II

Learning I could not give, it was not mine,  
Nor range of thought, nor grasp of Nature's laws,  
Nor, what our Cambridge crowns with chief  
applause,  
The Lamp to pierce some yet unfathomed mine,  
Bidding its darkest ore arise and shine ;  
Nor Critic's art to frame a realm anew,  
Drive out th' Usurper and enthrone the true ;  
Nor Prophet's glimpses into things Divine.

<sup>1</sup> These, with other sonnets of gratitude written at this time, are printed in *Some Leisure Hours*, pp. 525-538.

These heights, these depths, for me were out of sight ;  
 Only I honoured, almost worshipped, those  
 To whom such plenitude of joy <sup>1</sup> was given :  
 Each seemed in turn a Messenger from Heaven  
 To bless our Earth ; as each fair Day-Star rose,  
 Again was heard the Voice, ' Let there be Light ! '

*Dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum  
 Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit.*

## III

All this you knew ; yet, knowing all, you signed,  
 Resolved to see in one, who dared inherit  
 So high a seat, some legacy of merit,  
 To his own faults magnanimously blind.  
 ' Too generous,' I murmur, ' all too kind ! '  
 And then, from self and this our fleeting day  
 And all that's fugitive I turn away,  
 And one fair Image fills and thrills the mind.

Great men shall come and love as we love now,  
 And haply deem they love and serve Her more ;  
 Brave Youths shall come, and venerate, and vow  
 She shall be great and greater than before.  
 Such Vision, Friends, be yours, when we depart !  
 Old Friends, Young Friends, I thank you from  
 my heart.

Kinloch-Rannoch, Scotland.  
 August 1913.

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written, I have come by chance on the noble prayer of Kepler which I did not know before. " I thank Thee, my Creator and Lord, that Thou hast given me *these joys in Thy Creation, this ecstasy over the works of Thy hands.* I have made known the glory of Thy works to men as far as my finite spirit was able to comprehend Thy infinity. If I have said anything wholly unworthy of Thee, or have aspired after my own glory, graciously forgive me."

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE WAR, 1914-15

THE first rumours of war came just as the Master and Mrs. Butler were preparing to leave Cambridge for Scotland. The usual peaceful July had followed on the delight of Gordon's success in the History Tripos and a pleasant May-week gathering. Only a few days previously their youngest son Nevile had arrived at Potsdam to learn German. That summer there was a University Extension meeting at Cambridge, and on the evening of August 3 a large reception was given in the Lodge and its garden. After some hesitation the Master had decided to travel north the next day. During the journey he learnt that war had been declared. The telegram recalling Nevile had been sent too late, and for some weeks nothing was heard of him. His brothers received mobilisation orders on August 4, and joined their yeomanry regiments, the 1st and 2nd Scottish Horse, in the north.

On the 1st the Master had written :

How I detest the thought of possible war with Germany. It seems a monstrous paradox—wholly unnatural.

His feeling is further explained in a letter to Sir George Trevelyan of December 29.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in full, *Graham*, p. 420.

The present war is to me very horrible. I had been brought up from boyhood with almost a romantic regard for Germany, due, I suppose, to my Father's visit to Schiller in 1797 and later. Then my eldest brother George had been very happy at Heidelberg and elsewhere, and made many German friends like Max Müller. Then Bunsen and Niebuhr, thanks to Arnold, had been heroes of mine. Niebuhr's five volumes I chose for my first Speech-Day prize in 1848. Then, in 1856, I was fascinated by Lewes' 'Life of Goethe' and Carlyle's papers on the wonderful man, though I never exactly liked him; and my stay at Dresden that September, after Monte Rosa, Milan, and the Italian Lakes, was hardly short of a rapture.

Then my ignorance of German feeling towards us, and German plotting up to even last July, kept me from any suspicions. In our Hall here we have had, only a very few years ago, some delightfully friendly gatherings of German Publishers, Savants, Theologians. I can still see Mommsen standing opposite the portrait of Francis Bacon in the big drawing-room, crossing his arms, shaking his head, and saying sententiously, 'So it was *you*, was it? that gave us Lady Macbeth and Falstaff!'

Finally, our dear Jim spent a most happy autumn near Berlin only last year, and received nothing but kindness. At some of the young men's evening parties 'Hoch! England' used to be one of the toasts. I had not even heard the name of Treitschke, and I fancied the Kaiser friendly in spite of the rapidly rising Navy. It was, therefore, a strange shock to me when the war came, followed at once by so much hatred, brutality, mendacity,  $\delta\beta\sigma\iota\varsigma$  in every one of its worst shapes.

You speak of Motley's descriptions. I have either never read or have forgotten them; but, oddly enough, just before your letter came, it occurred to me to read again Macaulay's account of the devastation of the

Palatinate by order of Louis XIV. It seemed to me almost a prophecy of Liège, Louvain, etc.

It is a melancholy thought, surely, for you and me that neither of us can ever expect to see friendly, trustful feeling renewed between England and the Prussian part of Germany. The fight must last until one of the two opposites becomes not beaten only, but humiliated. I hate the thought of it.

The invasion of Belgium kept the idea of ūþƿic much in his mind ; he thought of Aeschylus and his *Persae*, and wrote of the Kaiser as Xerxes. But he could think of other things. 'I have read through Sophocles again,' he wrote on August 25, 'and love him more than ever.'

The day before he had received the first news of his youngest son—'safe, well'—by wire from Copenhagen. But there seemed no hope of his release from Germany till the end of the war. 'Shall I ever see my dear bright boy in this life ?' he wrote later. 'First-rate judges expect the war to be *long*, and my own poor judgment quite goes with them.'

In the meantime there were ways of being useful at Cambridge. The War Office had asked that the cloisters of Nevile's Court might be used as a temporary hospital, and when the Master returned from Scotland numbers of men wounded in the Retreat had already arrived. He found great pleasure in taking them out for drives and was 'immensely struck by their really fine qualities.'

Yesterday I drove Assward<sup>1</sup> with four good Privates, one English, one Scotch, two Irish, all invalids, and to-day I am to take four more. As we passed the Tiger wood in Happy Ass Lane I told them of our expeditions long ago, and how I used to 'roar.' Their stories are wonderfully interesting. One man took from his breast pocket a Phot. of my old Harrow

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 153.

pupil, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. 'That man got us all out of a death-trap.' I mean to write to S.-D. and tell him this. . . . I am glad you have Thucydides. Read again the Melian controversy, Belgium and Prussia as protagonists.

One afternoon he varied his usual company by taking out four wounded Belgians, talking French to them for an hour and three-quarters.

A letter of September 17 to Sir George Trevelyan, thanking him for the second volume of 'George the Third and Charles Fox,' gives his thoughts at this time.

The precious book arrived yesterday and was at once greedily and gratefully dipped into. The dip will turn into a plunge this week, and I have already seen enough to know that a rare enjoyment is before me. Whether, having reached the age of Lethe, I shall remember much of the American War, I can't feel too certain. But when you deal with individual characters like Keppel, G. Selwyn, the King, Burke, Lafayette, Savile, Rigby, Sandwich, Washington, 'Charles' himself, etc., you give us a profusion of delightfully aimed stories that are almost portraits. It is on *them* specially that my poor memory and eyes will fasten.

Surely you must have known much of the happy feeling of 'exegi monumentum.' It is by common consent a great monument and cannot fail to be 'perenne,' whether in Trinity, in England, or in America.

How disgusting is all this German lying at Washington, for it *is* lying, whether they are conscious of it or not. Personally I have been from boyhood a lover of Germans, but this wicked war—wicked in its origin, brutal in its conduct—sickens me. I cannot help fearing that there will be no return of friendly feeling between the two nations till long after you and I have passed away.

But look again at *Oedipus Coloneus* 607-623, and

ask yourself whether the present πικρὰ are ever—soon?—likely to be again τερπνά.<sup>1</sup> It is a hateful thought, but it looks to me as if one of the two sides must thoroughly humiliate as well as beat the other before there can be any real peace, and the interval may be very long, crowded with sufferings, recriminations and renewals of hate.

You would start at the present look of Nevile's Court—a Hospital for more than two hundred beds, nurses everywhere. We have not many very serious cases, but they are quite serious enough. They greatly impress me with their goodness—so simple, patient, manly, loyal to their officers, without a touch of swagger. I give myself the daily treat of taking out four of the privates for a good drive. Some have fought at Mons, the Marne, the Aisne. It is curious to note how they all say that the German infantry can neither shoot nor stand the bayonet. As to the last, they turn and run and get stuck in the back. Many of them assure me that they have seen women and children driven in front of the enemy when they charge. The artillery, they say, is most serious, the range being accurately given by aeroplanes.

This Sunday afternoon at 5.30, thanks to Parry the Senior Dean, the Chapel Choir will appear in the middle of Nevile's Court on the grass, and sing some well-known hymns for half an hour. This is much prized by the Invalids. None that I have come across, whether English, Scotch, Welsh, or Irish, seem at all uneducated, or in any sense boorish. They make me proud of them, but they are not at all proud of themselves.

<sup>1</sup> ὁ φίλτατ<sup>3</sup> Αἰγέως παῖ, μόνοις οὐ γίγνεται  
θεοῖσι γῆρας οὐδὲ κατθανεῖν ποτε,  
τὰ δὲ ἄλλα συγχεῖ πάνθ<sup>3</sup> δὲ παγκρατὴ χρόνος.  
φθίνει μὲν ἵσχυς γῆς, φθίνει δὲ σώματος,  
θνήσκει δὲ πιστις, βλαστάνει δὲ ἀπιστία,  
καὶ πνεῦμα ταῦτὸν οὐ ποτὲ οὐτ<sup>3</sup> ἐν ἀνδράσιν  
φίλοις βέβηκει οὐτε πρὸς πόλιν πόλει.  
τοῖς μὲν γὰρ ἥδη τοῖς δὲ ἐν ὑστέρῳ χρόνῳ  
τὰ τερπνὰ πικρὰ γίγνεται καῦθις φίλα.

As the casualty lists came in, the Master's letters were greatly valued. One father wrote to him :

You may hardly guess how helpful and encouraging your kind sympathy is. From one like yourself who has lived a long, distinguished, and honourable life amongst our sons who are reaching manhood, and indeed amongst their fathers before them, and upon whom I have no claim on the ground of many years of friendship, this sympathy touches me very much.

This is the letter he wrote to Canon Pemberton, on the death of his son in action near Roulers, October 19, 1914 :

MY DEAR DEAR FRIEND,—What can one say in this darkest hour to lighten your heavy, heavy burthen? You know how many hearts will be with you, from old and young alike, and with what reverence as well as affection many will speak of your very dear son.

But I deeply feel how little *I* should be able to bear up under such a blow, though I should struggle hard to keep my faith in God's perfect love and in the 'sure and certain hope' of the meeting again. But truly it would be a hard struggle and, for a time, almost beyond human strength.

You will feel sure that up to the last the gallant loyal young soldier was setting an example to all about him, and so contributing his share to the honour and the sacrifices of our Country. God in Christ be with him and such as him, in death as in life! We cannot doubt that he is now and for ever in arms yet more loving than ours. But the silence and the seeming distance are indeed hard to bear.

A fortnight later a memorial service for Captain Pemberton was held in Trumpington Church, at which the Master gave an address.

... Many voices seem to sound in our ears on occasions like this, but there are no voices like the voices

of Holy Scripture. Two verses in particular have been sounding in my ears: one, it seems to me, applies to that dear young friend whose almost presence is before us to-day, and the other is a kind of bequest from Jesus Christ Himself to all who are called upon to undergo any supreme agony. The first is 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life,' and the other, which was read to us only last evening in the lesson of the day, 'Father, if Thou be willing, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done.' Just a few thoughts, very simple thoughts; our hearts will supply the comments upon each of these two beautiful verses. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.' It seems to me that during these momentous weeks, every day of which is charged with some fresh sorrow, national or personal, we feel that these young men are the teachers of the nation. I am sure that all older men, and I think I may say every woman, must feel that these young men being faithful unto death, yielding up their young lives without a murmur at the call of their country, have become for the time the great teachers of Englishmen and English-women. God bless them for it. 'Be thou faithful unto death.' That is what they have been. They go out on behalf of the nation, proudly, and some of them almost gaily, to the very brink of death, knowing, as many of them must do, that in a few moments what might happen to them may throw a cloud over all of those dear to them in life—brother, sister, wife, child, father and mother. But they are faithful, and they carry that faithfulness even unto death, and in so doing they become our teachers for evermore. . . .

There is that other verse, that unspeakably solemn verse, which was read to us, as I said, yesterday evening. We know well where it was uttered—uttered in extreme agony of soul. 'Father, if Thou be willing, let this cup (that is, the cup of suffering) pass from me; nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done.' There

is a lesson which all parents in our country and other countries, of our enemies as well as of our allies, are trying night and day to learn ; it is the hardest of all lessons. There are other very different lessons . . . but it is sorrow, sorrow especially from death, that is the great teacher of that other lesson which we call resignation. Happy are they to whom God in their great need sends His own Comforter, that they may come, by degrees, to prefer what they believe to be the will of God to what they know to be their own. These dear friends of ours have many grounds for thankfulness ; they have had much happiness in their lives to which this dear, dear son has largely contributed. They know how he was loved both as a boy and as a young man, and again, as a gallant soldier. He was entrusted for some years with the teaching of others. One tribute to him comes to my mind. It was : 'He was very kind to me, and I had a very great regard for him. Two years ago he led our squadron with great skill.'<sup>1</sup> There must be hundreds of young soldiers who feel just the same, and as time passes and the bitterness of the hour becomes less bitter, this memory will stir up thankfulness. For the present it is a hard struggle, but I know they will try to feel that the will of God, which is always, however mysteriously veiled, a will of perfect wisdom and love, is better than their own. And then just one thought more—the thought of reunion, of meeting again and greeting again, with the certainty, never known on earth, that there will never be another farewell. I hardly know how one could live through life, especially in such dark hours as these, unless one did believe that there was not only a resurrection of the dead and life everlasting, but a resurrection in which those who have passed away shall be known again and loved again far better than before. . . .

Let us comfort one another with these blessed words of Christian hope and faith ; let us comfort, if

<sup>1</sup> As a contact squadron in connection with manœuvres.

we can, those whose troubles are our troubles to-day, and if a like trouble should come upon ourselves let us still comfort one another. There is nothing like the consolation that comes from a belief in life everlasting.

Not many days later, when he started to attend Lord Roberts' funeral in St. Paul's, he was vividly reminded of how he had been present at Wellington's funeral sixty-two years before, and his mother at Nelson's.

Communications had by now been established with his youngest son, and in November came the news that he had been interned in Ruhleben, where he shared a loose-box with five other captives. Just before Christmas the Master's youngest daughter, Mrs. Morley-Fletcher, whose husband had joined the Special Reserve, came to take up her permanent abode at the Lodge, and the presence of her and her children was henceforward a continual solace. Part of the College was now used as billets for troops, and Church parades were held in the Chapel, and once in the Great Court, which was entirely filled with men. The Master made great friends with their Commanding Officer, Colonel Robinson, who was shortly afterwards killed in France, and he endeared himself to a number of the Belgian professors who with their families were guests at Cambridge.

In March came the welcome news that his son had been allowed out from Ruhleben and taken to live with a German family, by whom he was treated with extraordinary kindness during the whole remaining period of his captivity. Efforts had been made with such persistence and from so many quarters to obtain his release that at last a testy camp official threw up his hands and cried : ' Es ist hier zu viel geButlert.'

In May the Master feared that his eyes might be giving out. ' Poor old fellows, they have carried me

bravely through many ill-written exam. papers, many glorious mountain views, many sweet faces and lovely flowers, and perhaps now they are “giving notice.” Happily they remained faithfully at their post, and the Master never had to wear spectacles. On his eighty-second birthday he was present and spoke at a simplified form of Harrow Speeches, and rejoiced in the beauty of the Hill ; in October he had preached there his last Founder’s Day sermon.<sup>1</sup> It was a great pleasure to him to have an occasional visit at Cambridge from his old pupil, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, whose diary of the first few months of the war he had been privileged to read. Neither at this nor at any subsequent time had he any doubts as to the ultimate issue of the war. But he was often distressed by events at home. On June 9 he wrote :

I can’t think, alas ! that either our H. of Commons or some powerful sections of our Industrial Classes make a good show just now. One may find excuses and partial explanations, but how proud we should have been of them if they showed a keener and more chivalrous sense of patriotism. I like to think of  $\mu\epsilon\gamma\alpha\lambda\omega\psi\chi\alpha$  among artisans and traders. There is no lack of it in the Trenches.

And again :

The coal strike is *very* painful to me. To *History* it will seem even worse than it is. O that our working men had stronger leaders and nobler ! It is most humiliating !

In July he was reading Oliver’s ‘Ordeal by Battle.’

It is not flattering or pleasant, but it is hard to refute it. We are paying cruelly in the blood of our best for the blindness and deafness of the past.

<sup>1</sup> Printed below, p. 281.

Towards the end of July, when he dreaded a return of gout, his eldest daughter received this pathetic appeal:

DEAREST GONERIL,—Is it possible that you can give a bed and 'entertainment' to poor old Lear on Friday night, when he comes to give the prizes at the School of Regan's boy Edward? On Saturday he goes on, though without his 'Hundred Knights,' to the old Abbey of Westminster till Tuesday, and he believes the Abbess there would be willing to take him in for Friday night also if necessary. His 'sizings' are now much 'scanted.' He is forbidden 'Burgundy' and the 'Vines of France,' any drop of alcohol, even lemonade. He is confined to Plain Water! He is forbidden Beef, Salmon, Meat of all kinds, Fruit, Duck, Whitebait, Shark, Whale, Most Vegetables. Hens are kind to him, and now and then deposit an egg for his benefit. . . . His Hundred Knights need not be taken in. They are quiet, silent, sober creatures—creatures mostly of the imagination. He is getting rather blind, but can distinguish a Goneril from a Regan when he sees either. LEAR ExR.

Next day he received a visit from his nephew, Harcourt Butler, who wrote to him :

I can't say how much I enjoyed my visit. You always stimulate me to do worthier things. May I, as a reverential nephew, who owes much to you, say that whenever I have been with you I remember Goethe's saying that love of truth consists in this, that one sees and values the good in things. It was a great delight, my visit, and will help me in Burma.

A letter from Dr. David of Rugby, now Bishop of Liverpool, refers to a visit to the Lodge a few months later :

I could listen to the Master for hours, and even now I half regret that I let him go to bed on Sunday evening with so many stories and reflections unrevealed.

On August 5 he travelled north for the holidays, breaking the journey to Scotland for a few days on the Northumbrian coast within easy reach of his sons' quarters. Unfortunately his eye and foot were troubling him, but there was an enjoyable expedition by motor to Alnwick on the 10th. Next day he said good-bye to his son Gordon for the last time, as he and Mrs. Butler were starting for Bamff next morning, and that very day the Scottish Horse received orders for the Mediterranean. There had been several happy leaves during the year the boys were training in England, notably the last, at the Lodge in June, when glorious weather and good news from the captive had created an atmosphere of complete serenity. The Master wrote of it :

I can never say what a calming happiness it has been to me to have you two dear dear Brothers *together* during those most lovely days. It seemed to bring the Third close to us, and I feel that it gives me strength to bear *whatever* may be in store for us. I think we all feel *sure* that our God is the 'God of the Living,' and that He has and will have us in His keeping *together* with duties and work for each.

And again :

As long as I live, dearest Boy, our last chat, in the sun, close to the Pinks, will be precious to me—precious in any case, if I am allowed to see the beginning of your civic career, whatever it be—precious and sustaining beyond words if it please God to shorten the life on earth. In any case I am *certain* that as God has already made you a blessing to so many, He will not be 'estopped' by any poor barriers of space or time from finding fresh *κατόπεις* for all that is best, purest, noblest, most loving. I feel sure that we and the dear dear Mother and the dear Brothers are meant by His love and mercy to be with Him and with one another,

and with all whom we have loved, *for ever*. It *must* be so.

His letters abroad often referred to some lines which one of his sons sent him a few days after this meeting. The Master learnt them by heart and it became his habit on sunny mornings in after months to 'trudge out' and repeat them in the garden.<sup>1</sup>

On August 14 he wrote from Bamff :

The peace and beauty of this place are wonderful. I cannot be too thankful just now.

Everyone remarked how well and cheerful he seemed, going out for short walks in the woods or sitting in a favourite spot overlooking a lovely little loch. Towards the end of the month the news arrived that the exchange of his youngest son with a German civilian had been arranged. In the middle of this pleasing excitement came a wire announcing that his son Gordon had been wounded. The Scottish Horse had sailed ostensibly for Egypt, but from Malta their course was deflected north towards Mudros, and they landed at Suvla Bay on September 1. Gordon's wound was slight, and the day after the official message a cheerful telegram was received from him in Malta. Eventually, after agonising delays, Nevile actually landed on English soil—to be instantly offered a white feather by an enterprising recruiting maiden. He arrived at Bamff with his mother on the morning of September 23. Those who witnessed the meeting of the Master with his Benjamin will not easily forget it. Strangely enough Nevile had been exchanged without any promise, expressed or implied, not to bear arms against Germany, and after a couple of months' work in the Foreign Office he too took a Commission in the

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 273.

Scottish Horse ; he transferred later to the Household Battalion, and served with them in France.

From Malta Gordon Butler was sent, when sound, to Egypt, where he contrived to visit Luxor and otherwise make the most of his short stay. He returned to the Peninsula on October 30, after keeping his birthday—the 29th—with his brother in Mudros harbour. He was in Egypt when his father wrote to him on October 12 on the result of the annual Fellowship election :

‘ Je suis content de vous,’ as Napoleon said to his ‘ soldats ’ after Austerlitz. You were *all but* elected a Fellow. Had there been four vacancies instead of three, you would have been elected straight off. . . . The Electors think you *safe* for next year. It gives me one more reason for hoping to be  $83\frac{1}{2}$  instead of  $82\frac{1}{2}$ . . . . I wonder where you are while I write ? Alexandria or again ‘ The Front ’ ? How I shall be thinking of you when I make my little speech in Hall toasting our new Fellows !

On November 21 he wrote to him :

If you have Thucydides still by you, read in IV the Spartan delegates on the Pylos prisoners, but don’t apply their arguments, except very theoretically, to the present situation. How wonderfully modern the son of Olorus is ! I have enjoyed again the Funeral Speech in II, but what an irony there is in contrasting its tone with the catastrophe in VII. Your Egyptian rambles and experience there generally ought to stand out in memories, possibly in work and public life, hereafter. I should like to know whether we make ourselves fairly *liked* by the natives, or whether we give ourselves rude airs at times, which so cruelly wound self-respect. I fancy that rudeness to an Oriental is one of the least forgivable of crimes.

Some letters to his friend and former colleague, H. B. Cotterill, show the thoughts in his mind this autumn.

October 13 :

. . . We are truly passing through a life of mental and moral strains wholly beyond anything that even the oldest of us can remember. The Crimean War was nothing to it. The whole life of England as a free nation and a great empire was not then at stake. Now it is. My own faith is, that as the Spring of next year comes on, there will be a decisive turn of the tide in our favour, but this is a bad moment for such a prophecy. . . .

I enjoy all your poetical work, though my grip on Italian, never tight, is much looser than fifty years ago, when I revelled in Dante and M. Angelo. I have just given to two young brides beautiful Vellum copies of the 'Vita Nuova.' I first read it on the top of the Venice Campanile in September 1857 on my way to Constantinople and Athens. How you must all enjoy Florence ! Much of my heart is permanently there. . . .

November 2 :

I wish I could find anything really cheering to say in answer to your gloomy thoughts. At present things look far from bright, though I confidently believe we shall win, and win decisively. Unless we and our Allies fall out and distrust one another, which I cannot believe, I think our resources in men and money, including reinforcements from our Colonial possessions, must outlast the enormously reduced resources of the Germans. But I see with you how immensely critical the next few weeks of coming Winter may prove. There may be a crushing 'Sicilian' catastrophe from which it would be hard indeed to recover ; but strong as the Germans are and all-daring, I do not think they are strong enough for that. They are no longer *making way* in France and Belgium, though they hold their own, while we, I believe, are almost every week *making ourselves more formidable*. Also I think their continued atrocities, *e.g.* poor Miss Cavell—and

their insulting intrigues in America must ere long outweigh the effect of their blows in the East. I do not yet quite despair of Greece. Of Bulgaria I am sorry to say I do. It is a grievous disappointment.

By this time, 5 P.M., Mr. Asquith must be making, or have made, his speech in the House of Commons, on which a good deal may depend. I am not disposed myself to believe that any scandalous blunder has been made of late, save in the start at the Dardanelles without *soldiers* and not realising nearly soon enough the absolute necessity of enormous stores of munitions. As to Greece and Bulgaria I do not see how we could hope to out-bargain the German offers. It was a case beyond diplomacy. But whatever may be my own half-views as to this, I cannot foresee what will be the feelings or judgments of M.P.'s on either side. There may be, though I do not expect it, an outburst of passion which may sweep away some of our most prominent men. If so, I shall think it a fresh and very serious disaster. I cannot judge how the Working Classes *at home* would judge it. They *might* begin a clamour for an ignominious peace ; but I believe, in spite of misgivings as to their lack of patriotism, that the country as a whole is resolute to win at *all* costs.

The following letter was written to the Master of Jesus College and Mrs. Morgan on the death of their only son in action.

October 20, 1915 :

We are grieving from our hearts, having to believe that the much dreaded 'worst' has really come, so we gather from your dear and ever-loyal College. What can we say to assure you of our most loving sympathy ? Truly it is no common loss. All who knew dear Conway—his humour, his eloquence, his vigour, his charm, his energy—must have joined you in looking forward to a life of quite exceptional distinction, and he would have borne it all with such beautiful modesty, and valued it so specially for your sakes. For my part,

as these almost daily blows fall, and as so much that was most vocal passes away into the silence, I feel my faith growing more and more into a certainty that such 'promise' is not promise only, but that somewhere in the boundless 'many mansions' of our Father there must be noble work to be done, work of *love* in some unimagined form—suited to the powers and characters of each of God's children. Whether, if a like blow fell on me, my faith would fail me for a time, I cannot tell, but it *is* a faith, not a mere guess or hope.

God bless you, dear old Friends, to bear up even now with a courage worthy of Conway.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE WAR, 1916-17

WITHIN a few days of the evacuation of Suvla Bay on December 19, the Scottish Horse were together in Egypt. The Master had been amused to hear how on the first night of the Suvla blizzard in November his two sons, sharing a dug-out and a sleeping-bag, had been reminded by the crashing storm of one of his favourite pieces of composition—Dr. Vaughan's Porson Prize translation of the great passage in Lear, ' Blow winds, and crack your cheeks.'

The Christmas party at the Lodge again included ten grandchildren and their parents. There was also staying in the house a young German who had come to England just before the outbreak of war with the intention of studying at Cambridge. His parents had done their best to secure Nevile Butler's release, and it had been a great disappointment that when it came Fritz Sommerkamp was not exchanged for him. His presence at the Lodge, which later on became permanent, was of great benefit to his host ; the Master enjoyed conversing with him about his literary studies, and the impossibility of any longer discussing war news at meals tended also to cheerfulness. The situation required adroit manoeuvring when other guests—Belgians, for instance—were in the house, but such difficulties could be avoided, and the Master came to miss his young German friend when his internment was ordered in 1917.

Fritz has just left us [he wrote on one occasion], a real loss to the house. He is a dear boy, and helps one not to 'hate' his countrymen, even their rulers.

Christmas brought, as usual, a delightful letter from Sir George Trevelyan :

Christmas has come again, and again, as always now, I think of you more naturally and keenly than of anyone. What a connection ours has been ! The earlier years have given us such high and bright common memories, of school and college—what a school and what a college !—and of our respective paternal homes : for we knew so much of each other's families, and there was nothing that was not worth knowing on either side. We have always agreed in intense affection for our country's honour and welfare, though we sometimes took different views of the direction in which they were to be sought ; and now, at the end of all, we find ourselves in the midst of the greatest ordeal to England, and humanity, which the world has seen, with an agreement so entire that I know what you are thinking and feeling by what I think and feel myself.

What with examinations and a multitude of letters, it was a busy month.

Two days ago [he wrote on December 26], having a wee bit of leisure, what do you think I did ? I took up my dear little Iliad, now Jim's, the travelling pocket comrade of 1857 etc., and read off at a go the last book ! How wonderful it is ! Then I read the first half of Book I, which I hope to finish to-morrow. I was struck with the unparliamentary vocatives of the Brigadier and his chief General. I had not read old Homer for some years—*proh pudor !* It is sad to think that the Modern Side at one big school that we know now outnumbers the Classical !

On January 5, 1916, he wrote, questioning what the world would be like fifty years hence :

Will anything like real International Law or Humanity be recognised as binding? Will slums and drunkenness among women be still in vogue? 'Behold I make all things new' comes sometimes as a cheering vision.

In February he travelled up to Scotland in the snow to perform the marriage of his wife's youngest half-sister, Miss Imogen Ramsay. In March he had a good deal of bronchial trouble, of which he wrote thus on April 2 to his sons in Egypt :

My first Chapel Sunday since March 5, when I spoke a few words to Mr. Cronin's Volunteers, must not close without a little loving talk with you two. It makes me, I hope, thankful to find strength and the wish to use it returning after nearly a month more or less in bed and almost entirely indoors and in the study. I have never been seriously *ill*, but I have been very weak and lethargic. . . . Yesterday, a heavenly first song of spring, I took my first drive for many months, with Ursula inside and David on the box. Of course we drove through Madingley Ass-ward. . . . A few days ago a furious Blizzard made perfect havoc chiefly of the Elms of St. John's and of the Backs between King's and the Hospital, but also it has uprooted and torn down our little *young* Ailanthus, which is now gone for ever—hardly even a memory. . . . I dare not believe that the end is *near*. The submarine cruelties will loom large in the history of these years. They will be bitterly remembered when much else is forgotten and even forgiven.

In July one of the College Lecturers, Mr. Bertrand Russell, was removed from his lectureship by the Council in view of his conviction and sentence by the Lord Mayor

for an act 'likely to prejudice the recruiting and discipline of his Majesty's forces.'

The Master wrote afterwards :

I never discharged a more painful public duty than in taking action against B. Russell, and I was never more clear as to the necessity in the interests of the College.

During these months the Master lost several of his oldest friends. His last surviving brother, Spencer, died in July 1915 :

He was indeed a good and dear Brother to me when I came up as a Freshman in 1851, and so he has always continued to be.

In 1898 Spencer Butler had written to Miss Ramsay of his youngest brother as 'an ideally perfect character.'

On Archdeacon Vesey's death the Master wrote :

'We have been like brothers for nearly sixty years. I could not name any friend whom I have loved more and longer.'

He wrote of Llewelyn Davies as 'my *very* dear old friend. . . . *No one* now remains to me who covers quite the early romantic years 1851-1859, which he represents. I don't detect anywhere, in Church or State, in Schools or Colleges, quite the type of which he was so noble a specimen—grave, humorous, *apparently*—not really—rather cold or at least undemonstrative, earnestly Christian and devout.' In February he had written to him :

A ninetieth Birthday must always be a solemn event in the life of any man of note, how much more in the life of an old Friend like you !

*The Times* says that you are ninety *to-day* ; but I found just now, on our return from Perthshire, a most kind letter from Miss Martin saying that your day was

to be on the 28th, next Monday. Whichever it be, may it bring you as much ease of body, as much peace of mind, and as much thankfulness for the long Past, as is possible for those who have reached and overpassed the 'three score years and ten.'

How much you have been able to do for the happiness of all classes !

How many eminent and good men and women you have been able to know intimately from Cambridge days onwards ! How singularly blest you have been in all Family ties, though not without most touching Family sorrows ! How much you have seen of the special beauty and grandeur of the earth in the days, and even after the days, of exceptional youthful vigour !

And now the view is changed, but is not less beautiful and grand—not less, but far more so. God grant that, whether they still stand out before you for many or but few hours, they may be among your happiest, and among those that those who have loved you best will thankfully remember.

In June came the sudden death of Sir Charles Dalrymple, three days after a happy visit to the Lodge—'an ideal friend, so full of delicate penetrative sympathy.' His other Scottish friend and host, Lord Rollo, died a few months later.

At the end of June he attended Governors' meetings in London and at Harrow—this year his grandson Guy won his place in the Eleven—and on his birthday, July 2, preached in the Chapel Royal.

On July 1 Hugh had taken me to see for the first time my dear Father's birth and boyhood home near Cheyne Walk. The house now belongs to Mr. Bigham, son of the Judge Lord Mersey. He has done much to beautify it but not at all overlay its old character. There is a fairly spacious Garden, which must have been a joy to the young brothers and sisters,

perhaps to the Boarders also.<sup>1</sup> I have before me, in the Clerk's Room, a whole heap of early letters from and to this dear old house, one from 1788, when the young writer was but fourteen, two years before he came up to Sidney Coll. I seem now to be able to put Home and letters together, though more than a century apart !

His birthday was celebrated by his sons abroad by a joint leave at Port Said. On the 8th he wrote to Gordon :

I hope you will be able to be with dear Jim on his birthday as he was with you on yours, but how different the localities and the immediate prospects ! Your absorption in Aeneid I when the sounds of the German bombs were heard made a great impression on an old schoolmaster. The old school heroes, whether Greek or Latin, certainly bear re-reading ! I am constantly riding my Hobby for the regular use of Translations in Modern Sides and schools for girls. Antigone, Electra, Iphigenia, Macaria, Deianira should be as well known and as much loved as Rosalind, Portia, Imogen, Miranda, Perdita, Desdemona. Also Thucydides and Tacitus, etc., should be read in Jowett and Uncle George Ramsay and not only in a fragmentary way in Grote or Mommsen or Merivale. I think you will live to see this reform.—What new novel or poet ? Scott and Charlotte Brontë are certainly opposites and very delightful ones. Every line you write goes to our hearts.

On July 21 he received the news that his son had died four days before at Kantara, after an illness of less than forty-eight hours.

A year before this, his father had written to him from Harrow on his own birthday :

Your letter is the first I saw and greeted on this bright morning. It helped to make me very happy

<sup>1</sup> Weedon Butler, the 'Bishop of Chelsea,' kept a school ; see *Graham*, p. 3.





GORDON BUTLER, 1899

*From a Photograph*

and very thankful. Perhaps you hardly know how much you have been to me in all these years. Harrow is not the place to help me to forget it !

A few days before he had said :

I hope, dearest boy, your life-work on earth will somehow give scope for what I call your 'pastoral' gifts—your instinctive kindness to all entrusted to you, the *weaker* in any sense from race, or country, or age, or sex—from a lamb or a Logi<sup>1</sup> to an Indian Prince or the youngest clerk in a government office. . . .

In 1906 he had written of him :

I think him an unusually beautiful character, gentle, tender, *very* conscientious, meant to be *silently* a moral prop to many, with much originality and much *growth* if his life is spared. The 'puppy' rollicking side of him comes out with Nevile.

And now he wrote :

God ever bless the dearest Boy, himself and his sweet pure joyous memory. 'God is not the God of the dead but of the living !' I am sure he lives still. But oh ! the blow to dear Agnata and me and his brothers. She has been indeed a perfect mother to him, and the union of The Three has been lovely.

To Edgar Stogdon he said :

Gordon grew and came out very markedly after he came here. It was striking to see the impression he produced upon critical Tutors and Lecturers as well as upon the leading members of various Clubs like the Union, of which he was President, the Magpie and Stump, the Decemviri, the Pitt, etc. But I often thought he was most himself with little nieces and nephews and young children generally and servants. Only this morning Jim tells us, writing from Egypt,

<sup>1</sup> A kitten beloved by the Fletcher family.

how greatly he was loved by the Private Soldiers as well as the Officers of the Scottish Horse.

He was not only gentle, courteous and considerate, but he would do anything for them as an Officer and love to do it. As a specially efficient and hard working Officer, especially with the Machine Guns, the testimony of his Commanding Officers is most impressive.

Early in August there was a family reunion at Birnam, where his youngest son was training, and later at Bamff. Scotland as usual had a calming and strengthening power. The Master enjoyed taking short walks and then establishing himself, if necessary in a fur coat and with a rug on his knees, to read or be read to by his wife —Milton and the ‘New Europe’ both found favour—or, as so often, to compose verses. Gordon’s death suggested to him the beautiful Latin ‘elegy’—‘Frater, Ave atque Vale,’ which he dedicated to his brothers, with the heading from Ecclesiastes—‘A threefold cord is not quickly broken.’ Another Latin poem and several English sonnets had been prompted in the previous summer when his sons were on the point of going abroad.<sup>1</sup>

On October 7 he wrote :

This is almost my last act at the close of this Scotch holiday which has brought so much thankful happiness to us all. Whichever of us four lives longest will longest remember the delightful walks, talks, thoughts, sights together.

On October 17, now back at Cambridge, he wrote :

On Sunday I am to give the short address in Chapel to a new group of Cadets. I hope to write it to-morrow on Psalm xci. . . . Has it struck you what startling and touching contrasts there may be in the Scripture ‘shadow’? ‘Shadow of the Almighty,’

<sup>1</sup> See below, pp. 274-6.

‘ shadow of a great rock in a weary land,’ ‘ shadow of death,’ ‘ shadow of Thy wings,’ and then ‘ Beneath the shadow of Thy throne.’ We shall sing that hymn.<sup>1</sup>

During this very severe winter the Master was brought low by a long spell of bronchial trouble. On February 10, 1917, he wrote :

I long for a really warm and sunny day without snow or wind. I crawl through the Hall to Councils, but otherwise coil in my easiest chair sadly inglorious. . . . You will see from my writing how my hand trembles ! So I suppose it will now be till the end !

Needless to say, he followed the changing phases of the war with intense interest. He writes on January 25 :

The President’s speech <sup>2</sup> seems to me, alas ! unlikely to do good. It is so inopportune. If the crime of Germany is as grave as most of us feel it to be, and if they are putting immense strength and determination into carrying it on, it seems our clear duty to persist till a decisive victory is gained. But this sad conviction does not blind me to the painful certainty that the heavier the penalties that *may* be imposed on the guilty offenders, the longer it will be before any *lasting* and friendly peace can be assured. Even you, I fear, and your generation will not live to see us real friends with Germany. I hate the thought that it must be so.

On March 25, ‘ at this great πόνη of the war ’ :

If only the Moderates can keep the upper hand at Petrograd. My *hopes* are great indeed, but I cannot forget the Bastille, the Girondins, and the Reign of Terror in 1793. Think if the U.S. actually send a large army to our Front !

<sup>1</sup> This sermon, and an earlier one preached to Cadets, on the sword of Goliath, are printed at the end of this book.

<sup>2</sup> On January 22, to the Senate, in which occurred the phrase, ‘ It must be a peace without victory.’

Two years before he could not but 'think that free nations on both shores of the Atlantic will come to the conclusion that Prussian ideals and ambitions are intolerable, and must, like the *übergangs* of Louis XIV and Napoleon, be put down at *all* costs.'

On April 21, to H. B. Cotterill :

We are still here, having had no holiday. It has been so cold, and I have been so weak and cowardly, though not really *ill*. . . .

As regards the war, April has made already much atonement for the sins and doubts of former months. The accession of U.S.A. is truly a matter for thankfulness, and must surely modify the conscience and point of view of many of the sounder spirits in Germany. They *must* begin to see that both the conscience and the judgment of mankind are against them. The effect on the fortunes of Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs seems matter for prophet and historian. . . .

We are living much with dear little grandchildren, some of the sweetest companions at the fall of the leaf. I have not been down to breakfast and hardly out of the house for four months. Bread and Milk is brought to me in bed at 8 A.M. and I get into my study about 9.40. I continue to 'puff and blow' much, especially in talking, and my hands shake. I am very weak on the legs, but at almost eighty-four I have much to be thankful for, no pain, no anxieties, kindness from everywhere, from old and young.

A young Harrovian, Rupert Buxton, who was taken by his father to see the Master at this time, wrote to his brother :

It was very beautiful and very sad to be sitting with this old old man, who has, I suppose, been more generally loved than any other alive. And the secret of his large place in the hearts of all is, I am sure, that he loves everyone so much. It is always 'Dear So-and-So'

and 'Dearest Friend' with him, and so he is what he thinks of others.

With the summer came, as usual, relief. In June he was enjoying 'refreshing drives,' along with the autobiographical memoirs of his old pupil, George Russell, of whom he noted :

His memory is not always accurate. *E.g.* he credits me with a 'broken arm' at Harrow when it was only a sprained wrist owing to the fall of my horse.

But he was still very weak, and though he went to Harrow—his last visit—for Governors' Day, he dared not face the excitement of the match against Eton played at Harrow that year, or of speaking even the fewest words in public.

But, as you may suppose [he wrote to an old friend], I was very happy there. The prevailing thought among us all was reverent gratitude to our many dear schoolfellows who had given their young lives for the great cause. As Tennyson said of Wellington, 'God accept them, Christ receive them.'

On July 7 he took part in the modest festivities in celebration of the sexcentenary of King's Hall, one of the parent foundations of Trinity.

It is difficult to imagine [Dr. Murray has written] anything more perfect of its kind or more touching than the few words in which he proposed the one Toast, 'In Piam Memoriam.' His theme was the founders and benefactors of the College down to those sons of the College who had laid down their lives for their country in the war. His voice had lost its wonted strength, but not its liquid clearness. It can hardly have carried far down the Hall. In other respects all the old charm both of thought and phrasing was there unabated, with an added touch of deep

solemnity springing naturally from his subject. As he developed his theme, it almost seemed as if he were gazing without a veil into the present reality of the Communion of Saints.

For the next few days his youngest son was at Cambridge on his final leave before joining the Household Battalion in France, and there were several drives, culminating in an out-of-door tea at Grantchester—‘a blessed day,’ he called it. Indoors he took great interest in the selection of books from his library for presentation to the Lodge for the benefit of future Masters, and expressed gratitude for his daughter’s help. In his book on the Older Universities of England, Mr. Albert Mansbridge refers to his last talk with the Master, which took place about this time :

With almost the pleasure of a little child, he made plans for placing at the disposal of working men and women some books and money which had belonged to his son Gordon, who died during the Great War, and for devoting a sum of money to the fund for a memorial building to be erected by the W.E.A., which he loved so well.

At length on August 7 he travelled north—first class, his diary records, an almost unknown luxury—to the peace and beauty of Birnam. From Birnam there was another happy visit to Bamff, an incident of which is recorded in a letter from the Rev. A. Macdonald, then in charge of the Episcopal Church at Alyth.

I well remember the morning of August 26. I had commenced Matins and was reading the Exhortation or Absolution, when Dr. Butler, walking feebly upon the arm of his son J. R. M., came slowly up the nave of our little church. All my moral left me and I think the people must have noticed it. I did not know he was in the neighbourhood. I had not seen

him since 1909 or 1910, when, as an undergraduate, one felt the awe of his entry into chapel as Master of Trinity. He was terribly enfeebled and seemed to have dwindled away in bodily stature and vigour. At Trinity he always appeared to be big and vigorous. At the close of the service, to my intense delight, he came into the vestry and talked to me for half-an-hour of the college, the dons, and all whom one had known. He could not possibly have remembered me, since I was only at the Lodge at breakfast once. In contrast with his enfeebled condition his mind was wonderfully alert, and his memory good ; it rambled over many reminiscences. There was all the old charm and courtesy and simplicity, which caused my wife, who had not seen him before, to compare him to St. John. . . . I write to tell you all this because it illustrates his love for all that was connected with Trinity. He did not know me. I was not in any sense a distinguished member of the college, but because I was a Trinity man he devoted so much of his time to me while on his last visit to Bamff . . . A few days after he returned to Cambridge from Perthshire two books arrived for us from the Master—‘Ten Good Men’ for my wife, and ‘Some Leisure Hours’ for myself.

Another Trinity man, who had suffered cruelly in the war, Mr. Geoffrey Young, wrote thus to thank him for a letter :

Your courtesy and kindness to me have always been so great, that it is difficult to thank you adequately for this new sympathy. Beyond the personal feeling that we all cherish for you, it is the voice of our beloved Trinity, the real home of our thinking lives, that travels in your heartening words.

The Master’s time in Scotland was mainly taken up, as usual, with short strolls and basks in favourite spots ; with books, including Morley’s ‘Cobden,’ meditations and verse-making. Before he left he had composed a highly

characteristic poem, 'The Last Sardine,' in honour of the Bamff breakfast-table.<sup>1</sup> He also took much trouble in the fruitless attempt to save Fritz Sommerkamp from internment. 'His treatment and that of Nevile make a sad contrast,' he wrote. And he was glad to read of the capture, rather than the destruction by our armies, of 'the poor young Bavarian boys of sixteen.' One of the incidents of this sojourn at Birnam was the modelling of a wax medallion of his head by his friend, Mr. David Tod.

On September 12 he wrote :

This is the day of the great *Bones* chap. xxxvii. in Ezekiel. . . . There is something very grand in the 'Come from the four winds, O breath,' and in the 'exceeding great army,' that at once stands up. One asks oneself in grave moments what now answers to the seemingly 'dry bones' whether in national or in personal life, and from what quarter and at what word of command the vivifying 'breath' may be expected to come or at this very moment be coming. It is a question not for commentators but for consciences.

He was back at Cambridge before the end of the month, and took part in the fellowship election. Nelson was not forgotten on October 21, and on the 30th his diary records a 'Dream of Mr. Pitt !' On November 2 he spoke in Hall at a farewell dinner given to another batch of Cadets, and said a few words in French in honour of some French officers who were present. At the beginning of December he examined for Entrance Scholarships, and on the 15th, after the election, wrote his customary sheaf of letters to the candidates' head-masters.

On the 18th he was present at another farewell dinner

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 270.

to Cadets, and on the 22nd the Christmas party arrived. It was a most happy Christmas ; all his children were at the Lodge within the week, including his youngest son, on leave from the front before Arras, and he was able to have long talks with them and several of his grandchildren. On Christmas Day he presided at the usual ceremonies, and on the following afternoon his courtesy charmed old and young friends at a small dance in the Lodge. The weather was very cold, but he went to the morning service at the Round Church on the Sunday. The next day he made the final entries in his diary. 'Poor Fred in bed,' he notes, referring to the Odd Man, Frederick Flowers. That evening, the last of the year, after he had read Tennyson's 'Ring Out, Wild Bells,' to his family, he was suddenly seized by a chill. For the next fortnight he remained in bed, very weak and 'revolving many memories' of his long life, among them those of his travels sixty years before in Greece and the Holy Land. But he still took an interest in politics—it was the week of Mr. Lloyd George's speech on war aims and of President Wilson's Fourteen Points—and in the affairs of the Church, and he talked of what the Epiphany might mean in its fullest and deepest significance. He had spoken at Christmas to one of his sons of his profound gratitude to his wife for the devoted love with which she had ministered to him throughout his times of weakness and ill-health. On Sunday night, January 13, when he thought the end was near, he asked her to repeat to him the words of Jesus on the Cross—'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit'—that he might hold them in his thoughts. The end came on the following morning. Almost his last acts were to send messages to the Judge then arriving for the assizes, to the College porters, and to the Cadets, and to give his love to the School and to the College.

The country was deep in snow when the funeral took place three days later. The first part of the service was held in the College Chapel ; at the end of it the choir sang the *Nunc Dimittis* at the Great Gate, where the new Master had knocked for admittance just over thirty-one years before. The second part was in the School Chapel at Harrow, Guy Butler, Head of the School, reading the lesson. It had been Dr. Butler's wish that his body should lie in the same grave as those of his first wife and his daughter Edith, and there, in driving sleet, the burial took place, 'on a slope of the very steep hill, commanding a noble view towards Windsor and Bucks.'

A brass with an inscription by Professor Housman was placed by the College in the ante-chapel at Trinity.

IN MEMORIAM

HENRICI MONTACUTI BUTLER S.T.P.

HUIUS DOMUS ALUMNI, SOCII,  
PER XXXI ANNOS MAGISTRI,  
VIRI INTEGRI, SANCTI, IUCUNDISSIMI.  
FUERUNT IN ILLO MULTAE LITTERAE,  
ANTIQUITATIS MAGNA NOTITIA,  
MEMORIA TENACISSIMA,  
FACILIS ORATIONIS ELEGANTIA,  
CUM GRAVITATE IUNCTUS FACETIARUM LEPOS.  
IDEM COLLEGII SUI AMANTISSIMUS,  
ANIMI NON IN SUOS TANTUM BENIGNISSIMI,  
CARITATEM QUA CETEROS COMPLEXUS EST  
SIBI CONCILIAVIT.  
NATUS A.D. VI NON.IUL. A.S. MDCCXXXIV  
CHRISTI IN FIDE,  
QUAM SERMONE, ELOQUENTIA, VITA  
COMMENDAVERAT,  
OBDORMIVIT A.D. XIX KAL. FEB.  
A.S. MDCCCCXVIII.  
HERGAE IN COLLE  
OPERAE OLIM STRENUE NAVATAE TESTE  
SEPULTUS QUIESCIT.

To this was added one of the two short epitaphs he had composed for himself.

Discipulus, Socius, per bis tria lustra Magister,  
Quid non debueram, mater avita, tibi ?  
Quicquid in officio factum est male, quicquid omissum,  
Tu mihi da veniam, tu miserere, Deus.

The other, which is very similar, is inscribed in Harrow Chapel on the carved pulpit erected there by many friends as his most fitting memorial.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### CONCLUSION

ON Whitsunday, June 12, 1859, a year after his return to Cambridge with a view to ordination, Montagu Butler wrote for his private eye the lines that follow :

Let me have a confession of faith and of infidelity. What do I believe in ? I am not sceptical, sadly uncritical. It is natural to me to believe and admire. I admire everything which seems lofty, bold, magnificent, tender, graceful. I admire intensely capacity for emotion. I love to see a fire lying dormant under a gentle eye. I hate listlessness. With my whole soul I hate the young insolence that affects to think admiration below it, a thing that it is as well to have passed through as a phase. I hate intolerance too. That unkind want of sympathy with earnest investigators of truth, that policeman-like quickness at catching the first trip, seems to me one of the worst evils we have now to fight. And it can only be fought by a fixed faith of one's own, and a gentle loving life. Intolerance, so far from being extinguished, is actually fed, by a dilettante indifference. I love everything *human* I can find in books or in what I see. I know nothing of science, natural, moral or political, little of history, little of art. But I love to trace anything strictly human and genuine in all the great thinkers and doers, Plato, Coleridge, Burke, Arnold, L. da Vinci, M. Angelo, Napoleon, Hare, Maurice, Gladstone, Chatham, G. Adolphus, Dante, Goethe, Schiller,

Luther. This love for all human seems to me almost the only definite conviction in my mind. For art, music, history, political economy or any of the exact sciences I am singularly unfitted except in so far as they bring out human character. I love novels which succeed in this, and those best whose characters are exalted as well as true. I believe thoroughly in unconscious goodness and faith. I have no belief in the power of *-isms* to keep men or women far from God or from fellowship with one another. Unitarianism does not make Unitarians. I thank Coleridge for pointing this out : the C—s have proved it to me before my eyes. Surely God's Spirit *is* the author of all the good that one sees in men, aye and *was* the author since the world began. Faith in Christ, in that sense in which it is declared ' saving ' or necessary for salvation, must in some way have lived in Plato and Epaminondas and in the Spartans who sent the self-devoted victims to atone for the murder of the Persian heralds.

I love the Bible—almost all the parts of it that I understand, chiefly the Gospels, and of those St. Luke's and St. John's most. St. Luke's is so human ; St. John's brings down heaven to you. St. Paul I love better for his glorious character, for his fire, for his loving enthusiasm, than for his formal arguments. I do not think he quite understood marriage, though he has written the best things about it, *i.e.* to the Ephesians.

I love the mysterious, the impalpable ; I love chivalry, and thank W. Johnson for standing up for it as a necessary accompaniment to Christianity if we are to have a rich character. I love the story of the *Birkenhead*. Weakness is so sacred : calculation is so gloriously merged in instinct.

Here at Cambridge we lack greatness ; we are overlaid with accomplishments, with literary criticism. We have few investigators, and few fiery natures. I declare I have scarcely seen an eye light with emotion since I went to the high table. We have good men,

generous men, able men, kind-hearted men, but neither philosophers, nor poets, nor statesmen. A kingly spirit among us would find rich fuel among us, and would set us all in a blaze that would light England. . . .

I have no imagination hardly. I cannot place before my mind a picture of a place or a mode of life which I have not seen. Therefore I travel as much as I can, mentally as well as bodily. I try to see everything new : I like to see the working of all sides of life : college, school, political, parochial, legal, commercial.

I am far too affected in society, because of the abominable vanity. Unless I feel strongly, I think rapidly and therefore falsely. The thing therefore is to get strong food for genuine feeling. May my life's work provide this !

On these pages of self-examination and self-dedication this volume has been in some sort a commentary. Another will be found in the tributes which conclude it. Few words beside are needed.

'It is natural to me to believe and admire.' 'I love everything *human*.' These were essential features of his character. Conversely, he hated cynicism ; he distrusted iconoclasts—a friend once accused him of a tendency 'to idealise, and perhaps idolise, all *people in authority*' ; and he took little interest in abstract speculation. His love of everything human showed itself in the kindness and courtesy so often referred to. They led to innumerable friendships, for he was naturally made to attract. Of his social qualities he could not be unconscious, but he determined to make the highest use of them. In 1858 he resolved 'to use all personal popularity in making good more attractive and reverenced, and in correcting harshness and bigotry in judgments.' Yet a prig is the last thing he was, thanks to his humility, his humour, and his boyish lightness of touch. Such was his

simplicity that he was able to use without self-consciousness expressions which in most men's mouths at the present day would be suspected of cant. He had the courage to be natural, and avoided sarcasm and even irony. In this he was a true Victorian. He was Victorian too in his detestation of flippancy. He was easily shocked. Where an important principle was involved he took things very seriously. This resulted sometimes in excessive self-condemnation.

To have made good more attractive perhaps best sums up his life's achievement ; and fortunately for nearly seventy years he stood in positions of influence. 'I cannot say what I owe him,' 'It was a real help to have known him,' 'You to whom I owe more than to any man living,' are phrases that recur. Friends constantly declared that his society, even for a few moments, brought out what was best in them and 'shamed without rebuke,' as one of them put it, 'those phases of one's self which tend downwards.' This was partly the result, and partly the cause, of his power of always seeing the best in everyone. It was the same with institutions, which his romantic nature revered for what they had been and for what they yet might be. But his veneration for even the House of Commons and the Public Schools did not prevent him from censuring any lapse from their high traditions. As to individuals, he confessed to being 'sadly uncritical,' and occasionally weaknesses of character escaped him ; but this was a small price to pay, and, though so guileless, he was by no means lacking in practical wisdom, as was recognised by the men of the world who constantly sought his advice. One Colonial Governor spoke of him as 'the best and wisest man that I have known.'

Nor was the good which he made attractive narrow in its range. Very catholic in his heroes—from St. Paul to

Nelson—he cared intensely for beauty in nature and in art as well as in character, and his thoughts and conversation were steeped in the rich streams of Classical and Christian culture. Having no false shame of seeming pedantic, he assumed that what interested him would be interesting to his hearers, and in most cases he made it so.

He was a great humanist ; he was not a great savant, though in addition to his finished scholarship he was well read in certain fields of modern literature and history, and enjoyed a wonderful memory. But his interest and reverence far exceeded the bounds of his own knowledge, and he exulted in the genius and learning of others. In such matters he was wholly free from jealousy and the smallness of self, as when he once, in completest secrecy, declined a high honour offered to him and secured its bestowal on someone else instead. His generosity was princely in money matters too, whether it was a matter of subscribing to public enterprises, of helping people in difficulty, or of 'making a cabby happy' by an excessive tip.

Witness was born after his death to these and other qualities in a flood of letters which poured in to his family. It will be best to let them speak.

From Dr. V. H. Stanton, Fellow of Trinity, Regius Professor of Divinity :

For thirty years I have had opportunities of watching him closely, and on one or two occasions before that I was in a position to observe him when there was much to try a man and to show what he was. I have long thought that I have never known anyone more sound through and through as to all the highest and most important moral qualities. With his wonderful charity and readiness to recognise gifts of the most diverse kinds and moral excellencies in others, and to

make allowance for their defects and failures, and genuine and lovable humility as to himself, he combined great firmness of character and moral courage, and a determination to be scrupulously loyal to truth in what he said to, or about, others, which was no less remarkable than his charity.

From Professor Alfred Marshall :

I am only one among thousands who have benefited by the influence of Dr. Butler's calm, strong, gentle spirit. But I wish to pay my grateful tribute to the memory of one of the noblest men that I have known, one of the greatest sons of Cambridge.

From Sir J. J. Thomson :

I think he was the most courteous gentleman, and the most conscientious and kindly man I ever met ; his friendship was a constant stimulus to fairness and tolerance. Trinity owes much to him which I am sure it will not soon forget.

From Sir Frederick Pollock :

Common forms of condolence are out of place when such a man as our late Master leaves this world so full of years and honour, having filled his high office during a generation of men with universal approval. As Velleius Paterculus said of a great Roman, the right name of such an end is not death but an auspicious farewell to life.

I have known Trinity under three Masters—Whewell, surviving from a generation in which it was still possible to aim at omniscience, a strong man feared and respected but little beloved, certainly very little in the College—Thompson, feared in a different way by those who did not really know him, beloved by those who did—and your husband, so beloved of all that there was no talk of fear, and yet with no lack of dignity and no disparagement of the respect due to the College and to his place as its head. . . .

From Mr. George Trevelyan :

He was so kind to me that, if that were possible, I loved him more even than others of my contemporaries, though all loved him so well. The great office he filled in the last part of his life can never again be filled so perfectly, as it has never been filled so perfectly before,—certainly not for 200 years past, probably never before that. Even we who only saw him on occasion feel that something has gone out of the world that was unique and never will be again.

From Sir Richard Glazebrook :

You know we all here loved him from the bottom of our hearts ; we feel that the best and truest of our friends and teachers has been taken to his long home, and we wish ever to remember his saintly life, his devotion to the College, and his love for all that is pure and good and holy. We are the better, much the better, for his example, and trust we may never fall short of the high ideal he set for himself and all those who came within his influence.

From Sir James Frazer :

No one who knew him but must have loved him, and we had more reason than most to love him, for he was ever the kindest and most generous of friends, first to me, and after our marriage to my wife also. There has never been the least cloud on our friendship. As a young man I was deeply honoured by knowing that I had his good opinion, and that he was so kind and considerate as to express it to my dear parents. And he followed my work always with the warmest and most helpful sympathy. I shall never forget how, having discovered a serious mistake in my published work, I brought him a letter offering to resign my Fellowship, and how he received me and returned me the letter unopened. It is a great thing in life to have known and loved one so pure and high-minded and

affectionate, who saw the best in everyone and thought evil of no one.

From Mr. F. M. Cornford :

I think he knew that I not only honoured and respected him, but loved him. I shall never forget the unfailing graciousness and kindness he always showed me, even when I did things he disapproved of. There is no other man I have known whose record of pure goodness is so absolutely unbroken in my memory.

From Mr. J. Burnaby :

The Master has been to me what he must have been to countless others like me—a marvel of kindness and goodness from the day I first won a Trinity Scholarship to the present time. The kind of friendship with which he honoured us, and the knowledge of the absolutely unfeigned interest which he took in all that we did, will be one of the happiest memories of our lives at Cambridge.

From the Rev. P. M. Herbert, Warden of the Trinity Mission, now Bishop of Kingston :

His name here has always been held in the highest reverence, and there are many who look back to some little conversation with him as one of the great events of their lives.

From an Australian officer, recently a cadet at Trinity, writing to his Colonel :

Whilst one could not expect many more years to be added to the life of one who had already passed the allotted span, I was surprised to read of the passing away of one who had done much to make the cadets of your battalion happy during their sojourn at Trinity. . . . I shall never forget the evening the late Master spent with us on November 30, 1917, and the way he spoke to us of our associations at Trinity, and

the noble ideals he then set before us. By his death, England has not only lost a brilliant scholar and teacher, but your battalion has lost a true friend.

From the Master of Magdalene, Dr. A. C. Benson :

I was deeply moved by the news of the peaceful close of your father's wonderfully noble and happy life. My last talk with him was a long one, and I have often thought of it since. His perfect sweetness and dignity, his tranquil gentleness, his tender affection—I can't say how beautiful it seemed to me ! I have my recollections of him from my earliest days, and they have all the same beautiful quality of unselfish grace. That mixture of high-mindedness and simplicity is very rare; but the years as they passed, instead of diminishing these attributes, seemed only to increase and refine them.

After these Cambridge tributes, some extracts from letters from friends not so directly connected with the University may suggest how wide was his influence.

From the Archbishop of Canterbury :

It means not a little to my own life to find what has been so continuously a 'stand by' from my boyhood onwards, suddenly withdrawn. I cannot remember any period during the last fifty years when I failed to find in my old Headmaster a ready counsellor, a staunch friend, a wise and patient example of strong simple Christian consistency. He has helped me in far more ways than he ever knew, and I seldom got even a half an hour's conversation with him without going away strengthened and stimulated to try to do one's work more worthily. I have been fortunate in friendship, but there is none so long or so *potent* in my life as his.

From Lord Bryce :

It is now more than fifty years since I first knew your husband ; and years only increased my admiration

for his gifts and affection for his character. There was a simplicity and sweetness and natural kindness about him that won all hearts. In the days when he was headmaster at Harrow, I was often there, and I was always struck by the confidence and deference and personal respect which the assistant masters felt for him, those who were his seniors in age no less than the younger. Everybody knew that he was perfectly unselfish, perfectly truthful, always governed by the highest motives, always considerate for others, always irreproachably just. What he was to Trinity you and all Cambridge know. There has been in our time no brighter ornament of the English Universities and the English Church.

From Dean Inge :

He was one of the very few *great* men of our time—at least that is my impression of him, and I have met most of our leading men—and it has long been a wonder to me, as to many others, why he was not chosen to fill one of our Archbishopsrics. It would have been a gain to the Church of England, though a Cambridge man may be excused for thinking that there is no more dignified or delightful office than the Mastership of Trinity. I have to bless his memory for many acts of personal kindness ; no one who has known him can ever forget him.

From Lord Long of Wraxall :

We have lost our dear Master ; what this means to Harrow, to Trinity and Cambridge, and to all his countless followers no words can express. He was always the same, 1868 to 1918—during all these years he was the friend to whom one could turn, and his letters were always so helpful.

From Lord Crewe :

I have owed an indescribable debt to the Master's advice and example ever since I went to Harrow. To

one like myself whose principal business has been politics it remains a wonder that his absorption in the affairs of the School and afterwards of Trinity—perpetual and undivided devotions—never for a moment blunted his interest in public life, or interfered with his absolute command of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century political history. And that formal knowledge was so delightfully adorned with personal recollections, and linked up with lighter records of individual traits and humorous characteristics, that many of us have hoped that he would set down in a permanent form some of his memories and impressions. Of his unvarying kindness to myself through all these years I can say nothing except a word of infinite gratitude.

From the American Ambassador, Mr. W. H. Page :

I shall never forget the first night I spent in Cambridge—under your most hospitable roof—when I first met Dr. Butler. His great and impressive personality was both a stimulus and benediction. How well he rounded out his life ! His memory is now and will remain for ever a rich legacy to you and to the University and to that large and most influential body of men whose character and careers he did so much to mould.

From Sir Henry Cunningham :

I am, I suppose, his oldest living friend, for our friendship began some seventy years ago when we were boys at school. Since then he has always figured in my life's calendar as the type of goodness, kindness, and success. The brilliant successes, which seem to be the appanage of his family, were already crowning his career, but I think more of delightful companionship and of the charm he exercised then, as to the end of his life, over those who were fortunate enough to come within his sphere. Our lives have been far apart, and my twenty years in India cut me off from many of my friends, but I found on my return that

[his] genial glow of kindness burnt as bright as ever, and that his many successes and excitements left him the same delightful companion. His character remained at the same high level of goodness and honesty and immunity from those shortcomings which beset so many. He can never, I think, have made an enemy or lost a friend.

From Lord Kilbracken :

It was a most noble and enviable life, and there are few of whom it could be more truly said that having served his generation he has fallen asleep. His influence, direct and indirect, must have been great beyond all estimation, and one can only thank God for it. I hardly like to speak to you of my own loss, but we had been friends, intimate friends, for just over forty years ; and in spite of some difference of age, of which until lately one was hardly aware, I do not think I ever had a more thoroughly congenial and delightful companion, one for whom I had a stronger affection, or one of whose affection, good word, and support on all occasions, always and everywhere, I felt more absolutely certain.

From Bishop Montgomery :

I knew of course that we could not expect to have him much longer with us, but I dreaded the day when I should lose the inspiration of his presence. It is impossible for me to express the love and veneration I have felt for him for more than fifty years. There are few to whom I have owed so much in all deepest senses, and none whose society was such intense joy on those happy occasions, when for four hours we talked in summer time in the Master's Garden.

From Dean Rashdall :

I cannot tell you how much I owe to him—his teaching, his character, and his friendship. It is difficult to compare the influence of one's own teacher with

the influence which other teachers have exercised on other men, but I think he must have been the most inspiring teacher of his time. He had an immense power of forming and keeping up real friendships with his pupils. My leaving Harrow was only the beginning of a long series of kindnesses. My visits to Trinity will always remain among the happiest memories of my life.

From Mr. John Fortescue, the historian of the British Army :

It is forty-five years almost to a day (January 21, 1873) since I first spoke to him, a trembling little boy giving his name to be entered on the school books, and earning a frown because, in his fright, he gave his Christian name first. A fortnight later the frown was changed into a smile, when (as the custom was) I brought him the list of the marks of my form with my own name at the top. After that the flow of encouragement and sympathy grew steadily wider and deeper, and never failed. His patience also was extraordinary. Since I reached and passed the age of forty I have understood better how sorely a Master is tried even by a willing boy ; and I can still recall with wonder and admiration how, even when visibly oppressed by physical exhaustion, he remained always gentle, unless something different from gentleness was called for. Men of far greater eminence will have told you what they owe to his vast knowledge, his scholarship and his consummate mastery of English. But to me I think that his most valuable lesson (apart from the constant upholding of high ideals) was that he taught me the worth of honest drudgery, first by his own example, and secondly by setting forth the attractions of drudgery in their most winning forms. If I have done any good work in my life, it is because the Master taught me above all to drudge ; and it was the recollection of this that made my last visit to the Lodge so great and so abiding a pleasure.

From the Rev. G. H. Rendall, formerly Headmaster of Charterhouse :

All through my life I have deeply and gratefully appreciated the extraordinary constancy and conscience in the affections, which somehow among innumerable calls always found the time and the will to express active sympathy in all the chequered passages of life (public or personal) through which I have chanced to pass. I should think no man has ever kept personal sympathies more quick and responsive, and literally thousands must feel his death as the removal of a personal and sympathetic friend. And over and above this I for one must ever associate him with standards of high-minded courtesy, of scholarly thoroughness, and of Christian sincerity and devotion, which his teaching and example endeared to me in the receptive days of boyhood.

From Dr. M. J. Rendall, formerly Headmaster of Winchester :

I do not think there is anyone among the living for whom I have so profound a respect, and to whom I owe as deep a debt as I do to your husband. He has always stood to me as a beacon-light and exemplar, typifying the high and noble things for which our profession stands. This is not a careless tribute, but it represents in deliberate language what I and no doubt many others feel about him. He is almost 'felix opportunitate mortis,' for he could only look on while much that he held most dear was challenged in education and in other phases of life. Yet to the end he fought a noble fight, and I was much struck when I last saw him (and I thank God for the opportunity) with the vitality of his spirit.

From the Headmaster of Wellington, Mr. W. W. Vaughan, now Headmaster of Rugby :

I had never spoken to him until I became Master here, but of course he had been to me as to all school-

masters an inspiring and a heroic figure. Then there were links with him through my own family—Vaughan Hawkins and C. J. Vaughan and my wife's Father, so that when I came here I seemed to step straight into the sunlight of his friendship, and it was such wonderful illuminating and warming sunlight. Though I only saw him for those few days at Trinity, and when he came here, and in London for Governors' meetings, he made more difference to me and taught me more than anyone has in these last ten years of my life. His thoughtfulness for one and all, his tender courtesy, the beauty of his letters, his attitude to life are precious possessions, and behind all these one was conscious of something bigger still that shone out through all his words and deeds and will go on shining for all the lives of all who knew him.

From Mr. F. E. Marshall :

His abounding sympathy, his delicious sense of humour, his playfulness under the small troubles and worries of life, are a constant pleasure to remember and think of.

From the parent of an undergraduate :

I cannot describe to what extent Dr. Butler helped me, at a time when I was in severe trouble. It was wonderful how he cheered me, and filled my life with hope and confidence. He is before me now in the dining-room at Trinity Lodge. I have often longed to grasp Dr. Butler by the hand and just tell him of my gratitude—but he knows now. All I could do was to send a few flowers each year as the date came round, to show that I never forgot, and he always wrote me such a charming letter.

From Mr. H. B. Cotterill :

It was some time after my expedition to Central Africa, in which, as you know, he took a deep interest, that he began to write to me, sometimes at rather long

intervals, but far more frequently and fully than I had any right to expect considering his very many and important duties as Master of Trinity. It was the loss of those whom we loved that first caused him to touch on themes which one does not willingly discuss except with very few; and more and more I found inspiring and helpful not only what he said but the attitude of mind with which he regarded the mysteries of life and death. Year after year I found that I turned with deeper longing and gratitude towards him, and very often some letter from him would bring a sudden flood of sunshine when my existence seemed more than usually lonely and useless. . . . I can only say truly that on countless occasions during all these many years I have been guided, and guided aright, by the memory of his reverence, his gentleness, his humble-mindedness, his unfailing admiration for true courage and self-devotion, his loving sympathy with all that was *sincere*—by the strength and courage and sincerity, too, of his own character, qualities which were not always recognised by those who were attracted by graciousness of manner and gracefulness of expression.

From Bishop Gore :

The memory of him is pure, gracious, and beautiful, without any flaw or counteracting bitterness.

To this long roll of private gratitude there shall only be added two extracts from public pronouncements made within a few days of his death. Preaching in King's College Chapel on January 20, 1918, the Rev. S. C. Carpenter said :

There are from time to time in Cambridge life events of such constraining magnitude that the preacher of the week in such a place as this has no alternative but to turn aside for a moment from the subject of his sermon, and address himself to a topic not of his own choice. One such event is in the minds of all of us.

It would be impossible for me, albeit in the presence of some whose knowledge of Henry Montagu Butler is far longer and more intimate than my own, to refrain altogether from the attempt to give some expression, however ignorantly, however unworthily, to our common sense of loss. A common sense—and yet a sense experienced, I should suppose, with a peculiar poignancy by members of this twofold society, the life of which, 'here and at Eton' has run for centuries side by side, now in a generous rivalry, more often in a loyal co-operation, but always side by side, with the life of those two other great foundations which are bereaved to-day of a son, a father and a friend. I have sufficient motive and defence for attempting so difficult a duty in the *dictum* of Augustine, 'not for the mere sake of saying this or that, but that there be not silence.'

It may be that future generations will have some surprise when they learn the singular veneration in which the Master of Trinity was held by his contemporaries. For he leaves not much in writing to tell them what he was. But of those contemporaries no one who has any knowledge of some of the main currents of English life during the last sixty years, at Harrow, at Trinity, and in circles wider still, no one who cares at all for consummate scholarship, no one who has ever admired the rich fertility of that well-stored mind, released and interpreted by that golden tongue, no one, above all, who appreciates the shining beauty of a truly Christian character, will be disposed to-day to doubt or to deny that 'a prince and a great man is fallen in Israel.' A great man. We hoard the epithet with jealous parsimony. It is not a word to be used idly. But it is a word that we may use to-day.

It will be for others to speak in other places of his great knowledge of men and books, his eloquence, his ready, graceful wit, his never-failing courtesy, his regal hospitality. We all know that from his high position, his gifts and character, the range and quality of his experience, he has been, for Cambridge, a link with the

larger world. But I would here remind you rather that by virtue of the serene and radiant piety, which, unimpaired and, it would almost seem, untroubled by misgivings of the intellect or by the downward drag of worldly interests, was his lifelong possession, he was for us a link with another and a greater world. For he preserved through all his long and brilliantly successful life the single mind, the humble spirit and the white simplicity of such as are converted and become as little children.

You will allow me one reminiscence, one out of many. It is one that may perhaps be shared by some who are here now. Some ten years back the Master of Trinity preached for the last time before the University. It was not a theological pronouncement. Theological pronouncements were not, I think, according to his mind. It was a confession of his faith. He took occasion in his sermon to quote, after his manner, from Tennyson and Wordsworth, whom he described, after his manner—it would surely hardly have occurred to anybody else—as ‘the one a member of my own College, the other of St. John’s.’ But his text and subject were exactly and precisely the text and subject that anyone who knew him might have known that they were sure to be—‘Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.’ Such was his message to the University. Such was the lesson of his life. Grant him, O Lord, eternal rest, and shine upon him with perpetual light.

The words that follow were used the evening after the Master’s death by the Provost of King’s College, Dr. M. R. James, now Provost of Eton :

The Master was, to put it quite shortly, one of the best and noblest of men. There was no theme that

he touched without imparting to it dignity and light, no memory that had not in his mind been purged of what was unworthy, while it kept all its brightness. To impute an ill motive to an opponent was as impossible to him as to entertain one himself. His thought dwelt always on a high plane, and for the time at least he could raise us others to it. A great and beautiful spirit is gone from among us, and we cannot yet measure our loss, but elsewhere, as an Easter Psalm says, 'there is sprung up a light for the righteous, and joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted.'

So amply were fulfilled in his own case the words he wrote at the end of his last Scottish holiday, dating them September 27, 1917 :

The man who always at the highest aims,  
And sees the best in every man he knows,  
Shall reap, though praise and merit he disclaims,  
Love and deep reverence at his journey's close.

## SOME POEMS



## SOME POEMS

### I FOUR RIDDLES

*Pitti*

O for the Voice of mighty Sire or Son,  
To shame a land befooled, a realm undone !  
Then, should my *First* again for Union plead,  
And speak, as erst to men of manlier breed.  
E'en I myself, albeit of feebler heart,  
Would follow close, and play a *Second* part,  
Almost unheard. Strange junction He and I !  
Who could have dreamed so fair a company  
Would rise in vision, when they name my *Whole*,  
And bring half Heaven before th' enraptured soul ?

Florence, April 14, 1893.

*Palmieri*<sup>1</sup>

Emblem of Victories which age endure,  
My *First* is grasped by sainted hands and pure ;  
Such hands as pictured walls in Florence show  
Limned by thy genius, rapt Angelico.  
My *Second*'s but a name of Yesterday—  
A ghost, which, as you clasp it, melts away ;  
Italia's very own, it seems to cast  
Pathetic shadow o'er a glorious past.

<sup>1</sup> Queen Victoria was staying at the Villa Palmieri at this time.





And now I send you, from these whispering pines,  
 A score of versions of a dozen lines !  
 Take them, kind friend, and call them what you  
 will—

Disputed titles swell a lawyer's bill—  
 Translation ? Paraphrase ? A *tour de force* ?  
 A *jeu d'esprit* ? A 'folly' ?—that of course—  
 A 'string of *bagatelles*' ? To me they seem  
 Like variations on a single theme ;  
 No two the same, or, scarcely less absurd,  
 The same in all but just a change of word ;  
 But each a nascent personality,  
 A little infant individual I,  
 Born just to live, and lisp, and certainly to die.

Such was the thought ; not mine to see or guess  
 The coming doom ; 'tis yours to ban or bless.  
 My highest praise, if any praise be due,  
 Would be to win from such a judge as you  
 The recognition that each separate piece  
 Owes more to Nature than to mere caprice ;  
 That each bright metre, like a fairy elf,  
 Has subtle laws peculiar to itself,  
 Which gently guide th' half conscious poet's hand,  
 Suggest, persuade, less audibly command,  
 And choose, with silent but imperious claim,  
 Each word, each cadence, and each pastoral name.  
 For 'rustic Phidyle' and urban Phyllis  
 Are not the same as sylvan Amaryllis ;  
 And if poor Cymon half provokes the jeer,  
 'Amice Valgi'<sup>1</sup> justifies a tear.

This was my faith, but theory and fact  
 Sometimes, we know, prefer to break their pact ;  
 And gulfs may sunder, sages are agreed,  
 The hard performance and the easy creed.

<sup>1</sup> Tu semper urges flebilibus modis  
 Mysten ademptum. *Od.* ii. 9.

Deign, then, to take this little Easter egg,  
 And—if a donor may presume to beg—  
 Break it alone—or, if a friend be by,  
 Let him be one nor critical nor dry,  
 A man of genial soul too large for irony.

Read the contents, in private duty bound ;  
 Each feature note, as from Anchises' mound <sup>1</sup>—  
 The phrase, the sentiment, the sense, the sound.  
 Read them *together*—'tis the fairest test ;  
 Synoptic judgments are the only best ;  
 If first and last be read in different moods,  
 And alien thought between the parts intrudes,  
 Such broken lights may strange results reveal,  
 As *Tripos Candidates* are said to feel.  
 Read them *in order*—not by chance, I trust,  
 Asclepiad trails in proud Alcaic's dust,  
 And laughter-loving Sapphic ambles near,  
 To dry the latest Elegiac tear.  
 Read them *awake*—one half at least, and then,  
 After siesta, try the other ten ;  
 Or, if too stern the inevitable doze,  
 As Herrick counsels, 'lull asleep thy woes.'

\* \* \* \*

At last, at last, the anxious silence breaks,  
 The pleas are ended, and the Judge awakes ;  
 The gracious Sun emerges from eclipse,  
 And the rich vapour clouds your sovran lips ;  
 Puff after puff the fragrant wreath up-curls,  
 And round your chair prophetic eddies whirls.  
 And then—and then—methinks I hear you say—  
 Or is it hope that drives pale fear away ?—  
 'Yes, he is right : however wild the dream,  
 The work is not a medley, but a scheme ;  
 No dull mechanic lifeless repetition,  
 But change of garb to suit a changed position.

<sup>1</sup> *Aen.* vi. 754.

Et *tumulum* capit, unde omnes longo ordine possit  
 Adversos legere, et venientum discere voltus.

He's right ! Those twenty parts, upon my soul,  
 Are more than parts, each item is a whole ;  
 Each little metre sobs its separate tale,  
 A sigh, a groan, a lullaby, a wail.  
 The faults, no doubt, are neither few nor small ;  
 Some day I'll polish and correct them all.  
 But, as they stand, each version may be said  
 To do what no one else could do instead.  
 Whate'er their worth, whichever take the prize,  
 Each is (or rather, obviously tries  
 To be) a Latin poem—in disguise ;  
 And be they bad or good—or bad alone,  
 Each has a something some might call its own.'

Ewart Park, Wooler, Northumberland.  
*April 1898.*

## II

What needs complaints,  
 When she a place  
 Has with the race  
 Of saints ?

In endless mirth,  
 She thinks not on  
 What's said or done  
 In earth.

She sees no tears,  
 Nor any tone  
 Of thy deep groan  
 She hears ;

Nor does she mind,  
 Or think on't now,  
 That ever thou  
 Wast kind :

But, changed above,  
 She likes not there,  
 As she did here,  
 Thy love.

Forbear, therefore,  
And lull asleep  
Thy woes, and weep  
No more.

HERRICK.

*Devenere locos laetos et amoena vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.*

*Aen. vi. 638.*

Fair Child, of whom half-pagan Herrick sings,  
Where shall we rank you with departed things ?  
Not with the souls that pious fancy paints—  
He meant but ‘shepherds’ when he call’d them  
‘saints’—

No, we must feign some cold Elysium, where  
Joy freezes love, and love is deaf to prayer ;  
Where honour sleeps, and pity hides her face,  
And only apathy is deem’d a grace.

In ‘endless mirth’ you revel, we are told,  
Without a thought for all you prized of old ;  
In ‘endless mirth’ you revel, and forget  
That human cheeks, which once you kiss’d, are wet.  
For kindness shown, for faithful love outpour’d,  
Love that entreated, worshipp’d, knelt, adored,  
You have no memory, no look, no word.  
Blind mute indifference and ‘endless mirth’—  
Strange nurselings, sure, to boast a heav’ly birth !—  
Such is your sainthood, such the stony skies  
To which your lover lifts his hopeless eyes ;  
Such worth th’ Immortals crown, such souls they  
canonize !

Inhuman Saint, if saintliness be this,  
We envy not, we rather blame, thy bliss :  
Less nobly spent an age in heav’n with thee  
Than one brief hour on earth with duteous Phidyle.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Caelo supinas si tuleris manus,  
Nascente luna, rustica Phidyle...—*Od. iii. 23.*

And yet, fair Child—such glamour lives in song,  
 Such charm to vanish'd beauty doth belong—  
 While Herrick sings, we love thee scarce the less  
 For all thy languor and lethargicness<sup>1</sup> :  
 A Saint, in heav'n ? Ah no—a Dorian Shepherdess !

## III

A WIFE'S DISILLUSION<sup>2</sup>

(*After Pope*)

O when a Wife at last begins to see  
 Her husband's not the man he seemed to be,  
 Brave, tender, chivalrous, heroic, pure,  
 But half a tyrant, half an epicure ;  
 Sharp-tongued if thwarted in his pettiest whim,  
 As if the world were all arranged for him ;  
 In converse commonplace, in habits gross,  
 Luxurious, idle, querulous, morose ;—  
 As this blurred portrait proves itself the Real,  
 Effacing, flouting her adored Ideal—  
 What wonder if, in dear defeat of hope,  
 She turns an atheist or a misanthrope ;  
 Arraigns the Powers that mocked her maiden prayer,  
 And e'en in motherhood finds fresh despair ;  
 Still, as she feels her own poor life undone,  
 Fears to revive the Father in the Son ;  
 With wistful terror scans the baby face,  
 And dreads to read th' hereditary grace ;  
 Marks his sweet eyes, those eyes of heavenly blue,  
 Which seem to say, ' If false, there's nothing true,'  
 Then murmurs, ' Gracious God, will *he* be traitor too ? '

Who but must weep if such a wife there be ?  
 Who would not shudder if his own were she ?

Scotland, March 29, 1913.

<sup>1</sup> 'forgetfulness' ? But see George Herbert, *The Church Porch* :  
 A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse  
 Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.

<sup>2</sup> *Some Leisure Hours*, p. 539.

IV  
COMO REDUX<sup>1</sup>

*Non ego sanius  
Bacchabor Edonis ; recepto  
Dulce mihi furere est amico.*

HOR. *Od. II. vii. 26.*

*Ad Lectorem*

In hoc poëmate legendo animadvertant tirones COMONEM et MOCONEM<sup>2</sup> germanos et gemellos asinos fuisse, quibuscum ludere solerent in cubiculo Tres Viri illi Iacobulus, Gordon, Nevilius. Videtur autem COMO, iam peregrinantibus dominis, per aliquot dies perditus delituisse, tum ductu et auspiciis NUTRICIS, venerabilis cuiusdam puellae, in lucem redisse. Cuius reditum festis hendecasyllabis et tripudiis commemorat Iacobulus.

Gaudete, o pueri benigniores,  
Et quicquid pueris magis benignum est,  
Et queiscunque boni placent aselli !  
COMO, deliciae meae iuventae,  
Inter optimus optimos asellos—  
COMO, quem modo perditum putabam, et  
Subter Tartara manibus rudentem—  
Non est perditus ille, sed redivit ;  
Sospes, vividus, integer, iocosus,  
Immutatus, amabilis redivit.

Gaudete, O animae beatiores,  
Et tu praecipue, beate Moco,  
Frater fratre beatior recepto !  
Quis te fratre beatior recepto ?  
Nam quem tu modo perditum putabas,  
Quem flebas velut Inferis sonantem,  
Talis qualis erat domum redivit ;  
Salvis calcibus, auribus, capillis,  
Salva voce, domum tuus redivit !

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 159.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Cic. *Ep. ad Att. iv. 5*, ' Scio me asinum germanum fuisse.'

Quis carum caput invidebat Orco ?  
 Quis iam <sup>1</sup> deposito tulit salutem ?  
 Iam nobis, Erato, magistra lucis,  
 Cui vel summa patent vel ima rerum,  
 Tu tractus Erebi tenebricosos,  
<sup>2</sup> Septem iuncta sororibus, revela.

Infandum sed enim pudet dolorem  
 Psallendo renovare : tu poëtae  
 Pandenti reticenda de gemello  
 Da, precor, veniam, gemelle Moco,  
 Nec, ridenda lyra fatente, ride !

Quem tu partem animae tuae tot annos,  
 Quem 'dilecte' quotidie vocabas,  
 Aequaevum stabuli tui sodalem, et  
 Producti socium aemulumque cantus—  
 Quicum ludere et esse gestiebas,  
 Quicum ad praelia falsa velitari—  
 Illum in pulvere sordido iacentem,  
 Pannos inter araneaeque telas,  
 Neglecta cute, muribusque praedam,  
 Invenit dea nominata NUTRIX,  
 Ante omnes venerabilis puella :

<sup>1</sup> 'Seposito' Lambinus, tamquam vel in arcum neglegentius abiecto, vel potius in exsiliū quoddam relegato : cf. 'Agrippam seposuit Surrentum,' Suet. Aug. 65 ; 'Othonem in provinciam specie legationis seposuit,' Tac. Hist. i. 13. Sed videtur Vir doctissimus dormitasse. Quippe obliviscitur Ovidiani illius, 'iam, prope depositus, certe iam frigidus' ; Maroniani, 'Ille ut depositi proferret fata parentis,' Aen. xii. 395, ubi vid. Servium ; etiam Ciceroniani, 'mihi videor magnam et maxime aegram et prope depositam rei publicae partem suscepisse,' <sup>2</sup> Verr. i. 2, 5.

Pudet mehercule Creechianam illam conjecturam revocare,  
 'Quisnam iam opposito tulit salutem ?'

Quasi vero Como, miserrimus ille quidem asellulus et sine dubio ad incitas redactus, iam plane oppigneratus esset, 'pawned,' quod vocant ! Credat Iudaeus. Creechius scilicet, homo putidior, Catullianum illud in animo habebat,

'Furi, villula nostra non ad Austri  
 Flatus *opposita* est. . . .  
 Verum ad millia quindecim et ducentos.' xxvi.

Quanquam aliud est libros nosse, aliud sapere.

<sup>2</sup> Cur Septem ? Quidni Octo ? Videtur omnino una de novem Musis vocanti poëtae afuisse, sed quae fuerit iam per multa saecula pugnant interpretes. Sunt quibus Clio videatur rem ut historia vix dignam contempsisse. Alii de Melpomene hariolantur, cui cycni, non aselli, vox placeat.

Tanto omnes super eminens puellas  
Quanto illum super eminentem asellos.

Haec, seu forte perambulans relictas  
Aedes iam <sup>1</sup> dominis tribus vacantes,  
Seu ducente benignius Diana,  
Vel cuicunque boni placent aselli,  
Tandem, qua latitabat Ille, venit,  
Venit, vedit ad incitas redactum,  
Vedit, sustulit, in sinuque fovit,  
Fovit, flevit, et ad suos reduxit.

At quae gaudia perduto reducto !  
Quae convivia <sup>2</sup> lauta ! Quot cachinni,  
Plausus, basia, gratulationes !  
Quot laudes venerabilis puellae !

Ergo non semel, o beate Como,  
Te cantabimus et tuum regressum :  
Te sacrisque diebus et profestis  
Sicci mane loquemur ; uvidique,  
Cum Sol occiduas rigat fenestras,  
Inter pocula millies canemus :

‘Como, deliciae meae iuventae,  
Inter optimus optimos asellos—  
Como, quem modo perditum putabam, et  
Subter Tartara manibus <sup>3</sup> sonantem—  
Non est perditus ille, sed redivit,  
Famae conscius, eloquens, redivit ;  
Salvis calcibus, auribus, capillis,  
Salva voce, domum meus redivit !’

KAL. APR. A.S. MDCCXCVII.

<sup>1</sup> Loquitur vates, nisi fallor, de Tertio Triumviratu, Iacobulo, Gordone, Nevilio, inter quos Neviliū Lepidi illius quodammodo partes egiſſe crediderim.

<sup>2</sup> ‘Laeta reponendum suspicor ; conſtat enim Comonense illud saeculum et agriculturae depressione et dividendorum (quae vocant) deminutione laborasse. Quocirca parum verisimile est Persicis, ut ita dicam, apparatus indulſiſſe Tres Viros illos περὶ ὄνου γε σκιᾶς.’ Benteleius.

<sup>3</sup> Sonantem MSS., tonantem Scaliger, qui sic argumentatur : ‘Si Flaccum sequimur, “Caelo tonantem credidimus Iovem regnare.” Alcaeum autem ‘sonantem aureo plectro’ vidiſſimus. Ex his duabus vocibus utra tandem Comoni nostro, praeſertim apud Inferos agenti, aptior erat ? Meo quidem iudicio tonantem : quippe artem in Alcaeō miraris, in asello, veluti in ipſo Iove, naturam ; ut sonare prudentis, tonare rudentis potius esse videatur.’ Haec Vir summus.

## V

MORS CAROLI<sup>1</sup>

Qualis supinas gramine Troico,  
 Nil suspicantes, ut lupus, irruens  
     Nocturnus invasit bidentes,  
     Ense suo periturus, Ajax ;  
 Qualisve tauros, praedam Erytheida,  
 Cacus latebras traxit in horridas,  
     Sensurus Alcidae trinodem,  
     Dum tremit exululatque, clavam,  
 Talem sub Hergae colle per uidos  
 Campos serentem volnera IETTIUM  
     Videre agrestes, et quietis  
     Exitium gregibus parantem,  
 Casto inquinatum sanguine : proh pudor !  
 O digna nigris furta crepusculis !  
     O patris exemplo renascens  
     Turpe latrocinium dolosi !  
 Fures creatur furibus, editur  
 Praedone praedo ; nec catulos lea  
     Producit insontes cruenta  
     Seque minus cupidos cruoris.  
 Immanis at gens carnificum parit  
 Immaniores ; innumerabilis  
     (Certum est) tyrannorum tyrannos  
     Innumeros series sequetur.  
 Quin et catellae saepe ferocia  
 Voltus feroce exsuperant patres :  
     Molossus haud raro Molossum  
     Trux genuit truculentiorem.  
 Hoc senserat mens conscientia Caroli  
 Praesagientis debita posteris  
     Tormenta seris, et futuro  
     Tristia vaticinantis aevo.

<sup>1</sup> Carlo, Jet's father, was a retriever belonging to Mr. John Gray of Wembley, Montagu Butler's uncle. Sheep-slaying brought him to an untimely end, not however by the rope, as poetic licence asserts in this ode.

Hic ante mortem, nec laqueo caret  
 Collum, vocatos undique liberos  
 Tristi trementes sub cupresso  
 Sic lacrimans monuisse fertur.

<sup>1</sup> Proles, avita stirpe superbiens,  
 Favete linguis ! Murmure dissono  
 Nolite latratus gravantem  
 Pectora dissimulare luctum.

Finis triumphis, finis adest dolis  
 Nostris ; peremptas propter oves cado .  
 Me furta balantumque Manes  
 Ante diem rapiunt sub Orcum.

Me Tartari nox spissa vocat, vocant  
 Angues Sororum dira minantium ;  
 Iam stridet Alecto, quatitque  
 Pallida Tisiphone flagellum.

Vos, si quid Orci flumina territant,  
 Si quid seniles corda movent preces,  
 Peccata vitetis parentum,  
 Nec teneros lanietis agnos.

Tuque, o meorum summe, patris decus,  
 In quo paternae mentis imaginem  
 Laetabar agnoscens, meaeque  
 (Quam calidae !) specimen iuventae,  
 Campos caveto, moenibus urbium  
 Contentus haerens ! Haud temere auguror  
 Funesta, si patrem secutus  
 Prata, puer miserande, carpes.

Quanquam a ! ruentem quid retinet ? Vale,  
 Vale supremum, ni fera ruperis  
 Decreta Parcarum peremptas  
 Propter oves moriture, Ietti !  
 Haec Caroli vox ultima ; languidos  
 Iam iam trahentem funis anhelitus  
 Astrinxit, et Cocytus undis  
 Irremabilibus recepit.

<sup>1</sup> ? Vivaet vetusti stipitis assulae.

Dicam an silebo caetera ? IETTIUS,  
 Haereditatis victima, nec sui  
 Iam compos, exarsit sinister  
 In pecudes pecudumque prolem ;  
 Qualis cometes fulgure lurido  
 Per signa caeli sanguineam facem  
 Contorsit, occumbentis omen  
 Caesaris, admonuitque gentes.<sup>1</sup>  
 Sed non inulti lanigeri cadunt :  
 Prensat nocentem serius ocius  
 Vindicta, nec fraudes luendi  
 Lex species regit una cunctas.  
 Huic prompta culpam poena premit comes,  
 Hunc clauda terret ; nec minus inquies  
 Elusit instantes catenas  
 IETTIUS et laqueum imminentem,  
 Quam qui rapinis fractus ab Italis  
 Errabat exsul scymnus Hamilcaris,  
 Zamamque Cannarumque clausum  
 Vindice prospiciens venenum.

May 1901.

## VI

### AD IETTIUM<sup>2</sup>

*Fur, ovicida, latro, quis iure odiosior esset ?*  
*At quam carus eras, fur, ovicida, latro !*  
 O matre nigra nigrior, o dapes  
 Captare praesens quaslibet, o, canum  
 Instante vulgari corona,  
 Praecipitem posture caudam,  
 Quando inquinatus strage bidentum  
 Domum redibas, verbera quot tuo  
 Tergo insonabant ! a ! quot horas  
 Te, quadrupes, ululante flebam !

<sup>1</sup> 'In his prophetic fury, he (Mr. Burke) admonished nations.'

H. GRATTAN. May 25, 1815.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 5. The legend of Jet is told in English verse on p. 266.

Flebam, paterni dedecoris memor  
 Fatique : multis nam vitiis parens  
 Contaminatus te reliquit  
 Progeniem vitiosiorem.  
 Quamquam, o iocosis aptior artibus,  
 Non foeda tantum criminā, carnifex,  
 Fraudesve narrabo, sed almas  
 Blanditias, hilaresque risus,  
 Lingua mque rubram, et cordis anhelitus  
 Plerumque factos, dum celeres rotas  
 Horrescis Elstream petentes,  
 Laetitiae simulator audax.<sup>1</sup>

## VII

## SOME OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES

*In usum tironum*

When Bülow treads upon the Kaiser's toes,  
 Th' astounded Prince ejaculates καὶ πῶς ;  
 But when he merely seeks the cause, πῶς καὶ ;  
 Contents th' imperial curiosity.

Another actor enters on the scene :  
 You call him "Οδε and prefix καὶ μήν.

When discontented at a meagre fare  
 Η μήν assists the Cabman's soul to swear,  
 Implying, but not wishing to insult,  
 That something less than pleasant may result.

When οὐ μήν ἀλλὰ woos you to her grot,  
 Sit by her side, and murmur ' not but what.'

Is there a lady coming here to tea ?  
 Yes, and she brings her husband, says καὶ . . . γε.

<sup>1</sup> Though feigning intense enthusiasm when the carriage started for Elstree from the Headmaster's door, Jet never accompanied it further than a certain hill.

Μὲν οὖν, 'nay rather,' to correct presumes ;  
 γοῦν with an instance sweeping talk illumines ;  
 δ' οὖν, 'be that as it may,' at last resumes.  
 Is it a σοφὸς that has come to town ?  
 σοφώτατος, correcting, cries μὲν οὖν.  
 All Kings on ladies their affections fix ;  
 'Yes,' whispers γοῦν, 'our Founder's wives were six.'  
 Charles was a saint, and Cromwell was a sinner ;  
 'Howe'er that be,' growls δ' οὖν, 'it's time for dinner.'

### VIII IN MEMORIAM

#### To Diana and Barbara

'Please, Grandpapa, who was Jet ? Was he a really good dog ?'

Dear Children, you have each a little Pet,  
 A Lamb, a Dog, a Kitten, or a Bird,  
 And now you ask me what I know of *Jet*,  
 Of whom you tell me you have often heard.

Of course you have ; so bright a Star as his,  
 If once ablaze, can never cease to shine :  
*He*, Garibaldi, Count Cavour, and Bis-  
 march made our age, good Grandpapa's and mine.

He was a Dog, take him for all in all,  
 I shall not look upon his like again.  
 So Shakespeare warned us, and, when I recall  
 His faults and virtues, I repeat the strain.

In manners gracious as a Spanish Don,  
 Fair Dames would whisper : 'What a knightly  
 Figure.'  
 His vest was white as Europe's earliest Swan,  
 His coat as black as Afric's latest Nigger.

His temper, when in harbour calm enough,  
 Would vary like the temper of a child,  
 When rivals called, occasionally rough,  
 When burglars called, habitually mild !

He loved to watch the sports of girl and boy,  
 Lawn tennis, rounders, hockey, fives and skittles,  
 But found methinks his most ecstatic joy  
 In homelier cares connected with his victuals.

There was a room wherein he loved to look  
 On one stout sylph whose charms he found  
 bewitching ;  
 The sylph was playfully addressed as '*Cook*',  
 The Room was seriously called '*The Kitchen*'.

'Twere safe to say no morning ever passed  
 Without his stealing to her fragrant bower ;  
 Fond eyes of speechless passion he would cast  
 On Face and Form in that enchanted hour.

Dost ask th' effect on that observant mind  
 Of such persistency of love and prayer ?  
 I've known her kick and buffet him behind,  
 And send him howling to the midnight air.

He felt it deeply ; not with caudal wag,  
 Or cordial gratitude for juicy bone,  
 Starved, scouted, jilted by a heartless Hag,  
 He wandered forth, disconsolate, alone.

But soon as sweet Aurora's blush returned,  
 The generous tyke, suppressing pride and shame,  
 Re-entered, gay, unruffled, unconcerned—  
 And with belated bone forgiveness came.

One episode I might prefer to veil  
 In shroud of silence, or at least to keep  
 Unpublished till a milder code prevail  
 On incivilities of Dog and Sheep.

One day he started for a walk, not far,  
 With two dear children and an ancient Nurse,  
 His usual self, not much to mend or mar,  
 The *Jet* we knew, no better and no worse.

But as they wandered through the football field,  
 And came at noon upon a fleecy flock,  
 Rage ruled his ruthless rush, ripe reason reeled,  
 And fierce temptation dealt its shattering shock.

To cut the matter short, it came to this—  
 Hard by the path where Nurse and Children trod,  
 Pure haunt of Innocence and Rural Bliss,  
 Four gory corpses dyed th' ensanguined sod.

His punishment? He lay that awful night  
 In reeking fleece incontinently flayed;  
 Next morn they dragged him to the sickening sight,  
 And flogged him, till an ass for mercy brayed.

A month he kept the stable—who could judge  
 Whether his heart was penitent or hardened?  
 Then home! Though men ejaculated 'Fudge,'  
 Weak women cried: 'You dear'—and he was  
 pardoned.

One story more which you will love some day—  
 Before he saw the murderer and kicked him,  
 The owner of the Dog resolved to pay  
 A ransom to the owner of the victim.

So off he trudged, and told the man; of course  
 His indignation knew at first no bounds,  
 But softened as he hasted to endorse  
 A cheque on Coutts to Order for six pounds.

Then, as the years rolled on, from time to time,  
 The man who paid the cheque would ope the  
 Book,  
 And on the Foil which marked the ghastly crime  
 The cringing animal was forced to look.

And here I feel it's hardly less than due,  
In painting so exceptional a Dog,  
To add, before the Portrait reaches you,  
What's always difficult—an Epilogue.

It's only fair to poor old Jet to say  
His Father was a notable offender :  
' Sheep,' he would urge, ' are Dogs' primeval prey,  
And chiefly, Darwin holds, the young and tender.'

In many ways his character stood high ;  
With Children he was more than well reputed ;  
But once, when shepherding a flock in Skye,  
He murdered six, and so was executed.

His wife, annoyed at this untimely end,  
Wired to her son, ' Take warning from Papa !'  
But when he telegraphed, ' Too late to mend,'  
She quoted ' Chip ' and ' Block,' and murmured  
' Ah.'

Her interjection fell on heedless ears ;  
He saw the right, but madly chose the wrong ;  
And, if a moral blend with childish tears,  
This is no doubt the moral of my song.

This little story of a double grief  
Is what the Critics call ' a short digression ' ;  
I forward it because it's my belief  
Its adds a pathos to poor Jet's confession.

And now, dear Children, that I've told you both  
This tale of mingled happiness and pain,  
Swear to me faithfully, and keep your oath,  
You'll never, never ask for it again.

Bamff, March 26, 1913.

## IX

## THE LAST SARDINE

## Dedicated to Two Sisters

I hope it's more than sentimental craze  
 Of premature decrepit 'havering',  
 That bids me honour with a sigh of praise  
 'The Last' of Anything.

'Last Rose of Summer,' 'Last' delicious hue  
 Of Pink or Primrose, Lilac or Laburnum,  
 'Last' lacrimose irresolute Adieu  
 To Bamff, Drumore, or Birnam;

<sup>1</sup> 'Last of the Barons,' <sup>2</sup> 'Last' proud Goth of Spain,  
<sup>3</sup> 'Last' Mohican, 'Last' doomed <sup>4</sup> Pompeii's  
 Day,  
 'Last' Cambria's <sup>5</sup> Bard, 'Last' Heir of <sup>6</sup> Stuart strain,  
 'Last' Scottish <sup>7</sup> Minstrel's Lay;

'Last' some sweet spot that haunts fair Childhood's  
 dream,  
 The snowy Peak, the cattle-browsing Mead,  
 The Grot, the Waterfall, the Glen, the Stream,  
 TILT, ISLA, TAY, or TWEED;

'Last' Prize, 'Last' 'In the Book,' or verse or prose,  
 'Last' Innings in the immemorial Match,  
 'Last' havoc hurled at rash exultant foes,  
 'Last' Bailer, Drive, or Catch!

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> *Last of the Barons*, Bulwer Lytton.

<sup>2</sup> *Roderick, Last of the Goths*, Southey.

<sup>3</sup> *Last of the Mohicans*, Fenimore Cooper.

<sup>4</sup> *Last Days of Pompeii*, Bulwer Lytton.

<sup>5</sup> The Bard, 'Ruin seize thee, Ruthless King,' Gray.

<sup>6</sup> Henry Benedict, Cardinal Duke of York, younger Brother of 'Prince Charlie,' G. W. E. Russell.

<sup>7</sup> *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Sir W. Scott.

My theme is humbler, but I love to pause,  
 As age declines and Present yearns to Past,  
 And muse how Small may climb to Great because  
 It is, it is, ' The Last.'

There is a Fish, but little known to fame,  
 No Monarch dubs Her Kaiserin or Queen ;  
 Her Passport bears no territorial Name,  
 She's simply ' THE SARDINE.'

She loves not solitude, she travels much,  
 Crowded, close-packed, with hordes of ghostliest  
 Kin ;  
 The Porters obviously deem them such,  
 Tombed in cold Truck of Tin.

She ' lives unliving,' nay She ' lives interred,'  
 Mute<sup>1</sup> OXYMORON, mute from hour to hour,  
 Fast-locked, till portly Gourmand pass the word  
 To open and devour.

Her function is, men say, to ' appetise,'  
 To tempt the Epicure to cry for ' more,'  
 More solid, more profuse, of greater size  
 Than cates that went before.

<sup>1</sup> For some sister Oxymorons see :

μήτηρ ἀμήτωρ. Soph. *El.* 1154.  
 ἔχθρῶν ἀδωρα δῶρα. Soph. *Aj.* 665.  
 ὅσια πανουργήσασα. Soph. *Ant.* 74.  
 τὴν δυσσέβειαν εὐσεβοῦσ' ἔκτησάμην. Soph. *Ant.* 924.

Splendide mendax. Hor. *Od.* III. xi. 35.

Egregio mendacio. Tac. *Hist.* iv. 50.

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face !

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?

Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !

Dove-feathered raven ! wolfish-ravening lamb !

A damned saint, an honourable villain !

*Romeo and Juliet*, ACT III. SC. 2:

Juliet has just heard that her Husband Romeo has killed her Cousin Tybalt.

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,  
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

TENNYSON, *Lancelot and Elaine*.

The Eggs, the Kippered Thrall, the placid Plaice,  
 The 'Gibson' Ham, the kindly Kedgeree,  
 All gallop after, but none *starts* the race  
 With such a charm as She.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Two Sisters, bound to me by link in link,  
 Taught me to love her : absent and unseen  
 Whene'er I think of *them*, perforce I think  
 Of *Her*, my 'Last Sardine.'

Birnam Hotel, Birnam, Dunkeld.  
*September 1917.*

## X

DAVID<sup>1</sup>

'Thy servant smote both the lion and the bear.'  
*1 Sam. xvii. 36.*

Long years ago a Grandmamma called Ruth  
 Stood by a cot where slept a glorious youth.  
 With pride she watched him as he grew and grew ;  
 His cheeks were ruddy and his eyes were blue.  
 His thoughts were dream-like, all his wits were sharp,  
 Sweet songs he breathed and sang them to his harp.

He kept his father's sheep in Bethlehem ;  
 They trusted him, and he was staunch to them.  
 They knew, if danger threatened where they lay,  
 Their faithful shepherd would not run away.

One night there came a grim and grisly pair,  
 A roaring Lion and a growling Bear.  
 Each, bounding, stole a lambkin from the flock ;  
 Poor mother sheep, they trembled at the shock ;  
 But, ere each little one had time to bleat,  
 Up Someone sprang and leaped upon his feet.  
 Then first, then once, was gentle David wroth ;  
 He caught them by the beard and slew them both.

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 139.

Long after David rested in his grave,  
 God, in his love, another David gave.  
 One day in March, one early happy morn,  
 A wee bewitching winsome wight was born.  
 Will he be like the David that we knew,  
 His cheeks as ruddy and his eyes as blue ?  
 In battle fierce, in pain or insult meek,  
 Stern to the strong, God's angel to the weak ?  
 Perchance a poet, with a heart of fire,  
 Judah's ' sweet psalmist ' on a Christian lyre ?

We cannot tell, but 'tis a birthday this,  
 A morn of prophecy, and hour of bliss.  
 God is not far from parents' hearts to-day ;  
 All things are possible to souls that pray.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge.  
 April 1, 1910.

## XI

JUNE 1915<sup>1</sup>

Were they a dream, the lovely days,  
 The lovely nights, I tasted there,  
 At Cambridge, in the golden blaze  
 Of June, beneath her starlit air ?

Such splendour filled the world around :  
 Glory of sun on grass and river,  
 Smooth lawns by summer's kisses browned,  
 Willow and chestnut leaves aquiver,  
 Scent of syringa, pink, and rose  
 Floating along the garden wall  
 Under whose ivied rampart flows  
 Old Cam with murmurs musical.

Such splendour filled the world within,  
 Of hearts unconquerably knit  
 By love that let no sorrow in  
 Nor doubt nor fear to darken it ;

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 208.

And all the horror, all the strife,  
 Were seen as unsubstantial things  
 Beside the certainties of Life  
 Revealed to our imaginings.

So now, beneath whatever skies  
 High destiny ordains my part,  
 By grace of these June memories  
 I carry summer in my heart.

J. R. M. B.

## XII

### AD BELLUM PROFECTURIS

Dear Soldier Sons, now starting for the War  
 For Britain's honour and for Freedom's right,  
 God, in His mercy, shield you in the fight,  
 Serene and dauntless 'mid the cannon's roar !  
 Remember prophecies that went before  
 On your bright youth, that you would blessings be  
 To Home, to Harrow, and to Trinity,  
 Scholars and Statesmen, Champions of the Poor.

The day has come, the Hour has struck, and now,  
 If bay or cypress deck your youthful brow,  
 We know that Somewhere, always at the front,  
 By holy Nile or fabled Hellespont,  
 You'll do your Duty to our Country's name,  
 And live, or die, for purer meed than fame.

Bamff, August 16, 1915.

## XIII

### 'PERFECT PEACE'

#### *Partant pour l'Orient*

'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind  
 is stayed on Thee.'—*Isaiah xxvi. 3.*

'In perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee !'  
 Came ever balm more healing from the Soul  
 Of Prophet or 'Sweet Psalmist' to console  
 A widowed heart in earliest agony ?

When those we love and almost worship die,  
 'Twould seem at first the sure foundation rock  
 Of all our being crumbled at the shock  
 And left us nought but dust and vanity.

Then from the Choir of God there steals a Voice  
 Of new-born music, never more to cease,  
 Chanting in heaven-taught ears not yet 'Rejoice,'  
 But 'Child of sorrow, stay thyself on Me ;  
 'So 'mid the storm-blasts I abide with thee,  
 'To keep thee, tempest-tost, in perfect peace.'

Bamff, *August 17, 1915.*

On this day at 3.45 p.m. the dear brothers in the Scottish Horse Brigade leave Northumberland for the Mediterranean, not knowing from what port in England, or their destination.

## XIV

### THE LORD OUR GOD IS HOLY

*Eine feste Burg.*

God is our Guardian, Hope, and Strength  
 When wars around us thunder ;  
 Long sought in prayer, He comes at length  
 To knap the spear in sunder.  
 He comes to turn the flight,  
 He comes t' uphold the Right ;  
 All ye who hate the Wrong,  
 Be this your Battle-song,  
 'The Lord our God is Holy !'

The days of man are but as dust,  
 He blooms as blooms the Flower ;  
 Brave sons of God, be bold to trust  
 Your Father's Love and Power.

His Word shall never fail,  
 His Truth shall still prevail ;  
 His righteous Purpose stands  
 Who Heaven and Earth commands.  
 The Lord our God is Holy.

Bamff, *August 23, 1915.*

## XV

'Εγώ εἰμι ἡ ἀνάστασις καὶ ἡ ζωή. S. Ioh. xi. 25.

Οὐκ ἔστιν Θεὸς νεκρῶν ἀλλὰ ζώντων. S. Marc. xii. 27.

Arma vocant, vocat hora ; quod exspectavimus instat,  
 Nec sum sollicitus quid mihi ferre queat.  
 Vulnera non metuo, mortem non deprecor ipsam ;  
 Debita mors patriae vita vocanda fuit.  
 Vivere sitne mori melius securus omittam,  
 Res est arbitrio non dirimenda meo.  
 Te coluisse Duce, Tua signa tulisse per hostes,  
 Haec mihi militia est ; Tu, Deus, arma dabis.  
 Sancte Deus, primis cuius mihi Nomen ab annis  
 Detulit infanti mater amore pio,  
 Viventum Deus es : Tu nos matremque patremque  
 Protege sub clypeo, Duxque Paterque, Tuo.  
 Protege per casus omnes, per tela, per auras  
 Fraude venenatas, per mare, perque dolos.  
 Viximus unanimi, Te defendant, tot annos ;  
 Servare unanimos tempus in omne Tuum est.  
 Copula quae iunxit iungat ; Tu corda Tuorum,  
 Vincta diu, nunquam dissoluenda, liga.  
 Vox patriae iubet ire, iubet nos linquere matrem ;  
 Nulla mora in nobis quin properemus erit.  
 Dividimur flentes, una laetabimur olim ;  
 Divisos Christi consociabit amor.

*June 20, 1915*

XVI  
 IN MEMORIAM  
 GORDON K. M. B.

‘Frater, ave atque vale.’

DEDICATED TO  
 J. R. M. B. AND N. M. B.

‘A threefold cord is not quickly broken.’—Ecclesiastes iv. 12.

Stamina, quae nexu triplici tria corda ligabant,  
 Nunc quoque, vi nulla dissoluenda, ligant.

‘Η ἀγάπη τοῦ Χριστοῦ συνέχει ἡμᾶς.

Caritas Christi urget nos. 2 Cor. v. 14.

Frater, ave atque vale ! Valeas, dulcissime rerum,  
 Qui mihi pars vitae tanta prioris eras :  
 Nunc quoque, quod superest vitae, pars magna manebis,  
 Iunctus in aeterno foedere, quicquid agam :  
 Sive domi obscurus tenui iam munere fungar,  
 Quod tamen afflictis prosit, onusque levet,  
 Sive foris bellans communia vulnera, nostris  
 Debita, pro patria non sine laude feram,  
 Una erimus, Frater : tua sunt mea, sunt mea certe  
 Cara tibi ; absentes copula prisca ligat.  
 Nec, reor, absentes erimus ; mors corpora tantum  
 Separat, haud animos ; his nova vita datur.  
 Praeteritos revocare dies, praesentibus uti  
 Colloquiis, fratri dicere, ‘Frater, ave,’  
 Ora tueri avide, noto recalescere risu,  
 Vix interruptos continuare iocos—  
 Tale ministerium est animis ; si talia fingit  
 Mens pia, ne nimiae se levitatis agat :  
 Non leve caelicolis quod nos puerile vocamus,  
 Semper erat carum cor puerile Deo.

Ipse Deus nostrae fuerat pietatis origo,  
Ipse dedit pueris pignora tanta Pater.  
In caelo Pater est ; nos ut veniamus ad Illum  
CHRISTUS adhortatur praemonuitque viam :  
Nec vis ulla valet divellere foedera fratum  
Cordaque quae CHRISTI consociavit amor.

Bamff, *September, 1916.*

THREE ADDRESSES



## THREE ADDRESSES

### PROSPERITY<sup>1</sup>

‘O pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they shall prosper that love thee.’—*Psalm cxxii. 6.*

‘The Lord from out of Sion shall so bless thee : that thou shalt see Jerusalem in prosperity all thy life long.’—*Psalm cxxviii. 6.*

PROSPERITY.—It is a solemn and far-reaching word, and is often lightly used. Perhaps we may say that it is no weak test of a man’s own worth that he should think worthily or unworthily of the prosperity of any cause, or home, or institution, or country, which is dear to his heart.

I have quoted two verses from two very beautiful Psalms in which the word is found, and in which it evidently means much. Clearly, it is in each case the heart-utterance of a patriot, who loves his country with a pure and devout love, and commends her to the loving care and protection of his God.

There is a third Psalm, the 30th, in which the same word is found, but linked with different thoughts—not this time thoughts of exultation, hardly even of pride and gratitude, but rather thoughts of pious caution and humility. It is this—it must often have come home to many of us, and those not the least brave and patriotic—‘In my prosperity I said, I shall never be removed : Thou, Lord, of Thy Goodness, hast made my hill so strong.’ And then comes what is

<sup>1</sup> A sermon preached in Harrow School Chapel on Founder’s Day, October 7, 1914.

called the minor key : 'Thou didst turn Thy face from me, and I was troubled.'

Dear Harrow Friends and Schoolfellows, our 'Founder's Day' this year seems in some ways not quite like other Founder's Days that we have known ; and some of us have known many. There is a time, as we are told, for joy and a time for sorrow. There is a time also for something which comes between joy and sorrow, and, while it lasts, leaves hardly full room for either. There is a time for anxiety. I like to think that our good Founder, who seems so near to us on this day and at this hour, and of whose heart and soul we know so little, must have shared in the many public anxieties with which the wonderful age in which he lived was so long beset. I like to think that he not only shared them but felt them, and that they gave seriousness and dignity and elevation to his character, to his aims, and to his prayers.

It was, as we all know, the year 1571 when he took from the hand of his Sovereign the Charter which, under God, has made us what we all are to-day. Seventeen years passed, and then he was called upon to share with his countrymen intense anxiety as to the life or death of that 'prosperity' which made England even then the envy of the nations. It was 1588, the year of the Spanish Armada, just four years before his death. Spain, that great and proud nation, great by land and sea—beyond dispute the greatest nation of that time—had, so to speak, sworn a solemn oath in the eyes and in the hearing of Europe, that England should no more be free ; that her maritime 'prosperity,' like the prosperity of Tyre, of Athens, of Carthage, of Venice, should be swept away by a mighty deluge.

Our John Lyon, living in his quiet home at Preston, would have felt all this. He was a near kinsman, some say first cousin, of the Lord Mayor of London. We feel sure—our own hearts in this great year assure us—that he would have rejoiced at all the noble patriotism then evoked both in the Capital and in the country at

large. His heart would have beat with loyal enthusiasm when the great Queen, who had given him his Charter—that Charter, that venerable parchment, that more than ‘scrap of paper,’ which we keep, just as it was given, in our archives here at Harrow—when, I say, the great Queen made her famous speech at Tilbury : ‘I know that I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a King of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm.’

We know how that ‘foul scorn,’ backed and chastened by the devout prayers of thousands, was soon to be justified by the fierce storms which shattered the great fleet of Philip, since which time the shores of England have never been insulted by the foot of an invader. Shall it be so for ever ? Will those who meet within these walls on Founder’s Day forty, sixty, a hundred years hence, and sing our Hymns, and pray our prayers, and give thanks for fresh Benefactors—will they be still able to say, with all the gratitude of a high-souled humility,

‘This England never did, nor ever shall  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror’ ?

God alone can answer that natural, that sometimes anxious, question—God alone, our merciful God, ‘Merciful and Holy,’ Who has done for us such mighty things in the past.

Meanwhile, dear Friends and Brothers, let us put more and more of our hearts, our thanks, our penitences, our heroisms, yea, ‘all that is within us,’ into that simple prayer of a manly and devout patriotism, ‘O pray for the peace of Jerusalem ; they shall prosper that love thee.’

Has it ever struck you—you my dear younger Friends—how a great Public School like ours is, as it were, a kind of microcosm, ‘an image of the mighty world’ ?

When we think our best thoughts, and pray our best prayers about Harrow, we are learning, we are, as it were, training and practising, to think our best thoughts and pray our best prayers about England herself. For one and for both we desire peace and prosperity. We desire large numbers, public confidence, a sense of a Divine calling, magnanimity, warm brotherhood, reverence for duty and justice and truth and every form of right. We desire to see the path of duty, sometimes obscure, shine out clear before us in good time to prevent errors. We desire not to surpass or conquer others to their hurt and humiliation, but to have as much fame, success, victory, as may fit us to make the most of those varied powers with which it has pleased God to endow us.

These are desires which it is not arrogance to claim or cant to avow. They are the desires, the lofty but not fantastic, far less hypocritical desires, both of Harrow patriots and of English patriots. Each helps us to give depth to the other. At a great School, if we are true to its genius and its high traditions, we learn to be citizens, some it may be to be leading citizens, to be even 'leaders of the people by their counsels,' leaders and rulers of a great country.

These, then, dear, dear Harrow Friends, old and young, these and others like these, are some of the thoughts that I would affectionately offer to you on this exceptional, this ever memorable, Founder's Day. 'O pray for the peace of Jerusalem.' Try hard, harder than ever, to think how much is meant, how much is comprehended, one might add in all seriousness how much is also excluded and banished, by the 'prosperity' of a great, an ancient, a time-honoured School. It means that, like St. John's 'little children,' in probably the latest words of the New Testament, we should 'guard ourselves from idols.' This is the negative side of duty ; and then the positive side, so nobly put before us by St. Paul, as the one Christian ideal, 'Set your affection on things above, not on things of the

earth.' Avoid idols. Think and feel loftily. Who is too old, who is too young, who is too great, who is too little, for such ideals as these ?

Avoid idols. 'Guard yourselves' from them. Never give to anything lower, however popular, however innocent and blameless, however fascinating, the worship, the supreme affection, which should be kept for God alone and for the things which God approves and inspires. Guard yourselves from these snares. Let the *Nation* guard itself from pride of wealth, pride of conquest, pride of empire, pride of security, pride of any fancied superiority over others. Let a great *School* guard against its own peculiar idols—those that answer in any way to these idols of a nation—pride in its name, in its length of days, in its favour with the great, in its 'famous men,' in its delightful games, in its manifold amusements, in its gracious refinement, in what it fondly believes to be its recognised character as the high-born mother and nurse of 'gentlemen.'

All these ideals may be also idols ; and no good patriot, whether of his country, his Church, his College, or his School, can fail to see that in each generation these idols have had their allurement and their danger, and too often their victory.

'Set your affections on things above' : more closely, 'Have the mind' of things above. Try to see things, even in early youth, in their true proportion. Do not shout with the mob. Do not accept too feebly and too timidly what is called by the majority the best and highest. It is not such tame imitation that makes for 'prosperity,' either in a country or in a school. 'Prosperity' means, as we have said, high ideals, high sense of duty, scorn of self-seeking, hatred of tinsel and every shade of falsehood, reverence for purity, frequent, nay constant, sense of the presence and the voice and the call of God. That is what 'prosperity' has always meant, in all the ages—the long, but yet unfinished ages—in the history of mankind. That history of so many Declines and Falls is one long

protest against 'idols,' though they have often seemed for a time to dethrone the true, the only true, God.

Dear Friends, there is nothing new in what I have been urging. But it may be that this is a *day* and this is a *time*, when such truisms, if you like to call them 'truisms,' gather to themselves something of the freshness of truth—at once the dew of the eternal morning and the dignity of the days of old and the years that are past. If we have ever been frivolous, self-indulgent, content to enjoy and not repay, to rule in some sense and not to serve ; if we have taken our blessings for granted as though we almost deserved them, as though they came to us by a kind of merited necessity ; does not this day, does not this time, call a halt, bid us stop, listen, think, confess, resolve, pray, worship ? This *time*—so anxious, and to us so unparalleled, so strange, yet so reminding us of past history, of great men, great battles, great sufferings, great successes—this time of which no man can yet discern even the early, far less the remoter issues—does it not say to us all, not only 'pray for the peace of Jerusalem,' but pray also for 'peace with honour,' peace with the eager discharge of long arrears of duty, peace with noble ungrudged sacrifice, peace with penitence and gratitude—and both of them not fugitive but permanent—peace with an ever deepening sense of what is meant and not meant by a nation's 'prosperity' ?

And then lastly, not the *time* only, but the *day*. Founder's Day is surely always a day that appeals to all that is best and truest in us. How well I remember my own first Founder's Day in this month of October 1847, not far short of seventy years ago. We then met, a small number by comparison, not indeed within these walls, for they were not yet built, but within the space, already hallowed, now embraced by these walls. Then for the first time I heard, what some of you have heard for the first time to day, the great Chapter of godly patriotism : 'Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us.' It was read by the

Head of the School, a boy only a few years older than myself. How little could I then have thought that the days would come when it would be read out by myself and by two of my Sons, as well as by more than a score of loved and honoured Pupils.

And then the Roll of Benefactions read by the still young Headmaster, who was already the 'repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in,' and was destined to become 'a man greatly beloved,' to give us the beautiful Chancel of the new Chapel, and to lend his name for ever to the noble Library. He it was who read the Roll of Benefactions that October Day, 1847; and, though it was scanty indeed as compared with that to which we have just listened, yet it spoke of heirlooms of unquenched affection and an abiding and increasing sense of brotherhood.

And now to-day we are thinking, some of us at least, of other kinds of Benefactors, those dear School Brothers who have given their young lives to their country and to what they believe to be a just and righteous cause. Their names will no doubt be recorded here. You and your children and your grandchildren will from time to time read them, and revere them, and thank them; and, it may be that on some future Founder's Day, far remote from now, some preacher speaking from this pulpit, will appeal to them as to those who, in the day of youth, and in the day of Britain's need, rose to the call of duty, loved not their happy youthful lives unto the death, and bequeathed to their country and their School a fresh testimony to the true divine meaning of 'prosperity.'

Once more, then, dear Friends—it shall be my last word, probably the last that I shall ever speak in this beloved and sacred House of God—let us join together, young and old, Boys and Masters, past Schoolfellows who feel to-day, almost more than ever, how good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in lifelong unbroken unity—let us all 'pray for the peace of Jerusalem.'

Let us pray that they may prosper that love her. For our brethren and companions' sake, with a full heart and a grateful mind, let us, in the Name of our own God, and the God of our fathers, and the God of our children, let us wish her 'prosperity.'

## THE SWORD OF GOLIATH<sup>1</sup>

### YOUTH'S EARLIEST VICTORY

'And David said unto Ahimelech, And is there not here under thine hand spear or sword? . . .

And the priest said, The sword of Goliath the Philistine, whom thou slewest in the valley of Elah, behold, it is here wrapped in a cloth behind the ephod: if thou wilt take that, take it: for there is no other save that here.

And David said, There is none like that; give it me.'—  
*1 Sam. xxi. 8, 9.*

'There is none like that.' There is no weapon for a valiant noble life like the first decisive victory of our youth over fear or pride or sloth or impurity, or any either giant-like or serpent-like besetting sin.

'There is none like that.' Do you remember what David was when he said this? He was a hunted man. As he said to Jonathan, there was but a step between him and death. He was hunted to death by his King, the King who had once honoured and greatly loved him, and to whom he had been so splendidly loyal.

He was no longer the hero of both the nation and the Court, but an outlaw and a fugitive. In fear of his life he fled to the city of the Priests, and asked first for bread and then for a sword.

And now let us try to put a little imagination into our thoughts—if you like, a little romance.

Judge, you young soldiers, what must have been the feelings of this great Soldier and Patriot, still a youth, when the Priest offered him just one sword, and

<sup>1</sup> An address to No. 5 Officer Cadet Battalion in the Chapel of Trinity College, May 7, 1916.

that the sword that recalled such memories. We have heard of that sword before. When the braggart giant fell upon his face, with the stone sunk deep in his huge forehead, then we read, ‘there was no sword in the hand of David : then David ran, and stood over the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and cut off his head therewith.’

Such was the scene on that ever memorable day, when, with the sword of his foe in one hand and the bleeding head in the other, the ruddy shepherd boy stood before the astonished King.

So it was then. And now what a change ! Now, at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, a discarded hated fugitive, he stands before the Priest, and takes once more into his own hand the sword that he once knew so well. No wonder he says—we can almost hear him saying it—‘There is none like that ; give it me !’

‘There is none like that.’ Does anyone suppose it was a voice of pride ? Was he thinking of his own wondrous valour ? Surely not. Among all the famous replies—may we call them repartees ?—in the Old Testament, is there any one quite so noble as that with which the young shepherd boy met the brutal threat of the giant ?

‘Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.’

What is the answer ?

‘Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield ; but I come to thee in the Name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied.’

No touch here of pride. No, but perfect trust ; trust not in himself, not in his favourite scrip, with its five smooth stones so carefully chosen, not in his unerring sling, not in anything of his own, past or present, but in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of his nation, the God of his own boyhood, the God of his simple shepherd life under the stars of Bethlehem.

‘There is none like that. Give it me !’

My young friends, any man who is privileged to speak to you in this our College Chapel, at this truly momentous time, must long to be able to leave with you some word, some thought, that may stand by you and come home to you in any hour of need. You are going through a strange experience, strange to yourselves, strange to our long College history. In after years you will look back upon it, and speak of it to those who love you as something of a dream, I would hope a happy dream. For some weeks, so you will tell them, you were almost members of an ancient College. You went through training, discipline, some quiet hardships, the memory of which may even amuse ; but still more, I believe, you will have felt, whether you tell others or not, that it was a time of ambitions—generous, patriotic, Christian ambitions—to play your part worthily, at a great crisis in the history of the world, as good soldiers both of your country and of your Lord Jesus Christ.

You were not then afraid of danger or of death. You had counted the cost. You knew that not a few of our own Trinity men, some of them very dear to us, had given their young lives, given them ungrudgingly, at the call of duty, and that we were all proud of them and in the highest degree grateful to them. And even so you hoped and prayed to play your part.

Now, then, I take our text in my hand—I might almost say I dare to take in my hand the sword of the vanquished Goliath—and I say to you young Soldiers, What does it mean for us to-day ? We know what it meant to David. What may it mean to us ? What is the permanent, the eternally thrilling force of the eager cry of the still youthful conqueror, ‘ There is none like that. Give it me ! ’

I say it means an early victory, an early spiritual victory, in youth. It means a fight, a serious fight, a fight, as they say, to the finish, with some definite sin—ill-temper, insincerity, idleness, uncleanness, some form of selfishness—clearly seen, as it were, in the

Valley of Elah—much dreaded, watched against, prayed against not once only but many a time, and, at last, by the humbly sought help of the Lord of Hosts, in the name of Christ, definitely smitten down and conquered.

One word more, a word of encouragement, a kind of allegory, perhaps not quite extravagant. We have all heard of the Victoria Cross. We know how it is given for ‘conspicuous bravery in the field.’ It is given generally to the young, whatever their rank, usually of course to the living, sometimes, in instances that are almost national events, to the dead. Here at Trinity it has lately been awarded to one of our young friends some weeks after his death.<sup>1</sup>

It seems to me but a few months back since he knelt before me in this Stall where I am now standing, and I, clasping his two hands in mine, ‘admitted’ him, in formal Latin phrase, as a ‘Scholar of this College.’

And now I know from his mother’s own touching words how dear to her and his family is the public Royal recognition of his worth. He was greatly loved by the men whom he led to battle, and some of whose lives he gallantly saved at the risk and the cost of his own.

My friends, the Victoria Cross, so dear to young Soldiers, is more than a military distinction. It is also a *symbol*, a symbol of spiritual victories won in early youth, of brave conquests over self. It is the reward not indeed of ‘conspicuous bravery,’ but of a struggle which one Eye lovingly and helpfully watches, the Eye of the Father Who seeth in secret. It ministers not to pride, whether personal pride or family pride, but to humble self-consecration, ever more humble as life goes on, and as spiritual dangers change their form.

And there is one Sword by which it is won. A title was given to it long centuries ago by one of the greatest of all spiritual Captains. That title was and is the ‘Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.’

This is the sword which St. Paul, in the Name of his Master, would put into the hands of all young

<sup>1</sup> Lieut. Arthur Walderne St. Clair Tisdall, V.C.

soldiers as at once the test and the instrument of their holiest ambitions.

My young friends, may an old man, who has three Trinity sons in the army of about your age, be allowed to say to you as his last word :

May you, like the young Conqueror of the Philistine, learn more and more to say in your hearts of that Sword, in the hour of each fresh inward conflict, 'There is none like that ; give it me !'

### THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY<sup>1</sup>

'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'—*Psalm xci. 1.*

'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me.'—*Psalm xxiii. 4.*

'The shadow of the Almighty.'

'The valley of the shadow of death.'

In the one, perfect safety.

In the other, no fear at all.

'The 91st Psalm is a mountain of strength to all believers,' so General Charles Gordon wrote from Gravesend in 1869, one of the six quiet years which he used to speak of as the happiest years of his life, when he was looking after his beloved boys, his 'kings' as he called them—many of them boys of whom it might be said : 'He taketh up the simple out of the dust, and lifteth the poor out of the mire.'<sup>2</sup>

Again, thirteen years later, in January 1882, he wrote thus from the Island Mauritius, 'I dwell more or less (I wish it were more) under the shadow of the Almighty.'

My friends, I cannot of course tell whether you know much of this splendid Christian Soldier beyond

<sup>1</sup> An address to the Cadets of No. 5 Officer Cadet Battalion in the Chapel of Trinity College, October 22, 1916.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm cxiii. 6.

of course his name. That name must ever be dear to the hearts of Englishmen.

We speak often of the 46th Psalm, 'God is our hope and strength,' as 'Luther's Psalm.' I have been in the habit, for a good many years, of calling the 91st Psalm, 'Gordon's Psalm,' because to him it meant so much, and he loved it so dearly. To him, in all his trials and loneliness, it was indeed, in his own words, 'a mountain of strength.'

But to-day we are not dealing with this great Soldier. Let us see if we can learn something from what we have called his Psalm, something that may come home to us in time of need, in the hour of strain and stress, perhaps as we lie wounded, or are trying to bring in a wounded comrade, officer or private, perhaps even under that other sombre shadow, not the 'shadow of the Almighty,' but the very 'shadow of death.'

And first just a few moments as to the use in Scripture of this word, *shadow*. We know how some things *haunt* us—some memories, some scenes, some dear faces of mothers or sisters, some home or school song, some mountain climbs, some favourite lake or river. So it is, or may be, with some *words*.

This word *shadow* may be one of them. I can imagine the sound of it coming back to some now here in France, in Belgium, in Egypt, at Salonica.

'The shadow of the Almighty.'

'The shadow of a great Rock in a weary land';  
Is. xxxii. 2.

'Under the shadow of Thy wings shall be my refuge'; Ps. lvii. 1.

Or, as in the famous hymn,

'Beneath the shadow of Thy throne,  
Thy saints have dwelt secure.'

All, you see, emblems so far of *shelter, protection, perfect safety*. And then again emblems of a very different kind, emblems of gloom, of vanity, of almost utter nothingness.

‘The valley of the shadow of death’ ; Ps. xxiii. 4.

‘Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding’ ; 1 Chron. xxix. 15.

‘All my members are as a shadow’ ; Job xvii. 7.

‘My days are like a shadow that declineth’ ; Ps. cii. 11.

‘Man is like to vanity : his days are as a shadow’ ; Ps. cxliv. 4.

What a word it is, this *shadow* ! what a space it covers alike by its fulness and its very emptiness !

But now let us leave the *word*, never indeed to be forgotten or undervalued, nay, often, it may be, to be recalled, and let us see if we can draw from it some strength for our needs, needs present or needs to come.

The main thought that I would, if I could, leave with you, dear friends, to-day, is *safety in the protection of God*, whatever happens, in any and every place, in any and every country, at any or every time, in life or in death.

Just now, in the falling of the leaf of this most eventful year, so full of anxieties, of tragedies, and now of joyful forecasts, you are all hoping to become Officers of your King’s Army ; to be leaders ; to lead brave and loyal men ; to lead them to duty, to honour, to danger—it may be, to death. It is for this that you are now and here in training. You are learning how to do the difficult task in the best possible way. And you are *willing* learners. You do not grudge labour now. You do not shrink from peril or suffering hereafter.

Further, you know well that many hearts are beating for your success, in your homes, at your Schools, among your relations and dearest friends.

I happen to know a Prayer which, I have reason to believe, is put up for such as you in many loving Christian families.

This is how they pray for you :

‘O Almighty and merciful God, we commend to Thy fatherly care all those who are now serving their

country by sea and by land, especially those whom we know and love. Thou knowest the places where they are, and the dangers which beset them.

Be Thou to each one a shield and a defence.

In times of waiting or of action, in sickness or in health, in life or in death, grant unto them the comfort of Thy presence.

Put into their minds holy thoughts of Thee their Heavenly Father, and of Jesus Christ their Saviour.

Help them to pray ; and, if it be Thy will, keep them in safety, and bring them back to their homes in peace, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.'

This is the *prayer*. Over how many beloved brothers, husbands, sons, lovers, have these words and these thoughts been sent up to the Heavenly Father of us all during the last two years, by those who embraced in their heart of hearts the blessing so proudly claimed in what I have dared to call 'Gordon's Psalm' : 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

And then a question, a heart-searching question. If, among those dear ones for whom these pious prayers have been offered, there have been many many what we call losses—if many of the faces which homes longed so earnestly to see again will never be seen again in any earthly home—have those prayers been wasted ? Have they been unheard ? Have they been heard and then rejected ? Has the 'secret place of the Most High' kept its secret without a word or a look of sympathy ? Has the 'shadow of the Almighty' had no more sunlight to let in upon drooping hearts than the 'valley of the shadow of death' itself ?

Ah ! if we could conceive such a question being put to a really great Christian, to a St. Paul, or a Francis Xavier, or a Henry Martyn, or a Charles Gordon, or a Coleridge Patteson ! Can we not almost hear the shocked, the astonished, the indignant protest, 'God forbid' ?

When St. Paul had at last, to quote his own words to his child Timothy,<sup>1</sup> 'finished his course,' and when 'the time of his departure' was not only 'at hand' but come ; when he was led by Roman soldiers those three slow miles along the Ostian Way to the spot prepared for his martyrdom ; and when, as he knelt there, the Roman sword fell on his weary and not unwilling neck ; was the God, Whom he had served so faithfully, less near to him then than during his many former deliverances 'out of the mouth of the lion'? Was Christ, Who some thirty years before had made him His 'chosen vessel,' and with Whom he had so longed to be, in a union so<sup>2</sup> 'far better' than even joyful service to his friends on earth—was Christ at that solemn hour deaf to the prayers with which friends like Luke and Mark and Timothy must, we can hardly doubt, have pleaded for his release?

No indeed ! A thousand times, No. The lesson which we shall all, if we are wise and humble, both wish and strive to learn, is this, that if we are faithful to God, God will be far more faithful to us ; that if we will serve Him in the open, He will permit us to dwell in His 'secret place' ; that if we will confess Him under the burning, sometimes scorching, sun of noon-day temptations, He will, in His fatherly love, permit us to come not once or twice, but to *abide* under 'the shadow of the Almighty,' 'the shadow of a great rock,' even the 'Rock of ages,' in a 'weary land.' But it will be in His own way, and at His own time, not in life only but in death.

And therefore I dare to say, in the famous words that brought peace to the great Augustine at Milan, '*Tolle, lege.*' Take up again, and again read, this glorious 91st Psalm—this 'Gordon's Psalm,' as we will once more call it, in reverent memory of that most soldierly of saints and saintliest of soldiers—take it up, and read one by one its thrilling stirring promises :

<sup>1</sup> II. Tim. iv. 6, 7.

<sup>2</sup> Philipp. i. 23.

‘Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day’;

‘A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee’;

‘He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.’

‘Take up and read.’ Read again, and trust wholly, these more than human voices.

And then, and then, if you hear of one more dear friend and comrade, who has so been prayed for, and has so prayed himself, and so believed, and so trusted, being struck down in a moment by shell or bullet ; and if, instead of some honour or decoration, perhaps some Victoria Cross, you hear only of some humble tomb-stone in France, in Flanders, at Salonica, or in Egypt, let not your heart be troubled, neither let it play the coward. Let not your faith be for a moment shaken. Dream not that there can be any wastage of prayer. Learn how much there is both of true philosophy and of true religion in that great ‘saving-clause’—may we dare so to call it ?—of all Christian prayer, ‘Nevertheless not my will but Thine be done.’

Though for the present we ‘see through a glass darkly,’ there are some ‘great sights’ on which faith allows us to gaze.

Those to whom it was given in this short earthly life to ‘abide under the shadow of the Almighty,’ and who ‘loved not their’<sup>1</sup> young earthly ‘lives unto the death,’ will be found—if they be not already there—amid ‘the great multitude which no man can number,’ who stand before the throne of God, and, in some truest way, not yet revealed to us, serve Him, and, it may be, serve also their fellow men and women and little children, day and night in His heavenly Temple, ‘where there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.’<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rev. xii. 11.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. xxi. 4.



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